

***Dreams of 1983***  
***by L. Steven Collier***

**Dream of: 04 January 1983 "Smoking Bees"**

I had gone to my Cabin, where I found McSwain sitting behind a large desk in the middle of the room. I sat down and noticed a buzzing sound in the room; some bees were flying into a hole in the side of the desk where the drawers were. McSwain was quite busy with something, but finally I got his attention and I told him the bees were going inside his desk. He replied that he knew, but he just couldn't do anything about it right now. I thought he might not mind if I used a smoking device to smoke out the bees, so I could get their honey.

Since Louise and I were planning to do something together, I finally went down the hill to the Gallia County Farmhouse where I encountered her. I began telling her about the bees; perhaps we could go up to the Cabin together to get the honey. She didn't seem interested at first, but finally she said she would like to do it with me. As we talked, we used the word "SOME," which was an acronym for something. We then headed up toward the Cabin.

**Dream of: 05 January 1983 "Guilt"**

My girlfriend Louise and I were riding around in a car which I was driving. The car actually belonged to Tom Campbell (a law student); at the same time I had his car, he had mine. I pulled into the parking lot of an HEB grocery store where Tom was parked in my car. I got out of Tom's car, walked over to Tom and said, "Tom, lets change back cars."

Whereupon he replied, "OK."

I had been thinking since Tom and Donna (another law student) were studying client counseling together, and Louise and I were studying the same thing together, perhaps the four of us could practice together. I mentioned it to Tom; he seemed to like the idea, although I couldn't actually ascertain whether he really wanted to do it.

After Tom and I had exchanged cars, Louise and I boarded my car, Tom boarded his and we all drove off. My car was a brown Volkswagen Rabbit which I had obtained from my father, who had given it to me in trade for another car which I had traded to him.

Comparing my Rabbit to Tom's car, I said to Louise, "This is a definitely much nicer car than he had."

She agreed.

As we rode along, I had the feeling Louise was upset because I wanted to practice client counseling with Tom and Donna. Realizing Louise thought I liked Donna, I said, "Louise, I don't like Donna."

I tried to make it perfectly clear to Louise that it was Louise whom I loved and that I wasn't interested in Donna.

I finally dropped Louise off and went to a small apartment where I was living. After I had been there a while, Tom showed up again, walked in and sat down.

Tom and I hadn't seen much of each other recently; it soon became apparent that his opinion of me had changed. He now wasn't friendly, and he let me know he didn't care much for me. I had the feeling his main reason for not liking me was because I was somewhat of a loner and I didn't associate much with people in law school. But I knew Tom – like I – was also somewhat of a loner because he was the only Mormon at law school.

Tom said something negative about me and then he said he had heard other people say worse things. I was unsure what he was talking about, but apparently some people had been maligning me. I thought it somewhat strange for Tom to be telling me about people criticizing me, since I thought people also criticized him. Nevertheless I was uncertain whether I had done something wrong and I felt uneasy.

Tom walked over to the corner where several of my collages were stacked. Tom began going through the collages, one after the other. I

told Tom to be careful or he would bend the pictures on some of the collages.

When Tom had finished looking at the collages, I walked over to them and began straightening them back up. I noticed among the collages the one with the black silhouette of a man reaching up toward a flute.

A chain ran from the silhouette's neck to a nude woman, while a whiskey bottle and a marijuana plant were at the silhouette's feet. I wondered if Tom had seen the collage and had made any inference about me from it.

Tom began inspecting my bed; I hoped my sheets weren't dirty; I could see they were clean. Several covers were on the bed; the top one was a bright quilt with a lot of red in it. Tom lay down on the bed and talked for a while.

When Tom finally rose and left, I sat thinking, until it suddenly occurred to me, I had been dreaming about everything which had been happening. I wanted to record the dream, but I thought, "Oh dear, I've had a dream with Donna in it."

Louise disliked my having dreams with Donna in them. But then I realized the dream hadn't been bad because in it I had told Louise that I didn't care about Donna and that I loved Louise. I especially wanted to record that part.

As I sat there trying to remember everything which had happened in the dream, Petty (a female law student) and Patrick (another law student) came to the door and walked inside. I was unsure what they were doing there, but they sat down. Petty seemed to be in a hurry because she was apparently going to be in moot court. She also seemed to be very critical of me, much the way Tom had been, especially of the way I spent my time. She talked about how she had to begin work at five o'clock the next day and I asked, "You mean in the evening or the morning?"

She said she meant in the morning. At five or five thirty she had to get up to begin working on moot court. That seemed very early to me. She seemed like an industrious person.

She continued her criticism of me and she wanted to know what I did with my time. I told her I had been writing my dreams. I pulled out a dream which I had written and began reading it to them. Both of them seemed interested in the dream, but the words were extremely difficult for me to read and I couldn't read fast. I simply couldn't understand some words. I read one sentence and I could hardly understand it. Patrick and Petty seemed to understand the sentence.

The sentence said something about "the boy ...hid...or had..." but I just couldn't understand the words." I had the feeling they thought the dream had to do with masturbation, but I was uncertain.

I read on, trying to understand the dream. One word I came across, "guilt," stuck out in my mind. The dream was written in such a peculiar way I couldn't understand it. Patrick, however, who seemed quite friendly, helped me some with the meaning, and I seemed to get the general feel of the dream.

As I read, I couldn't remember having ever had a dream in which Petty or Patrick had appeared, and I rather wished they had been in some of my dreams, so I could read them the dreams in which they had appeared.

They asked me about law school and the way I associated with people. Apparently, they didn't think I associated with enough people. I told them I had been in a study group my first two quarters. Petty said critically, "Oh, yea. A typical study group. Who broke that up? Who split that up?"

I said, "Well, we were together two quarters and then I went to Puerto Rico. I left. Three of them in the study group still stayed together though."

### **Dream of: 11 January 1983 "Am I Dead?"**

I awoke lying on a bed. Where was Louise? She was supposed to be here with me, but she wasn't. I began looking for her but couldn't find

her anywhere. I had the peculiar feeling something had happened to me, although I was unsure what.

Suddenly Louise walked into the room and I asked her where she had been. She lay down beside me and said it didn't make any difference.

She said, "Because you're not going to live."

She tapped me on the head with a small wand she had in her hand and I had the certain feeling I was going to die. I closed my eyes and when I reopened them, Louise was gone. I raised myself up out of the bed and thought, "Am I dead?"

I felt peculiar, but I concluded I wasn't yet dead. However I was sure I wasn't going to live much longer. It was quite an eerie feeling. I didn't know what being dead would be like. Would I still be able to see my surroundings? It was ever clearer that I was soon going to die.

### **Dream of: 11 January 1983 (2) "A Bit of a Daze"**

I went to a soccer game with Nikolai (A Romanian I met around 1976) and we sat in the stands next to each other amidst a crowd of people.

The people around us were cheering and I was rather intently watching the game, which for some reason interested me. I watched how the players would line up in front of a person who was kicking the ball to try to stop the ball.

Nikolai seemed rather disgusted with the whole affair and didn't say anything at first. Finally he rose, walked around for a while and then sat down in a bench in front of everyone. He then turned around toward the crowd and began talking to the people. He talked on and on and condemned the game. One man became rather angry and began talking back to Nikolai.

The man began talking about television and said a lot of excitement was needed on television. He talked about automobile chase scenes building up tension until the car was caught. The man was obviously rather uncouth and ignorant.

Nikolai continued trying to say something. He spoke with a bit of an accent and the people made fun of him. He made a mistake with his words once when he meant to say "record" and instead said "regular."

People began laughing.

Finally I rose, walked down and sat beside Nikolai with my back turned to the people in the stands. If Nikolai had trouble with his words, I would be able to help him. He continued talking for a few more minutes and finally turned around also facing the field. He slipped his arm through mine and I said, "Look, you don't have to worry about those people. They're just coarse, ignorant people."



He began talking about how intolerant the people were about other people's views. I said, "Yea, they're just a bunch of intolerant people, but not all people in America are like that. The beauty of the United States is that people are allowed to say what they want to here."

I began thinking about the differences in people. Some people were coarse and intolerant. But the law protected people, so they could say whatever they wanted.

I asked Nikolai if he wanted to go somewhere else where it would be a little different. I tried to think of someplace; perhaps I could take him to a restaurant. I remembered once I had been to a nice nightclub in Mexico City, Mexico which was frequented by homosexuals. How different that had been. Perhaps I should take Nikolai to someplace like that, so he could see a different aspect of American life.

We rose, left and went to a restaurant like that. We sat down at a table and a waitress brought us a small dish with quite a few sweets on it. She said it would cost a quarter, which sounded cheap to me. But since we had paid five or six dollars to get in, I thought it was just part of the cover price.

I began eating the sweets. I wasn't supposed to eat sugar, but they looked so good I ate them anyway. The waitress returned and asked if we had ordered anything to eat. I said, "No."

She said she was sorry and handed us a menu, which I opened. I had been hoping the prices would be cheap, but they were actually quite expensive. Most of the dishes contained meat; but I also noticed a seafood section. At the top of the list was crocodile, a plate of which cost \$6. I might eat it. I also noticed a whole list of rattlesnake plates and thought, "Well no, that would be meat. I don't want to eat meat."

It would be difficult to explain to Louise that I had been eating rattlesnake. But crocodile was a seafood plate and I could eat seafood. I was still trying to decide, when the waitress returned. Nikolai was ready and ordered. I noticed some other pages in the menu which I had missed; I asked the waitress if she would give me a few more minutes. The other pages listed some sandwiches; a fish sandwich was listed for two dollars. I thought, "Well maybe I'll just get a fish sandwich."

Then I noticed different prices for the fish sandwiches. The one for two dollars only weighed two ounces. A four-ounce fish sandwich cost four dollars.

Nikolai had stood and taken off his long, blue coat; he was apparently going to lay the coat in the middle of the floor. Just as he began to do so, someone said something to him and he picked up the coat and carried it back to a coat room.

While he was gone, I ordered, and the waitress brought me my food, which I quickly ate.

Shortly, instead of Nikolai returning from the coat room, Louise walked up and sat down. I wasn't paying much attention to anything. I simply wanted to eat and leave; I felt as if I were in a bit of a daze. I finally stood and walked out the door without paying much attention to what I was doing. I didn't even pay for the meal. I had walked about ten meters outside the door, when I turned and looked back at Louise, who was still sitting at the table. She had her index finger pointed toward her cheek, touching her cheek with her finger. I knew that signified she wanted me to come back in and kiss her on the cheek. That seemed to snap me out of my daze. I turned around, walked back inside and kissed her on the cheek. I sat down beside her and realized I hadn't paid my bill. I began to calm down.

### **Dream of: 15 January 1983 "Selling Stocks And Bonds"**

Two men were interviewing me for a job with a securities brokerage company, which seemed to be named "Bausch and Lomb." When I asked one of the men if that was the correct name, he said the company was now called "Bausch, Ferrell and Lomb."

They began telling me a little about their company and the job. I told them I already had a good idea of what was entailed, because

someone in their company had given a short talk one day in one of my law classes about the job. The job basically involved selling securities. It wasn't actually a legal job; I asked if they had any jobs for lawyers.

They implied the job was the only one for which they were interviewing.

They began extolling the job and explained how I would be negotiating with some of the most affluent people in Houston and setting up my own accounts selling stocks and bonds. They talked about commissions in the area of \$200,000 per year.

One of them began explaining their bonus system, pulled out a money order for \$10 and gave it to me. On the back was a picture of what appeared to be a billfold. Apparently, the billfold could be earned as a bonus in the job.

They then showed me a book with some pictures in it. One picture was of some kind of device which looked like a lot of interconnecting silver bars. I finally concluded that it was some kind of children's play set and that it could be won by selling a certain amount of securities. But since I had no intention of having children, I would have no need for such a contraption.

The man turned the page and showed me some pictures of what appeared to be some nice jewelry. He asked me if I liked it and I said I did.

I decided I definitely wanted to work for them; I only had one reservation. When the man had spoken at school, he had said everyone must train first for a year in New York. I wanted to know if it was necessary to go to New York. I began explaining I had a girlfriend, Louise, who was a law student at Baylor Law School. I told them she was two quarters behind me and we would probably marry in July.

They explained there was indeed a training period. Part of it was in Toronto, Canada and part was in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Apparently, it was necessary to go through the training.

I didn't see how I could do it.

### **Dream of: 16 January 1983 "Concession Stand"**

I had allowed some acquaintances (one of whom was a dark-haired girl) to get into the trunk of my car so I could sneak them into a drive-in-theater. I drove into the theater and once inside, I headed for the back row, where I hoped to find a place to let the people out of the trunk unnoticed. But the back row was packed with cars and there was no more space.

I pulled the car up to another row and got out. But I obviously couldn't let the people out of the trunk here where they could be seen.

I walked to a small concession stand and went inside. When the woman behind the counter said something in French, I noticed some French francs posted on display and concluded I must be in France.

That made me feel good.

I noticed a mirror and looked into it. I was wearing a black shirt and had let my beard grow so it was about a centimeter long. I looked quite good. It felt good to be an American in France.

A small girl (about 3 years old) walked up to me and wanted to play some kind of game. She grabbed my right leg below the knee, wrapped her legs around it and held on tight. I began walking around as she rode along on my leg. I was clumsy at first, but then became more adroit. I walked until I came to another concession stand. The girl then let go and seemed very pleased with the ride.

I met someone I knew who mentioned Walls and Walls' sister Carol Walls. He said they had gone to Los Angeles with their parents, apparently to some sort of old-age convention. Walls' parents had been able to go free, but Walls and Carol had had to pay.

I began talking to the owner of the concession stand and I told him I couldn't find a place to park. He pointed to some spots in front of his

stand and said I could park there. I decided to do that, although I was afraid someone would see the people coming out of the car there.

**Dream of: 19 January 1983 "The Bad Overrules The Good"**

While visiting Portsmouth, Ohio, I had purchased a car from a fellow who had agreed to change the car's engine for me. He was now in the process of doing so. Having hoisted out the old engine with a chain, he was preparing to install another engine. The job actually wasn't as difficult as I would have expected – the fellow had a generous supply of wrenches and other tools with which to work. He also had a conveyor, on which he could place the new engine in order to move it close to the car.

Mike Walls was helping the man change the engines. Walls had been one of my closest cronies during my late teens, when I had lived in Portsmouth. Although I had moved on from Portsmouth, Walls had never left.

As I stood watching Walls and the other man work, I noticed some of the large bolts on the conveyor were loose, and I tried to tighten them with my hands. At first I asked the fellow if he had any tools which I could use to tighten the bolts, but since he was too busy with other things to respond, I simply tightened the bolts as well as I could with my hands. When the new engine was finally almost fully installed, I

picked up the keys to the car and said I was going to drive it around the block.

But before boarding the car, I began talking with Walls. We walked around to the rear of the car and sat down on the trunk, continuing our conversation. Suddenly, without warning, the car began moving, with Walls and me still hanging on the back. Uncertain what was happening, I looked toward the front of the car and saw a woman driving. The car traveled a couple blocks further down the street before finally stopping and giving Walls and me the chance to jump off.

Once off the car, Walls and I unabatedly continued our conversation, walking casually down the street. I was interested in what he had to say, because I was involved in the story he was telling me, a story which concerned a large truck owned by my father. Unbeknownst to my father, I had given Walls the keys to the truck, so Walls could use the truck for something. The night Walls had driven the truck, when he returned home, he parked the truck down the street from his house. The next morning, when Walls had walked outside to look for the truck, it had been missing. Walls and another person had searched for the truck until someone informed Walls that the police had recovered the truck and brought it to a parking lot. Walls had gone to the parking lot and spoken to the police about the truck. He



mentioned the police had commented about the excellent shape of the truck's cab. However the police hadn't turned the truck over to Walls. Instead, someone had called my father and notified him the truck had been stolen and my father had then gone to pick up the truck.

So basically everything had worked out well, because my father had his truck back. The only problem was that my father still didn't know I had given the keys to Walls in the first place. But since I knew the theft of the truck hadn't been Walls' fault, I saw no reason to tell my father I had loaned the keys to Walls. It didn't make any difference at this point if my father knew.

Walls handed the truck keys to me and I stuck them in my pocket. I knew that while Walls had had the keys, he had kept them at his house, cached inside a large book, probably a Bible. Giving the matter a little more thought, I decided it might be best if Walls kept the keys. I pulled the keys from my pocket, handed them to Walls, and directed him to replace them inside the book.

We continued walking until we reached Walls' house. After we had walked inside and sat down, we soon began discussing religion. Walls snidely talked about how ridiculous it was for some people to believe in God, then quipped, "And you know you don't believe in God."

I quickly replied, "Oh no, I definitely believe in God."

I suspected Walls was an atheist, and figured he would have been pleased if I had said I didn't believe in God, but I refused to say such a thing. I explained to Walls that I believed in God, but that I didn't believe in Christianity. I continued expatiating that it had only recently dawned on me what a perversion Christianity was. The basic problem was the concept of hell. To believe a loving God could condemn somebody to hell was simply grotesque. Christianity did of course have some markedly good points. "But," I explained, "In the long run, when you weigh it all, the bad overrules the good."

Walls gave a raffish snicker, as if he found it amusing that I would say the bad overruled the good in Christianity.

Finally I stood up and walked into the next room. I noticed something white on my hand, almost like paint. By the time I returned to the room where Walls was, I had so much of the white stuff on me, I could hardly move my hand.

But I simply continued the conversation with Walls. I asked him about the drug scene, commenting that we had been talking all this time and had said nothing about drugs. In the old days when we used to hang around together, drugs would have been the first topic we would have discussed.

But before we could pursue the subject, Walls' niece – Vickie Walls – and another girl strolled in. Vickie appeared quite different from the way I remembered her. After studying me as if she were unsure who I was, she finally said, "Hi."

Walls' mother, Virgie Walls, also walked in. She looked younger than I would have expected. She also said, "Hi, Steve."

I replied, "Hi."

Mrs. Walls asked me if I were going to be in Portsmouth for a while. Although I was only planning to stay in town for a short time, I was already tired of the place and was ready to depart. I explained that I would be leaving soon, that I was only staying in Portsmouth for a couple of days.

I didn't tell her any more of my plans, because Walls and I needed to get ready to leave. He was going to go to the Vocational College near Portsmouth, and I planned to accompany him. Before we left, I noticed that I was barefoot and that I needed to put on some socks and shoes. I pulled on two pairs of socks, one over the other, then pulled on my shoes. Finished, I stood up, ready to leave.

### **Dream of: 24 January 1983 "Inventing A Story"**

A posse was chasing me and another man. I found a shotgun on the road and when the posse came closer to me, I fired and killed one of

the men in the posse. I then threw the gun to the ground and again began fleeing. Clearly if I were caught, I would be sent to jail, probably for the rest of my life.

Somehow, I knew the entire episode had something to do with law school: every year a law student would murder someone as I had done. A trial would then follow, and the student would be sent to jail for life.

I was finally captured and sent to a jail where I saw another prisoner who had been sentenced for the same type of crime. He had been given a life sentence.

I immediately decided I did not want to be here for the rest of my life -- I had to get out of this mess. I began thinking about the other man who had been fleeing with me when the posse had been chasing us, and I realized if he had been the one to kill the man in the posse, he would have laid the blame on me and said I had done it. Therefore, I now realized I could lay the blame on him and say he had been the one who had killed the man in the posse. After reflecting further, however, I decided I didn't want to do that. Instead, I would simply say I didn't know what had happened.

I began to invent a story in my mind. I would simply say that the man in the posse had been shot, but that I had not done it because I had

not had a gun. Obviously, therefore, I could not have shot the man. I had simply heard a shot, and when I had gone to the man, I had found him dead. His death, therefore, had nothing to do with me. I decided that this was going to be my story and that I would have to stick to it, no matter what.

**Dream of: 26 January 1983 "Diamond Ring"**

After Louise and I entered a jewelry store in downtown Portsmouth, I dumped a large jar of pennies onto the counter. As I went through the pennies, sorting out all the ones with wheat ears on the backs, I saw pennies with dates of 1947 and 1917. Stacking the wheat ear pennies to one side, I was surprised to realize there were so many of them.

Louise showed me either a pin or ring which she had found in the street. It had many different colored stones sticking out the edges which reminded me of fruit. In the middle was a small diamond. I was unsure whether it was real. A couple of the stones were bent toward the diamond. After Louise handed the ring to me, I showed it to the jeweler and asked him if the diamond in the middle was real. He said, "Sure."

While he took the piece to a small machine and began looking at it through the machine, I browsed around. I was carrying some papers in a notebook under my arm; I also had a sack containing what

appeared to be long, pheasant's feathers. Finally the jeweler approached me, and I said, "Well, is that a real diamond?"

He responded, "Yea."

I asked, "Well how much is it worth?"

Prices in that store were expensive. He said, "Well at our store, its worth about five cents."

Some people were standing nearby; I felt it was rather degrading for him to be saying in front of them that our diamond was only worth five cents. I said, "OK."

I continued looking around. Christmas was approaching; the store began to become crowded as many elegantly dressed people walked in. I began thinking I was probably bothering the jewelers here and they would be glad to get rid of me.

I walked over to the counter close to where the jeweler had been looking at the diamond and asked another man if I could have the diamond back. He said, "Yea."

He looked around, pulled out a piece of paper and asked me for my phone number. Apparently, he already had my name and address. He took down the information.

**Dream of: 30 January 1983 "A Ploy"**

While in a town, I had met a rather big black fellow (probably in his late 20s) with whom I had stayed for several days. It seemed as if he and I had been running around together the night before. He had a yellow Cadillac (probably 8-9 years old), but still in fairly good condition. When he told me he would sell the car to me for \$1,095, I immediately accepted his offer and I bought the car.

Afterwards I began thinking I had paid too much for the car. I talked with the black fellow and he admitted he had been trying to sell the car for quite a while and the highest offer he had had was about \$800. Realizing I had handed over \$1,100 without even thinking about it, I thought I had bought the car too quickly.

My brother-in-law James walked up.

Suddenly I remembered I had recently bought another car for about \$500. Apparently, I had sold that car to Kay. I began thinking I could sell the Cadillac to Kay for about \$1,400. That way I could get my money back. The Cadillac was just the kind of car she would like – a big snazzy one.

I went to a service station near where the black fellow lived and had some oil put in the car. I decided to also wash the car; I washed and washed on it, cleaning the dirt off every little place. The car looked very nice when I was through, all shiny and sparkling. I boarded it and

drove about three kilometers, but the car didn't seem to be running right. I returned to the service station, walked in and said, "This car's not running right."

The station attendants checked the oil. They had put some kind of oil called "190" in the car. They looked at their records and realized the oil they had put in was too thick. The car actually needed a size "90" oil. The attendants said the car would have to be taken apart and cleaned out to make sure I had the right oil in it.

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Entering a nearby white house, I found Louise inside. The black fellow with whom I had been staying also walked into the house and began talking with us. As I prepared to leave, he asked me if I knew somewhere in my town where he could stay. I said, "Yea, you could come and stay with me for a few days."

I figured wouldn't want him to stay with me for more than a week. I didn't think Louise (who was listening) liked the idea of his coming to stay with me, but I figured, "Well, he's been putting me up for a few days, so I'll put him up if he comes."

After he walked outside and stood by the Cadillac, Louise and I then apparently began plotting to do something to the black fellow. I was



supposed to go out and tell the black fellow to come back into the house because Louise wanted him to "fuck her."

When I walked back outside, I found a Mexican with the black fellow. I walked up to the black fellow and said, "Come on inside. Louise wants you to fuck her."

Both fellows walked inside into the living room where Louise was. I said to the fellows, "Well, go ahead and take your clothes off and then you can fuck her."

When both fellows had taken off their clothes and were standing there naked, I suddenly pulled out a gun and pointed it at them. Everything had been a ploy to get them inside; I told them to get down on their knees.

Louise was lying down, and I began taking her clothes off. I was positioned behind her, so she was spread out between me and the two men. I finished taking off all her clothes. I then planned to point my gun at the black fellow and make him perform cunnilingus on Louise.

### **Dream of: 30 January 1983 (2) "Catching The Wind"**

I was in a spacious room which appeared to be in a university in the middle of a city. Looking out a large window, I could see a wide city courtyard or plaza with many people in it. The scene appeared to be

either in Europe or Latin America. The plaza was covered with gray stones and a gray hue predominated.

One fellow in the courtyard was attempting to stand on his hands. His body was curved, and he was about half way up. I could hardly see how he was going to be able to raise himself all the way up, but finally he succeeded and raised himself straight up on his hands. I would like to learn how to do that. I decided I was going to stop doing all my other yoga exercises except that one until I had it perfected.

The man then began running on his hands, and as he did so, he crossed his legs, straight up, as in a lotus position. He then appeared to catch the wind and began floating.

Other people were also watching him. I was simply amazed at what I was seeing. He floated for a while, then came back down to land, then went back up again. He continued going up and down, circling around the plaza. I recalled I had done something like that before in my dreams. Sometimes in my dreams I would run along, catch the wind, and begin floating; but I hadn't done it in a long time and I would like to do it again.

Several other people were also floating around the plaza, some as much as 20 meters off the ground. The people in the plaza were apparently accustomed to people flying around like that.

I knew that my father was in another spacious room next to mine, that he was teaching some people something. He apparently was a professor in the university. Since his room also looked out over the plaza, I wanted to tell him to look and see what was going on out there. I walked into his room, but instead of stopping there, when I saw he was busy, I walked behind him and entered another room.

I looked out a balcony window. There I saw another large room, perhaps 100 meters long and 50 meters wide. There appeared to be a red carpet on the floor and a red hue predominated. Inside the room was an older man, a professor, wearing a gray suit, flying around upside down the same way the people had been flying in the plaza. The window from which I was looking was perhaps 20 meters from the ground. As the man flew around, he came close to me and as he passed, I sighed, as if I were impressed. When he heard me, he began descending. His face was toward me. He motioned to me with his finger for me to come out to him.

I wanted to go fly too. He landed and turned over. He looked heavier after he turned over. He reminded me a bit of professor Pasalacua (a law school professor whom I had met at the University of Puerto Rico Law School), and a bit like the Moslem leader Benji from the movie *Gandhi*. He rose to his feet and walked in my direction. I hollered down to him, "It looks easy."

He replied, "It is."

He walked out of the room.

I immediately felt something bite me on the leg -- I knew it was a dog. I looked down and saw a short-haired dog, about 30 centimeters long, with its mouth clamped down on my leg. I thought it was a "pit dog." I had heard such dogs were quite ferocious. I turned around slowly and began trying to make it back up to the door. I looked around, thinking other watch-dogs might be here. Perhaps the room was reserved for professors, and I shouldn't be here. The large room I had been looking into certainly seemed to be reserved for professors.

Even though the dog's mouth was tightly holding my leg, it was still making noises. I thought of trying to pry the dog off. I could feel its grip tighten and I wondered if it were breaking the skin. I was afraid the dog might have rabies. If I could return to my father, he could help me. Just as I had almost reached the door, I hollered, "Dad! Dad!" I hoped my father would know how to free the little black dog from my leg.

### **Dream of: 31 January 1983 "The Creation Of The World"**

I was searching in the newspaper for a movie which I wanted to see called *The Creation of the World*. I found the ad, which showed a picture of some small robots, as well as the words, "He Him." I

thought the words might be the name of one of the robots.

Apparently, the movie portrayed another civilization which had existed before the present world had been created. I saw on my watch that it was a quarter until nine. Since the movie had started at a quarter until eight, I knew it was already too late. I would have to wait until another night to go.

I turned on the television. As I watched the show, I realized I was watching was the movie *The Creation of the World*. I thought it might just be a preview.

On the screen were two young men dressed in futuristic suits. In the background was an animated picture of a futuristic city. The two men were talking about dates of previous time, and about wars between groups of people. It was obvious they were talking about another civilization before the present one on earth had begun.

A black man (about 40 years old) dressed in a black suit, showed up. The two men had a device with which they had been probing the black man's thoughts before he had arrived, so they were expecting him.

The two young men started talking with the black man.

The movie suddenly broke off, and the screen focused in on one of the two young men who had been one of the stars in the movie. I realized I was watching a talk show, and what I had seen was just a glimpse of

the movie which one of the guests on the talk show had been in. The man conducting the interview was the television celebrity Dick Clark.

The young man (probably 25-26 years old) was wearing a sports jacket over a white sweater. He seemed quite nervous. He was on the verge of becoming a super star, and he didn't seem to be handling it well. When Dick Clark asked him a question, the young man became spastic as he tried to answer it. He stuck his hand in his mouth and began drooling. Saliva dripped from his teeth. He threw his arms behind his back and hugged himself. He looked retarded. It seemed odd to watch him, but Dick Clark handled it well.

Another scene from the movie was shown. Some futuristic people were walking along a lake.

### **Dream of: 05 February 1983 "God Is With Me"**

In the dark of night, I had walked down to the milk house at the bottom of the hill behind the Gallia County Farmhouse. But instead of finding the milk house, I discovered a cave where the milk house should have been. As I squinted into the darkness of the cave, some children unexpectedly began gathering around me. Suddenly two of them bolted into the depths of the long downward-sloping cave. The remaining children and I stood still, waiting for the two departed children to return. When the two didn't reappear, the remaining

children and I concluded that the two must have become lost, and that we should enter the cave and try to find them.

Some of the children began plugging together some extension cords (some of which simply resembled pieces of rope) so a light could be hooked up and carried into the cave. When the children had their cords and light ready, and were just about to descend into the cave, several people suddenly emerged from the cave's mouth.

As the people stepped from the cave, they said they had been investigating the interior of the cave for about six months. When some of the children asked the people if they (the people) could now see in the dark, the people responded that they couldn't, that they still needed light.

The children related to the people how the two children had disappeared into the cave. The people promptly expressed concern, saying it might be necessary to enter the cave and search for the children.

One man in the group pulled out a small flashlight, aimed it back into the cave and began shining it. Although small, the flashlight was extremely powerful – the whole cave seemed to light up. The children and I were impressed. Peering into the lighted cave, the man said he would probably have to go inside and search for the children. He then

began droning, "God is with me. And I am with God. God is me. And I am God."

The children and I were thoroughly impressed with the man, who seemed to know what he was talking about. As he shined his light into the cave, I thought I also heard him say, "I am the light." I thought he might be reciting the first verses of the Gospel of John.

In the interim, the sun had begun to rise outside the cave. Someone cried excitedly, "The dawn is coming! The dawn is coming!"

The children believed they needed to descend into the cave before the sky lit up – they had a fear of being discovered by adults if they remained outside. Glancing up toward the Farmhouse, on top of the hill, I thought I could see my grandmother Mabel. I agreed with the children: they needed to retreat into the cave before the adults showed up.

### **Dream of: 06 February 1983 "Black Duck Against The Wind"**

While in the Gallia County Farmhouse, I saw my mother standing nude in the living room; I thought it odd when I noticed she had a penis. Nevertheless, I was attracted to her, wanted to have sex with her and I wondered if she had a vagina under the penis. I walked over to her, stuck my finger under the penis and discovered she did indeed have a vagina into which I proceeded to stick my finger. She lay down



and I climbed on top of her, inserted my penis into her vagina and quickly ejaculated.

After I had finished, she left, and I sat alone in the room. I began thinking I had also recently had sex with my sister and I was contemplating telling my girlfriend Louise about the fact but decided I wouldn't. In a way I thought I should tell Louise, but I thought having sex with my sister was different (as contrasted to having sex with someone else) and I wouldn't have to tell Louise about the sex with my sister.

My step-grandfather Clarence walked into the room and I began talking with him. He had some things which he needed to be taken up into the attic. He told me that a pulley was by a window in the attic, and that I could use some rope and the pulley to raise the things to the attic. He said I should go to the back of the Farmhouse to get some rope to use.

I walked outside and saw lying on the sidewalk a large rock which I thought I would throw down into Symmes Creek. I thought about Louise again and recalled that I had told her that I had never been able to throw a rock from the Farmhouse all the way to the creek. I picked up the rock and when I threw it, it bounced on the creek bank and then into the creek. I would have to tell Louise about that.

I couldn't find another large rock, but I did see some smaller flat rocks in a place where it looked as if a dog had been digging near the sidewalk. I picked up one of the smaller rocks and threw it, but the rock didn't go far and hit a fence about half way between the Farmhouse and the creek.

I looked up and saw a black duck flying overhead. The duck seemed to be very symbolic to me and I thought I would like to tell Louise about it, but I thought, "Oh, she wouldn't understand. She would just think it was silly."

Nevertheless, I continued thinking about the black duck flying against the wind.

### **Dream of: 13 February 1983 "Poltergeist"**

I was on a movie set, involved in the making of a movie. We were running through the whole movie. The plot began in a house, with a woman coming into the kitchen, where I was standing. Her two young sons, one young girl and their father were also in the kitchen. Also present was a creature similar to E.T. (the main character in the movie *E.T.*), except he was only about ten centimeters tall. I couldn't see exactly what he looked like.

Everyone was in a happy mood when the mother entered. But as they were all talking, the mother suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Something's wrong here! Something's wrong here!"

She looked around and said, "Where are the children?"

The children had disappeared. Apparently, the children had disappeared before. The mother and father quickly became alarmed. The mother cried, "E.T.! E.T! Where are the children? E.T. You've let us down. Where are the children?"

E.T. jumped to the floor and opened the cabinet under the sink. With his long fingers he probed into the cabinet, trying to find the children. Although I didn't realize it at the time, the action reminded me of the movie *Poltergeist*. I turned and ran up the stairs. When I reached the top, I saw one of the little boys standing behind the banister. I hollered at him and headed toward him. But suddenly I ran into an invisible barrier, some kind of force field which separated us. It hurt me, and I hollered. The father ran up the stairs. I pointed to the boy and cried, "Do you see him? He's standing right there, but there's an electric force field between us."

But the father said that he didn't see him, that he didn't see anything. The mother came up the stairs. She likewise couldn't see him, but she was able to walk to where he was. She flung her arms around, first

over top of him, and then right through him. As her arms passed through him, she seemed to be erasing him, going from the head down. She kept passing her arms through him until she had erased him all the way to the waist.

Meanwhile I was thinking to myself about the plot of the movie. I thought the three children were supposed to have been captured in the house, and then reduced to microscopic size, to the size of a pin head. They were then supposed to be hidden somewhere in the house.

I looked back down the stairs and saw the little girl at the bottom. I knew the mother and father couldn't see her either. As the girl began ascending the stairs, I had an extremely eerie feeling.

### **Dream of: 14 February 1983 "Doors Can Talk"**

I was in the Gay Street House, sitting in the secretary's office on the first floor. I was wearing a sports jacket and tie, and around my neck I had a gold necklace which Louise had given me.

My father was in his office in the next room; I could hear him asking questions to a law student whom he was interviewing for a clerking position. Apparently, my father had decided he needed to hire a law clerk and he had posted an announcement at the law school about the clerking position. Only two people had applied – the fellow being interviewed and myself. Finally my father and the law student walked

into the room where I was; when the fellow sat down, I recognized him as someone whom I knew in Portsmouth. My father talked to him a while longer and finally said, "Well thank you very much."

The fellow looked a bit disconcerted that my father was saying good-bye so quickly without saying anything else. The fellow stood and walked out the side door. He seemed to have a bit of difficulty leaving at first, but he finally made it out.

My father returned to his office and I followed him. I knew he was definitely going to hire me and not the other fellow. I could see the other fellow boarding his car outside. Although I knew the fellow had no hope of landing this job, I thought that he at least had the courage to come in there and interview and that the interview would have been good practice for him.

I turned to my father and asked him if he really needed a law clerk. He said he wasn't sure, but he thought he did, and then he asked me if I were going to be busy on the coming weekend. I told him I didn't have any classes that week, but that I would be taking exams.

My father walked out of the room - and Louise walked in. She sat down and began talking about what had just happened. She said she had come in just as the other fellow had been leaving and she had let him out the door. She said he had looked a bit upset. Suddenly she

handed me a little note which had some scrawling on it, apparently some sort of little cartoon. She said Sherwood (one of her fellow law students) had given it to her. I asked, "What's Sherwood doing giving you little notes?"

She acted evasive, then told me she had received a letter from someone. She had told me before that she had been receiving letters from a California girl who had somehow obtained Louise's address and had begun writing her. I looked at the letter, which was a hand-made card with a picture in the middle. At first, I thought the picture was hand-drawn, but then I realized it was an actual picture pasted on the card. The picture appeared to be of green shrubs.

Louise showed me another card which had previously been sent to her. The card had pictures of doors and a garden on it. Each picture had a little mouth-like opening on it and out of the openings were words such as "Doors can talk" and "Gardens can talk" and "Porches can talk."

I was quite disturbed that Louise had been receiving the letters because I thought there was something strange about it. I was worried that something might be wrong with the girl in California and that she might somehow try to hurt Louise. I was afraid the girl might be insane.

I tried to think of what to say to Louise, so she would be careful, but something (perhaps something Louise said) made me realize the cards hadn't actually been coming from the girl in California but had been coming from Sherwood. Louise then admitted to me that the cards had been coming from Sherwood and that she had just made up the story about the girl in California. I asked, "Why did you lie to me?" She tried to evade the question and she said, "I said it was from a friend."

I said, "You said it was from a girl in California."

She said, "Well Sherwood is kind of like a girlfriend. Just a friend."

It was difficult for me to accept she had been lying to me. My first impulse was to reach out, grab her by the neck and throttle her, but I was afraid if I did grab her, I would choke her too hard. I could just imagine her having to wear some kind of neck cast. I didn't want that to happen.

She continued to make light of the matter; I felt quite angry.

### **Dream of: 21 February 1983 "Be Happy"**

I was in my rather large bedroom in a house in Portsmouth. The door of the bedroom opened up to a blue room the size of an auditorium. But my door was about eight meters up from the level of the floor in the large room. Thus getting out of my room wouldn't be easy. I could

see another door on the other side of the large room, which was likewise the same height from the floor.

A rope ladder was hanging from the door on the other side of the room and came all the way over to the side of the room where I was. However it didn't come to my door but was farther away. Apparently, the only way to reach the ladder from where I was, was by some other ropes which stretched between my door and the place to which the rope ladder was attached on my side.

I had earlier been writing my dreams but had stopped for a little while to write a song. The song began, "Be happy for a thankful heart."

I walked around the room exuberantly singing the pleasant song. When I returned to the door, I heard someone singing on the other side of the large room. I looked across at the other side and was surprised to see Weinstein there. I hadn't seen him in such a long time. He looked young and healthy. Since it was about a week before Christmas, I figured he had come home for Christmas.

Stunned, I fell back into my room. I had heard Weinstein had been studying singing. How strange it was that I had been singing a little song I had written, and then Weinstein showed up singing a song.

**Dream of: 21 February 1983 (2) "The Only Person"**



Louise was telling me about a dream she had had. In her dream I had been sitting with her and I had said, "You're the only person I love." Her dream made me wonder why I myself hadn't had any dreams in which I had told Louise she was the only person I loved.

**Dream of: 22 February 1983 "Sign For Infinity"**

I was sitting far in the back on the right side of a courtroom where a trial was taking place. The judge was a woman dressed in a black robe. I noted the performance of the lawyers as I watched various witnesses being called to the witness stand and questioned by several lawyers. One lawyer dressed in a black suit walked up and sat to the right of a witness. Sometimes the lawyer would look at the witness and sometimes he would look out the window as he asked questions. To my left on the other side of the aisle were a couple fellows and a couple women who kept making some noise which seemed to be disrupting the courtroom. Finally the judge slammed down her hammer and called, "Order in the court," and they became quiet. A young fellow with long hair was called to the witness stand. A lawyer asked the fellow about how much money he had paid for his house, but the fellow apparently let his wife take care of all his records and he didn't seem to know the answer.

The people across the aisle began talking out loud again. I became exasperated and I finally hollered, "Will you shut up. Just shut up." They were quiet again, but then one of the girls said, "And I study algebra."

I finally realized from the way she talked she was rather retarded. Another witness came to the witness stand and the questions had to do with a mathematical book. I picked up a copy of the book and began going through it. I read along in the book, anticipating more questions would be asked about it. I understood all the math, until I came to a part dealing with a type of calculus problem. I saw the symbol for infinity and the sigma sign and I thought perhaps I should try to learn what the signs meant. If I read along in the book it would become clear to me. I thought some of the questioning on the witness stand would be dealing with the signs. I was uncertain I wanted to bother with it, even though I felt as if I should have.

Several other calculus signs were on the page; I found them quite interesting, but it would take me some time to understand. I knew I needed to know the material in order to follow the trial. It would be very interesting to follow along and learn the calculus.

Louise walked into the courtroom and sat down beside me. I thought she was a little angry with me about something, although I was

unsure what. She said that one of the books for professor Wendorf's class had been changed and that another book had been substituted in its place. She already had the new book.

**Dream of: 22 February 1983 (2) "Few Qualms"**

As Jim Terrell (a Waco attorney) and I were talking, the discussion turned to taxes. He posed a question: what would happen if he paid me more money for my work, and then I later returned the money to him? If he paid me twelve dollars an hour instead of four dollars, he would be able to deduct all the money as a business expense. If I then returned the money to him, he wouldn't have to pay taxes on it.

I asked him if he were in the fifty percent tax bracket. He said he had even been in the seventy five percent tax bracket. I said, "Well, they don't even have a seventy five percent tax bracket anymore."

He concluded that he must be in the fifty percent tax bracket, although he didn't really know. I thought more and said, "Well, you know if you did do that, anything you paid me, like that extra ten dollars an hour, that would just be deductible right off the top. If you paid me an extra eight or ten dollars an hour, that would be an extra four or five dollars you wouldn't have to pay taxes on, right off the top. You would just be able to put it in your pocket."

He seemed to like that idea. I had never thought about it, and I was unsure I wanted to do something like that. But finally I said, "Yea. I would be amenable to doing something like that. I normally don't like to violate the prohibitions out there, but when it comes to the Internal Revenue Service, I don't have too many qualms."

Nevertheless, I was still considering whether or not such an action would be advisable. Perhaps he wasn't even serious about it, and was simply trying to trap me into something. If he was serious, it didn't seem like a wise move on his part, because I might later blackmail him. I didn't intend to blackmail him, but it could be done.

### **Dream of: 23 February 1983 "Fortune Teller"**

I was driving my car around Waco and stopped at what appeared to be a little shop attached to the back of a house. At first, I thought the shop had a drive-in-window where I could pull up in my car and speak to whomever was inside. I pulled into the driveway, narrow and only big enough for one car. I then realized the driveway ended at the door of the shop, there was no drive-in-window and I would have to get out of the car and go in. I had trouble getting out of the car because the drive-way was so narrow and my car door was right up against the house.

Finally I managed to climb out and I walked inside. In there encountered a tall, thin, black-haired woman (about 30 years old). She was appealing; I was instantly attracted to her. I immediately sat down on one of several large pillows which were lying on the carpeted floor. The woman sat down about a meter away from me, pulled out a deck of cards and began dealing them on one of the large pillows lying between us.

I wasn't exactly sure what the nature of the establishment was, but I was rapidly concluding that the woman was a fortune teller. That was basically what I had been looking for. I wanted to see someone who could tell me something about myself without my saying anything. I asked, "How much is this going to cost?"

"Nothing," she replied.

That made me happy and I said, "You can't beat that." I thought she was going to read my fortune in the cards she had dealt on the pillow. But then I saw that she had dealt seven cards for me and seven cards for her. I picked up my cards and began looking at them. I was surprised to see written across the top of every card the words "Bee Hives." In the upper left-hand corner of each card was a number. There was more writing on the body of the cards which I

assumed had something to do with bee-hives. I asked, "What kind of game is this?"

"Don't you know?" she responded.

I continued looking at my cards trying to figure it out. I began arranging them in order according to the numbers in the upper left-hand corners. Some numbers were the same and I grouped them together. The woman asked, "Do you have any cards that show pictures of sheets of U.S one-dollar bills?"

I looked at my cards and saw that indeed there was one or two that consisted solely of a picture of U.S. one-dollar bills. I looked back at her and asked, "What if I do?"

She answered that I would have to give her those cards. I looked back at my hand and saw that now somehow mysteriously I had four or five cards that showed pictures of U.S. one-dollar bills. I looked at her again and she said, "Plus you'll have to give me \$8 for every card that has a picture of sheets of one-dollar bills."

I looked at my hand again and to my utter disbelief and amazement all my cards now showed pictures of sheets of one-dollar bills and none said anything about bee-hives.

I was becoming very nervous. I was certain the woman had some power to change the cards. I leaned back away and thought of

leaving. But then I spread out my cards on the pillow and said, "You did that, didn't you?"

She looked at the cards and said something about it being a tidy sum at \$8 a card; but obviously she wasn't actually intending for me to pay her anything. She then asked, "How is life with bonds, bills and notes?"

That startled me even more. I was now extremely nervous. The woman obviously had incredible psychic powers. I asked, "What makes you think I've had a class in bills and notes?"

I didn't want to say anything about who I was, and I realized I shouldn't even have said anything about a class in bills and notes because she might surmise that I knew something about the subject. I certainly didn't want to tell her I had actually had a law class in bills and notes.

She said, "Oh there were just some fluctuations in the bond market today and I thought a lawyer might be able to tell me something about it. You are a lawyer, aren't you?"

I was by now very agitated. It was hard to believe she had so quickly concluded I was a lawyer. I looked at my hand to make sure I hadn't written a case number on it like I sometimes did which she might have seen. But my hand was clean.

I looked around the room. Some merchandise, which looked like cans of cleaning material, was sitting on some shelves. I concluded that she must sell some kind of cleaning products here. I then looked through a door which led to the main part of the house and saw a man cross a passageway. He was about the same age as the woman. I was hoping she wasn't married because I was very attracted to her. But I couldn't bring myself to ask. I picked up the cards and began shuffling them to deal another hand.

She asked, "Well are you a lawyer that works at the community aid clinic?"

I was rather enjoying her probing. I thought perhaps it was time to tell her I wasn't a lawyer but a law student. But I would first tell her that I had done a lot of drugs and that I had been in prison in Iran for eight months and two months in Puerto Rico.

### **Dream of: 24 March 1983 "Louise's Father"**

I was with a girl who called someone on the phone. I could hear the person who answered on the other end: it was Louise's father. Louise's father told the girl to hold on and that he would get Louise. I immediately wanted to speak with Louise and took the receiver from the girl.

Louise answered. I smacked my lips like a kiss and she did the same.



I knew Louise's father lived far away and that she had flown to meet him. I asked her why she had left without telling me. She said she had left word for me with a woman professor at law school. But I told her that no one had told me.

**Dream of: 24 March 1983 (2) "Life-Saving"**

I was with five or six people, including my brother Chris, riding along on a raft on the languid current of a small tributary of the Ohio River.

We were near the shore and no one was directing the raft. I began thinking tremendous effort would be required to row the raft back upstream after we had floated so far downstream.

Suddenly we came to the Ohio River and were just about to be snared in the current. How swift and swirling the waters of the Ohio were. I said something to the others and we directed the raft back around, so we remained in the tributary.

We saw a place with trees and a clearing along the bank. We pulled up. Several men (around 20 years old) were swimming there. At first, I thought they were wearing pants, but then saw their penises and realized they were just covered with mud from the waist down.

Some of the people on my raft stepped onto shore. Among them was a beautiful blonde-haired girl (about 20 years old). She walked over and sat in the low, forked branches of one of the trees. She seemed

radiant and paid no attention to the men. Some of them were holding their hands over their penises; I was concerned one of them might bother her.

I became concerned about Chris because he had muscular dystrophy and couldn't swim. I had been considering what I would do if the raft were to turn over. I decided I would grab him and try to save him. I held onto his shoulder. But as we sat here, I realized how difficult it would be to save Chris since I had never had any instruction in life-saving. Perhaps I could practice by taking him into the water and swimming around holding him. I could put my arm around his neck and pull him along while he lay with his back on the water. His head would probably go under at times. Perhaps I could teach him to breath in and out. I began practicing quick short inhalations and exhalations and realized how quickly the breathing tired me.

I stopped and instead of practicing pulling Chris, I got back onto the raft and left. I was dropped off at a house sitting on the river bank which belonged to my mother. I walked in and out on to the back balcony over-looking the river, which was calm and had several pleasure boats on it. On the other side was a barge with a band on it. Apparently, some sort of festivities was taking place. A number of people were walking around on the bank on my side.

To my right about 50 meters away were four young men. Suddenly one of them threw an apple core in my direction. It almost hit me. He threw another one. That angered me, and I stuck up my middle finger at him. I saw them immediately become angry. They were motioning to me and I saw them head toward my house. Obviously, they wanted to fight.

I walked inside where my sister was. I told her if someone came to the front door to tell them I had left. She seemed reluctant at first, but then agreed. I went to the basement to hide.

I heard one of the fellows come to the front door. He demanded to be let in; I could hear him walking around overhead. I was frightened, but finally gathered my courage and walked upstairs to confront him. I wished I had a gun and thought about getting a butcher knife, but I went unarmed into the room where he was. He was sitting on the couch drinking beer from a brown, long-necked bottle. His hair was long and disheveled. I was going to subdue him and have him arrested for trespassing.

My grandmother Leacy walked into the room. Frantically I immediately told her to go call the police. The fellow just looked disconcerted as I gave Leacy the instructions.

**Dream of: 31 March 1983 "On The Beach"**

By mistake I went into a law class and sat down in a seat in the right corner of the front row (from the students' point of view). An overweight girl was sitting next to me. It was a special class being conducted by Featherston (a law school professor). Probably 40 students were in the room and all chairs were full. The class dealt with submission of special issues to jurors. Featherston proceeded to give a little exam. Everyone except me pulled out little papers.

Featherston asked several questions. I was familiar with the kind of questions he was asking. Even though I hadn't been taking this class, I could probably come in here and take the test myself, since I had had practice court. Featherston asked three questions and the second question had three subparts. Finally he finished and went up to a black board and wrote the answers. The answers were a "G" or a "M."

Everyone saw what the answers were and graded their own papers. Then they rose and went out to take a break. In the rear left corner of the room I saw my old friend Staggs. His hair was quite blond. It surprised me to see him there at the law school. I went over to Staggs and asked him what the "G" and "M" stood for. He said the "M" stood for "May." It meant "can." I said, "Well, the 'G' must stand for 'Gant' then."

I figured it meant "can't" and was probably a British word. I wanted to talk with Staggs. I asked him how he had been. I told him I was in my

last quarter of law school. He was very stand-offish. He didn't seem to want to have anything to do with me. I thought that might have something to do with his wife Paula (a former high school schoolmate). Perhaps she didn't want him to associate with anyone. I wanted to talk with him and find out where he lived. But he wasn't friendly and so I walked out of the room.

I went out in front of the school and saw it was situated on a beach by the ocean. I looked at the small beach and thought about going into the water. About 20 meters out in the water was a small square pier. At the moment, the ocean was quite turbulent. Water was hitting the beach and spraying all about. I looked out over the water and saw three or four motorcycles partially submerged in the water. The water was almost up to the top of them. I wondered what they were doing out there. I also saw some motorcycles parked on the beach. I then saw a child go up and grab a small motorcycle on the beach and start out into the water on it.

He was obviously taking the motorcycles out into the water and dumping them there. But he hadn't gone more than 10 steps into the water with the motorcycle when several large fellows who were obviously part of a motorcycle gang ran out and grabbed him. Two of them held him while a third pulled out a knife. The one with the knife then slit a small collar which the boy had buttoned around his neck,

and then proceeded to slit the boy's throat from the middle of his throat all the way almost to his right ear. But the cut wasn't very deep, probably only a half centimeter.

Then he slit his throat again in the same manner. I watched in amazement. I didn't know whether the fellow was going to kill the boy. But it appeared the fellow wasn't going to kill the boy, merely scar him. The fellow was a very rough looking fellow. He then looked up. I thought the boy had probably received what he deserved. The motorcycle guys then let the boy go and the boy walked back out of the water. He was bleeding, but not terribly hurt. He walked close to me and I continued looking at him. He then looked at me and asked me what I was looking at. All at once he pulled out a large gun. It was a handgun, but the black barrel was about a third of a meter long. He pointed it at me. I immediately reacted and began trying to wrest the gun from him. A few times the gun was pointed right at me and I thought if he would pull the trigger, I would be shot. But finally I managed to turn the gun around toward him, got my hand on the trigger and pulled it. But the gun just clicked a couple times. No bullets were in it. Finally I wrested the gun from the boy. I walked away and left the boy there.

Some policemen were standing nearby. I knew taking guns into the school wasn't permitted. But before I headed toward the school, I

noticed the gun had two barrels. One was on top of the other. The one on top kept bending upward as if it was made of rubber. I pushed it down. There were some small clips with which to hold it down. It sprung up again and I pushed it down again. Finally it stayed down. I put the gun under my arm and headed back toward the school. In the hall was what appeared to be a police desk. I decided to try to check the gun in at the police desk. I walked up to a policeman and pulled out the gun. I told him I wanted to check the gun in. While I was doing that, Crabtree (a former acquaintance from Portsmouth) walked up. I began talking with him for a minute. The policeman said checking in the gun would cost six dollars. At first, I ignored him and continued talking with Crabtree. All at once I said, "Six Dollars? Well, just forget it. Just give me my gun back."

But they said, "Well, we can't give it back to you until we get the six dollars."

I said, "Well no. I'm just going to go right back outside and not bring it in. It's my gun."

The policeman finally agreed to let me do that. I got the gun and Crabtree and I walked out. I asked Crabtree if he would keep the gun for me there outside while I walked back into the school. He said he would. But I mentioned that several motorcycles had been driven into

the water. Crabtree had been driving a motorcycle and he suddenly became agitated and took off running toward the motorcycles. I hollered for him to wait because I needed him to hold my gun for me. But he was too excited and kept on running toward the water to see if his motorcycle had been driven into the water.

**Dream of: 15 April 1983 "Arcade Space Ship"**

While going to college in Columbus, I was working part time at a hamburger stand. Louise was a student at the college and we were both in a class taught by a woman. One day after class I met with the woman professor; she rather thrust herself upon me. Soon I was kissing her. Louise, however, was on my mind and I had doubts about what I was doing. Nevertheless I continued. I pulled up the woman's dress, inserted my finger into her vagina and massaged her. Finally we broke away from each other.

I went to see Louise. I had decided I wasn't going to tell her about what had happened; but then I told her I had some bad news for her. I told her I had met someone and had had a short relationship with the person. I didn't tell Louise at first who the woman had been; but finally I told her the woman was the professor. Louise became furious. She began crying and tried to tear away from me, but I held her and said, "There's more."



I hadn't yet told her I had actually had my finger in the woman's vagina; I was preparing to tell her that. I felt terrible. I was also going to tell Louise that when I had been with the woman, I had even thought originally, I wasn't going to tell Louise about it. I would explain that I had realized I wouldn't be able to return to Louise without telling her. Even while I had been with the woman, I had known I would have to tell Louise.

Before I could say more, Louise broke away from me and left. We were close to High Street in Columbus. I began walking around. I went into a video arcade game building, sat down on a bench and began looking around. On the floor lay some little golden coins which were used to play the games; I picked up three or four. I also found a dime. Then I found an English penny -- one of the old large kind, about the size of a quarter.

People were lining up to board a ride which was also in the building. They had to climb up a small ladder to reach what appeared to be a little space ship. The space ship would spin the people around in front of a video screen.

I left and returned to the hamburger stand to work. A small tree was planted on the sidewalk in front of the stand; its branches stuck out across the sidewalk under the building. I got down on my knees and

crawled under the tree. Once I was on the other side about three meters away, I looked back and saw someone else coming through.

The person just pushed the branches away and walked on by.

### **Dream of: 15 April 1983 (2) "Grown In Stature"**

While sleeping at the House in Patriot, I awoke in the middle of the night after a dream and recorded it. In the dream I had been having sex with a woman. I also recorded the fact that I had urinated in the dream, and indeed, I had actually urinated in the bed, leaving the bed wet with urine. After recording the dream, I went back to sleep.

When I awoke the following morning, my girlfriend Louise was lying in a bed beside my bed. Louise awoke about the same time and began talking to me. She said she knew what I had dreamed because she had heard me recording it.

Although I still had urine all over me, I rolled over to where Louise was and put my arms around her. Then I remembered I also had some marijuana in the bed with me which had spilled out. When Louise said she had entered the room the day before and put the marijuana in a little baggie, I began rummaging through my sheet trying to find the baggie. I finally found the baggie and saw some marijuana in it. I picked up the sheet and began trying to shake out any remaining

loose marijuana. Finally I rose and hung the sheet and my sleeping bag on something to dry.

Spence (a law student) walked into the room and began talking. I was planning to leave, because I had to go to school. I was also planning to transfer to law school, and Spence and I talked about that. He said when he had first seen me, he had thought I was a short person, but that since that time I had grown in stature in his eyes.

### **Dream of: 16 April 1983 "Practice Court Trial"**

My girlfriend Louise and I were partners in a practice court trial in either room 103 or 106 at Baylor Law School. Levy (a law student) and Jarvis (another law student) were on the opposing team. At the same time we were jurors for the trial. The other jurors were Beaty (a female law student), Holmberg (another female law student) and another fellow.

We went through the whole trial and then walked out into the hall to await the verdict. When the verdict was ready, Louise found out what the verdict was even before returning into the room. I went into the room while she waited in the hall. She stood in the door and looked in. She looked rather disgusted; I figured she had found out we had lost. The verdict was announced and indeed we had lost. I thought that meant our record would be one win and three losses, but it really

didn't bother me. Louise looked as if she were really upset; she left before I had a chance to talk with her.

**Dream of: 16 April 1983 (2) "Jury Summons"**

I was in Portsmouth with my father. He had received a newspaper, on the front page of which was an article which said he had been subpoenaed to be on a jury in a neighboring county. The article said my second cousin Don and his wife Diane had also been subpoenaed. The case was going to be about the contesting of a will. Apparently, a man had written a will right about the time he was going to die. In the will he had said he revoked his other wills. In a previous will, the disposition of the estate (which was quite large) had been very different. The issue was going to be whether the new will was valid. Don and Diane rode up in a large blue car which Don was driving. My father and I got into the car and Don drove off, heading toward the neighboring county. As we rode along on an interstate highway through the country, I noticed some trees had been cleared away for what appeared to be a new road which would cross the highway. I asked my father about it and he said the road was going to be a new interstate highway. When he first pronounced the name of the interstate, I thought he had said it was going to be called "EGO"; but then I realized he had called it "E-O."

A couple new hotels were being built where the intersection would be.

I said, "Boy, I bet the land would be a good buy."

My father said a prohibition had been set up and buying land around there was impossible. As we passed a tall hotel with a glass front, I noticed a name on it which looked like "Dudley." My father asked me if I had noticed the back of the hotel was curved; after looking, I told him I saw what he was talking about.

We drove on and when we passed a small house on the right, both my father and I said at the same time, "It's a pretty little house."

Don commented that we had said the same five words together at the same time, but I only counted four. Don said we ought to say things like that together more often.

Don was now driving quite fast on a small, country road. Something was also wrong with Don's car - it was sputtering. My father commented that due to the way Don was driving the car, it wouldn't get many miles to the gallon. I was thinking the same thing.

I turned to my father and asked, "Did you receive any other subpoena besides this one in the paper?"

He replied, "No."

I said, "Well, you realize this isn't really a subpoena, this article in the paper. You wouldn't even actually have to go down there to be on that jury."

He said he realized that. He told me that one summer when he had been young, he had been on many juries. He said he had been in the jury box many times with only three or four other men. The judge would then say, "Now I'm going to present this case to you. It's going to be up to you to decide the decision in this case."

**Dream of: 21 April 1983 "Death Certificate"**

As some people and I were traveling on a bus, I was talking with a woman. When the bus stopped at a small roadside store, I stepped out to buy some things. When I returned to the bus, I found it had left without me. I returned into the store and pleaded with a man named Doug to take me in his car to catch the bus. At first, he didn't want to help. When I offered to pay him, however, he agreed to take me. We jumped into his car and took off.

The bus had reached a place where the people inside had had to get out and descend into a tunnel. Since the tunnel was filled with water, the people had to board a raft and float along through the tunnel.

When we reached the tunnel, the man driving the car took out a

rubber raft and he and I climbed into it. We began floating down the tunnel in pursuit of the people in the bus.

As we floated along the underground river, I thought about how I had left some of my things in the bus, and how I wanted to get them back. At first the ride on the raft was wobbly as the swift current carried us over what appeared to be narrow rapids. Trees limbs hung over the water, and I feared one might poke a hole in the rubber raft. Finally the river widened, and I asked Doug if it would be easier going now.

He replied, ""Yes."

I heard some voices and saw a place where someone was living. We stopped the raft, climbed out and ascended some stairs. The person living here was an old woman. When she saw us, she ran up the stairs away from us. I followed her into a messy dirty house with stuff spilled all over it. She ran into a kitchen and hid in a closet under some clothes. I stood outside the closet and asked her if she had seen the people in the raft go by. She wouldn't answer, but she handed out a small note.

The note basically said that the raft had passed by, and that we were about 10 minutes behind it.

As I looked at the note more closely, I realized that along with it were several papers which belonged to the woman with whom I had been

talking on the bus. One paper had been written by the people on the bus: a death certificate for Steven Collier. The death certificate, scribbled in pencil on a piece of paper, made a disposition of my property which was given to the woman on the bus. The certificate said I had married the woman.

Doug said we needed to hurry before my property was disposed of and the woman got it. I answered, "No, don't worry about this. Don't hurry now."

I told him that even though the woman and I had never had a wedding ceremony, we actually had been married. He began thinking and said, "Well, if you've really been married, and this is a death certificate, what does that mean?"

He was implying I was dead. I felt quite strange. I said, "Don't worry about it. It doesn't matter."

I was no longer in any hurry to follow the people on the raft.

Somehow, I knew things had worked out the way they should have. We got back into our raft and continued on. We took a different route from the people ahead of us and reached our final destination before them. I disembarked from the raft and climbed onto a small platform. I thought about how surprised the others would be when they arrived and saw me waiting for them.



As I waited, I had a vision in my mind of what looked like the screen of a movie theater. It appeared a big-attraction movie was about to begin on the screen. On the screen I envisioned my wife stepping off her raft and seeing me standing there. It would be a happy surprise for everyone. She apparently thought I really had died. And here I would be, waiting for her.

### **Dream of: 22 April 1983 "Pool Hall"**

Louise and I had been partners in a practice court trial against Levy (a law student) and Jarvis (another law student) and we had beaten them.

Shortly thereafter, while Louise, another person and I had been playing pool at a pool hall, another law student named Brooks walked in. I walked over to Brooks' pool table, said something and turned to leave, but then I said, "Wait a minute Brooks. I want to talk to you about something."

I walked toward the door, set down my pool stick and walked outside with Brooks. I pulled him to the side and told him that about that same time the previous year, I had been talking to the roommate of Blackstock (one of my law school classmates). I told Brooks that the name of Blackstock's roommate had been Don, but that I couldn't remember Don's last name. I continued, "And I asked him if he knew

anybody where I could get some psilocybin mushrooms. And he told me that you might know of somebody. Cause last year at this time he said he saw you with some. I know that right now is the time when they're in season."

We walked over into a little park and Brooks said something about "forty-five mushrooms crossed my sight recently." However, he didn't have any mushrooms at the moment, although he did say he had some marijuana. I told him I wasn't interested in buying any marijuana. Since he only had marijuana, however, I thought perhaps I would just buy a couple joints. I said, "Well I know it would be a problem, but could you just sell me a couple joints."

He said he couldn't do that, and he asked me if I would buy a "brick." I was unsure what a "brick" was. Finally he said he would sell me a \$10 bag of marijuana. He proceeded to pull a baggie of marijuana from the pocket of his sports coat and he held it up in the light. Since other people were standing around the parking lot, I was afraid someone might see the marijuana. I quickly grabbed the baggie and said "Ok." I pulled out my billfold, extracted \$10 and handed it to him. I stuck the baggie of marijuana in the pocket of the sports coat I was wearing.

It occurred to me that about a year before I had also bought some marijuana from Brooks. So it seemed obvious to me that he was simply a drug dealer.

I immediately felt nervous and thought, "Oh no. I hope nobody's seen me."

The thought also crossed my mind that Brooks could be an undercover narcotics agent. I wanted to go back in the pool hall and I said to Brooks, "It just always makes me feel so nervous when I buy anything like this."

We walked back toward the entrance to the pool hall. We had been gone for quite a while and since I had left right in the middle of the game which Louise and I had been playing, I knew she had probably begun another game.

Before we walked inside, I looked through a large display window in the front of the pool hall. Many people were playing pool and I could see Louise in the back taking off her shirt. She stood in her white bra in front of several men who were watching her. Apparently, she was just changing her shirt and putting on a different one and no one said anything, but I couldn't understand why she hadn't gone to the toilet to change.

I walked in and hung up my sports coat by the door. I then walked over to Louise, who was obviously angry because I had left.

Only about three or four pool tables were in the room. While I had been gone, Levy and someone else had entered and begun playing pool on the table which I had been using earlier. I asked Louise what had happened, and she told me they had come in and taken over the pool table. I said, "Well, aren't these our balls?"

Levy spoke up and said, "No, we brought these balls ourselves." Apparently, they had brought in their own balls. I responded, "Well, if these are your balls, I guess you can go ahead and use it."

I thought since I had been gone. I had abandoned the pool table. Apparently, our balls had been turned back in.

Levy began talking about the trial we had had. He said Paulson (another law student) and someone else had been sitting in the audience and after the trial they had talked with Levy and compared my closing argument with Levy's closing argument. They said if the jury was able to vote for me instead of Levy, it had just been a lazy jury. Levy was obviously quite upset about having lost the trial to us. Someone else, perhaps Jarvis, was with Levy. They made more snide comments about Louise and me having won the trial. I began wondering what it would be like if Levy and I were to have a contest

showing cows, as in 4-H in a fair. I wondered if I would go out at night to the farm where his cow was and put something in the cow's food, so it would become sick and not be able to go to the fair. I thought, "Na. I'd never do anything like that."

I imagined how terrible it would be if I were apprehended for doing something like that.

When Louise and I finally decided to leave, I picked up my sports coat and we walked out. As we continued down the street I thought, "Uh oh. Did I put that marijuana in the bathroom?"

I reached in my pocket and felt the marijuana there. Louise and I then boarded a car which she drove, and we headed off.

Since some of the marijuana was falling out of the baggie, I poured it into my hand. I had a notebook in front of me and I began crumbling some of the marijuana over the notebook and picking out the seeds. I thought to myself, "Well, now I've spent another ten dollars. And I'd spent ten dollars before. So now I've spent twenty dollars on this stuff. I could have probably used that twenty dollars better than spending it on pot."

I was unsure whether Louise was watching me as I rolled a joint. Apparently, she was, because she said something about my having the

marijuana. Clearly, she disapproved. I didn't say anything. Feeling rather guilty about having the marijuana, I just held onto the joint.

### **Dream of: 24 April 1983 "Stealing"**

Louise and I had entered Marting's Department Store in Portsmouth.

Louise walked to one part of the store while I went to the clothing department. I found a blue shirt and took it into a dressing room. I took off the sports jacket and white shirt I was wearing, put on the blue shirt and put my white shirt back on over the blue shirt. I was planning to steal the blue shirt.

I walked outside the dressing room around in the store for a little while and was thinking about leaving. Suddenly Crews (a law student) stepped up and looked at me. He was wearing a suit and I thought he probably worked for the store. He patted me on the chest and said,

"How's your shirt fitting right there on your chest?"

I knew immediately he knew I had taken the blue shirt. But apparently, he wasn't going to turn me in; I was quite thankful to him.

I had forgotten my sports jacket in the dressing room. I returned to the dressing room, took the blue shirt off and hung it on a hanger. As I did so, someone opened the curtain to the dressing room. Crews, Louise and seven or eight other store personnel, some of whom I knew, were standing in front of the dressing room. Louise obviously

knew what had happened but didn't seem very upset about it. I felt bad and said, "Look, my jacket was here all the time. Obviously, I was going to come back."

I tried to talk my way out of it; but they apparently weren't going to do anything to me anyway and I was only wasting my breath. Someone said, "Well, now what is it that we say when something like this happens?"

They all hollered in unison, "Disaster!"

Obviously other people in the store could hear what was said. I began thinking I had been nabbed once before stealing like that; I was going to have to stop stealing. I wanted to leave, but first I wanted to thank Crews for tipping me off that people in the store knew what I had been doing. I said something to him and he replied, "Well, you didn't get caught. It's as simple as that. You just didn't get caught."

I wanted to ask him what the law said and whether I would have had to have left the store with the merchandise or if they could have grabbed me in the store. But I just let it drop.

I noticed someone else had obviously been in the dressing room since I had left because several toys were lying around on the floor. I picked up a small, plastic, orange Halloween pumpkin which was about two

centimeters in diameter. The pumpkin had a face cut in its front and was rather scary looking. I decided to keep it.

Perhaps I could someday make a collage and hang the pumpkin on the collage. The collage would have the theme of stealing and I would place big letters spelling the word "STEALING" on it. The collage would have many little pictures dealing with stealing.

I walked over to Louise; we prepared to leave. But first she wanted to pay for some food she had at a counter near us. She also wanted to put some ketchup on her food. Looking to the side, I saw a little side exit leading into a small restaurant with a soda fountain and several booths. I said, "Well, let's walk in there. Maybe we can get out that way."

We walked on in. Some people were sitting in booths eating. I saw a bottle of ketchup on the counter and said, "Well, at least there's some ketchup in here."

Meanwhile, Louise was at the counter trying to pay for what she had bought.

### **Dream of: 24 April 1983 (2) "Autocratic Professor"**

I was sitting in a practice court class being taught by Dawson (a law professor). Dawson seemed more playful than usual. I was very tired and once I even put my head down on my desk and fell asleep for



about a minute, but I quickly woke back up. I thought, "Well the main reason I'm tired is because we had to set our clocks up an hour and I lost an hour's sleep. I had to get up an hour earlier. Daylight savings time."

We were reading legal cases. One case showed the picture of a man and said the man had become a teacher, because, due to the way his face was formed, if he wasn't a teacher, he would probably become a bus conductor. Since he didn't want to become a bus conductor, he had become a teacher. Dawson jovially remarked, "Isn't that a good reason for becoming a teacher, because of the way your face looks?" I looked up at Dawson and acted as if I were laughing along with him, although I didn't think what he had said was funny. As the class proceeded, Dawson ducked down as if he were expecting someone to throw something at him. Everyone in the class was laughing and suddenly I saw a crumpled-up piece of paper fly through the air and hit Dawson on the back. Dawson stood back up and I didn't think he was going to do anything about the paper having been thrown, but a mean scowl crossed his face as he marched over to the light switch and turned off all the lights in the room except those in the front row. He began pointing at people and telling them to stand up. He pointed at someone next to me. Then he pointed to me and I stood up. Finally

he had pointed to about 15 people who had stood up and he told us all to come to the front of the room.

I was wearing what appeared to be some kind of silly looking army belt strapped around my left shoulder. It obviously was only for show and had no functional purpose. I wasn't even sure why I was wearing it and it finally fell down around my waist. At first, I didn't even think I was wearing a shirt, but then realized I was wearing my khaki shirt. Dawson told us to walk back and forth in front of the front row and he said the action was to symbolize that we were buzzards flying over a cadaver.

He then walked back to Miller, who was the fellow who had thrown the crumpled-up paper. By that time Miller was fairly upset. Dawson said he had decided that because of his action, Miller was going to receive a grade of "D" in practice court. Miller was practically on the verge of tears.

By that time it was 9:05 and Dawson dismissed the class. I stood, and my girlfriend Louise walked up beside me. I wanted to talk with her about what had just happened, but she quickly walked out the door.

I wanted to tell Dawson I thought he was being unfair, because I thought he had elicited the throwing of the paper. I walked outside for

a minute and then walked back inside. Several people were still standing around talking about what had happened.

Miller then walked into the room. He was crying profusely, and some people led him to the back of the room where they sat down and talked with him.

I walked over to some people sitting in a row of seats which were faced toward the back of the class. The people were getting ready for the next class and I asked, "Do you look in the opposite direction in this class?"

They told me they did. I thought that was rather strange. One of the people was Lisa Douglas (a law student). I asked them what they thought about what had happened with Dawson, but they did not answer. Finally I said, "Well I really wanted to stand up and say something because I really thought it was unfair, but I just couldn't bring myself to do it, because I thought if he's that autocratic about it and doing that to Miller, then if I took up for Miller, then I'd just end up cutting down my grade to."

Dawson walked back into the room. I didn't want him to overhear what I was saying and said, "Well, never mind."

I walked back out into the hall. I thought I would be on the jury which would judge Douglas' practice court trial today. So it had been good

to talk with her for a moment to see how she talked. In fact, I thought she was probably only talking with me because she knew I was going to be on her jury. I thought that was OK because I didn't know her well and I wanted to find out a little about her anyway.

**Dream of: 28 April 1983 "Island In The Pacific"**

I had gone to visit my old friend Mike Walls who was living in the House in West Portsmouth (a four-room cottage in which I lived in 1971 while I was attending the branch of Ohio University in Portsmouth). After I walked inside, I told Walls I had been living in Texas close to Mexico in a house which had been similar to the House in West Portsmouth.

I told Walls that Phil Lane (an old friend from Portsmouth) had visited me in Texas, that I had been rather rude to Lane and that I hadn't let him in my house. I had simply greeted him and sent him on his way. I told Walls that Ron Hurley (a former junior high school classmate) and Petty (a female law student) had also visited me in Texas.

Walls showed me about a pound of marijuana which he had piled on the kitchen table and which he was obviously selling. Although I told him he should get out of the business of selling marijuana, I took an interest in the pile of pot. I looked more closely at the marijuana and noticed many stems and very dark seeds in it. I told Walls he should

first separate the stems and seeds from the marijuana and throw them out. Then he could do whatever he wanted with the marijuana. As I talked, I picked up a cigarette paper and started rolling a joint. When

I finished rolling the joint, I lit it and began smoking it with Walls. After we had smoked the joint down to the end, Walls threw the roach in a can. I wondered if the roach could be retrieved later.

I walked outside, climbed into the back seat of a car and left. Other people were also in the back seat and after the car had traveled a way, I realized two of them were my friend Leah (a law student) and Ballengee (another female law student with whom I had never spoken). I also noticed a dark gray cat in the back seat with us. I ignored everyone, and we continued on until we reached Cincinnati and pulled up in front of an auto garage - apparently something was wrong with the car. As several men walked out of the garage, I began thinking of the incredible number of people in the world and how many different people I had met.

After I climbed out of the car, Leah stepped up to me and said something about my not having spoken to Ballengee. I indicated I knew who Ballengee was. When Ballengee then stepped up to us, I ran my hand up and down the spine of her back.

Nearby was some kind of strip joint. I recognized it as a place where I had first seen a strip show.

When we and several other people re-boarded, we were no longer in a car, but rather in what appeared to be a long canoe floating along a lake. Suddenly a large alligator raised its head above the water and powerfully snapped its jaws together. It was quite frightening.

As we steered the canoe toward the bank, I tried to remember where I was, and I concluded I was on a lake on an island somewhere in the South Pacific.

We reached the bank and I disembarked. Right on the other side of the bank was the ocean. I thought about how the salt water was separated from the fresh water by the narrow strip of land.

Standing on the bank I thought of the political nature of the island. I leafed through a book I had, and I reached a page addressed to treaties and the legal status of the island. I thought the status was somehow linked to the United States. I also thought about how Louisiana followed the civil law rather than the common law.

### **Dream of: 28 April 1983 (2) "Renegade"**

I was in Portsmouth, walking south on Waller Street near Gallia Street. Where the large Baptist church on the corner of Waller and Gallia used to be was now a used car lot. As I walked past, a black

police car passed by me, and I thought how stupid it was to still have black police cars. Another man was standing in the car lot; when the police car pulled up to him, I thought some mischief was afoot. By the time the policeman got out of his car, two or three other men were standing around. When one of the men took off running as fast as he could in my direction, I ducked down behind a nearby car, and I even thought of lying flat in the gutter. When the man ran on by me, I debated whether to stay and see what was going to happen, or leave.

When I finally stood back up, my surroundings had become pitch black – I couldn't see anything. I began walking. A cane would have come in handy (to feel my way along like a blind person), but I didn't have a cane. What would a sixth sense be like, to be able to perceive objects without actually seeing them?

A pickup truck with its lights on was traveling south towards me on Waller. The truck pulled up nearby and Stevens (a former junior high schoolmate) stepped out of it. He walked over to me and wanted to know what was going on. I told him that I didn't know, that some kind of trouble was taking place. As he headed back to his truck I said to Stevens, "Well, why don't you come over to my house with me?" I just lived on the next street to the right. He decided to go with me and we started running together down the street. Stevens seemed

quite athletic. He was wearing shorts and tennis shoes and apparently ran frequently. Just then a black jeep called a "Renegade" went by and Stevens said, "That's what they were stealing back there."

We continued on and I asked Stevens what he had been doing. He said he had been going to school, but he was going to go visit his father. I asked where his father was, and Stevens said he was in Houston. I said, "Oh, that's where I'm going."

I asked when he was going, and he said he was going next summer. I said, "I'm not going next summer, I'm going in a couple of days. That's where I'm going to be living."

I then said something about our visiting each other there. We continued running until we came close to my house, which looked like the House on Seventh Street, and I said to Stevens, "Its here." Stevens kept going to a house next door which had green tar paper on the walls and he knocked on the door. A man who reminded me both of Fred Sloan and McGee (Portsmouth acquaintances) came to the door. It looked as if he had a cigarette in his hand. I had never visited the man, but when Stevens went in, I followed him. I told the man he should come over and visit me more.



I looked around the room. A large pinup over a meter tall of a woman wearing clothes was on the wall. Other than the unmade bed, the place was relatively tidy.

**Dream of: 05 May 1983 "Burned-Off Hands"**

Louise and I were standing in front of a building which had been burning; people who had been burned were being carried out. One person carried out was so badly burned that when the person was laid down, the hands crumbled and fell off at the wrist. I could hardly believe what I saw was actually a person's hands.

Another badly burned person who was still alive was carried out and laid down. Louise picked up one of the burned-off hands and began slapping the second person in the face with it. I walked over and stopped her. She threw down the hand and looked startled, almost as if she weren't even aware of what she had been doing.

**Dream of: 05 May 1983 (2) "Roses And Sea Shells"**

Early in the morning, I was in a room with Louise. I had a red crayon and paper and was drawing some very pretty pictures of roses, one after the other. Each rose was about two centimeters in diameter; I was drawing them as the border around a larger picture in the middle. I also drew a couple sea shells with the roses.

As Louise began getting ready to go to law school, her friend Joel Lynn (a law student) walked in. Louise said she needed to see a friend of Joel Lynn's named Snow. But first Louise said she needed to put on her make up.

I looked at Louise; she looked pretty without make up, especially her eyes. Nevertheless, Louise said she was going to have to put on all her make up around her eyes. I looked at Joel Lynn and said, "Joel Lynn, could you tell Louise that she looks just fine without make up?"

Louise insisted she had to put on her make up; it made me angry. I walked over to her and pushed her to the side. She didn't say anything, but I could tell she felt hurt that I would push her in front of Joel Lynn. Louise had a hurt look in her eyes; I began to feel bad. I thought, "I shouldn't have pushed her in front of Joel Lynn like that and made her look bad in front of Joel Lynn."

Louise began putting on her make up. She put some black stuff on her eyes and then smeared something red all over her face. Then she greased down her hair. Basically it all made her look terrible. She had looked so pretty before without the makeup. I thought she was mainly putting on the make up for Snow; but she didn't realize how bad it made her look.

Joel Lynn rose and began helping Louise comb her hair.

I wasn't wearing any pants and only had on a pair of light shorts. I rose and put on some pants. I began working again on my pictures of roses. I held them up to a mirror; the roses looked quite good. The sea shells also looked good.

**Dream of: 06 May 1983 "Judgment Day"**

My father and my mother had birthed another child, a cute blond-haired boy who was now 2 years old. I was with them watching the little boy run around. He hadn't yet learned to talk, but he seemed quite intelligent and I enjoyed playing with him. I told my father and mother that the first child is often the most intelligent, but that sometimes when people have a child late in life, the later child is the most intelligent.

My father seemed pleased with the child. He commented that there was a period of time when the features of both parents could be seen in the child. Within a space of 2-3 days, however, the features of the child would change to resemble only one parent.

As my father and I sat at a table, he told me he was thinking of going back into the business of raising and selling tobacco. I actually choked up at the thought of his raising tobacco. When he noticed that I was having a problem, he asked me if something were wrong. I didn't want to tell him at first, but finally I said something like, "Well, dad, you

know the thing is, when a person does something with their life, their life's work, they like to think that they're helping people, and not killing people. And when you start raising tobacco, you know what you're going to be doing, helping to kill people, don't you?"

He sputtered, appearing not to like what I had just said, and he made some kind of statement. I picked up a stick of celery I had been eating, poked him in the arm with it and said something to the effect that, "And someday, you'll have to account for that, won't you. Someday there'll be that judgment day when you'll be standing there, and somebody will be pointing their finger at you, won't they."

I pointed the celery stick at him as I spoke. I knew he couldn't deny he believed in the judgment day. He sat there looking astounded by the whole matter.

### **Dream of: 07 May 1983 "Working In The Library"**

I called the Waco Law Office to talk with Vaughn, and Libak (the receptionist) answered. I asked her if Vaughn was there. She said he was, but he was talking on the phone with someone at the moment. I said, "Well, it's not that important."

She said he would probably be free in about 15 minutes. I asked her if she would tell him that I was going to work in the library today because I needed to get some things done there. When I told her I

would call back later, she blurted, "Well, congratulations for getting him to pay you while you work in the library."

I asked, "Well, what do you mean by that."

Obviously, she thought I should be coming into the office instead of working in the library. She said in a huff, "Well, wait just a minute." I heard her holler to someone, "Will you come here for just a minute."

I thought she was calling Vaughn's secretary, Joann. I thought to myself that Libak must think I wasn't actually working when I was at the library. I thought I needed to talk with her, as well as with Vaughn, to see what he thought.

### **Dream of: 11 May 1983 "Raped By A Bull"**

As another fellow about my age and I were walking on the big hill directly behind the Gallia County Farmhouse, we were suddenly surrounded by a herd of light-gray cows. Afraid the cows were going to try to harm us, we climbed into a tree and I swung around on a branch. The other fellow soon climbed back down. When he was on the ground, he told me to be careful of one giant gray bull. As he started walking away, the bull attacked him. I watched, petrified. The bull knocked the fellow down on his hands and knees, and then the bull began raping the fellow, as if the fellow were a cow. I

watched the rape in terror. Finally the bull dismounted and walked away.

All the while I had been trying to figure out what to do. I thought I might be able to throw something at the bull, but I couldn't find anything. I saw a small limb I might be able to throw, but by then the bull had already climbed off the fellow and had walked away.

I climbed down out of the tree and headed toward the fellow, but before I could reach him, a second fellow with a gun showed up. It looked as if the second fellow were going to try to rob the first fellow (who now seemed to be my brother). A third fellow (who resembled Joe Cartwright, the character played by Michael Landon in the television series "Bonanza") showed up and he also had a gun. The third fellow (who also seemed like my brother) told the second fellow to back off, and the second fellow did so.

I raced up to my first brother who had been raped. I could see he was obviously going to die. I picked him up and started carrying him back to the tree, where the third fellow (my second brother) was. The first brother reminded me a great deal of my uncle George. He had been badly mauled, and clearly, he would soon die. I felt heartbroken and guilty because I hadn't been able to do anything.

**Dream of: 11 May 1983 (2) "Interiors"**

I was living on the bottom floor of a large old frame house. Although I apparently had cleaned my living area, it was still dilapidated and sparsely furnished.

One evening my friend from law school, Donna, and I went out; eventually I took her to the house where I was living. We went straight to the bedroom and lay down together on the bed. I put my arms around her and held her for a while. How would I to explain to my girlfriend Louise that I had gone out with Donna? I might not tell Louise about it. Since nothing had happened, I could say to Louise, "Well I just went out with Donna and that was all there was to it."

Donna was wearing a becoming silk print skirt and blouse; the material: thin and pleasant to touch. Donna and I hadn't talked of anything of importance during the evening. I hadn't mentioned Louise to Donna; and although Donna had a boyfriend, she had not mentioned him to me. I could tell she was upset with her boyfriend – apparently, they had argued. When Donna finally said something about him, I asked, "Well, you want to talk about him?"

She said she did. She said his name was either "Roy" or "Ray." She said the whole problem with their relationship had been "hunger." I asked, "Well, you mean you didn't have food to eat?"

She said that was exactly what she meant. They had been poor and hadn't had any food. I said, "Donna, I know you come from a rather well-to-do family."

She said that was true; but she hadn't wanted to ask her family for help because she didn't want them to think her boyfriend couldn't afford things. She simply hadn't wanted to go to her family.

So although on the surface Donna and her boyfriend appeared prosperous, underneath they didn't have anything. Apparently, they had difficulty even surviving. Finally they had had a big argument and separated.

I said something about my living accommodations and added, "Well, you live in a much better place."

She looked around the room and said that was true. I could tell she didn't like my place. Nevertheless, she was here.

As we lay here, we came closer and closer until I finally had my arms around her. Should I try to feel her breasts? Finally I did begin feeling one of her breasts. She pushed me away at first; but I persisted. We kissed; all the while I was thinking, "How am I going to explain this to Louise?"



I was uncertain what I was going to say to Louise about the matter. Would this cause Louise and me to break up? Would Donna be happy if she learned that Louise and I had broken up because of this fling? A television had been playing in the front room; suddenly it sounded as if the volume on the television had increased. I said, "Wait a minute."

I rose, walked into the front room and was surprised to find my father there. It was 6:30 a.m. He had what looked like a quart bottle of wine in his hand. I was glad to see him; I asked how he was doing. He told me he had driven all night, so he could come down to see me. Obviously, he had heard the voices in the bedroom and knew a woman was with me. He probably had thought Louise was with me; I didn't correct him. I told him I was rather busy at the moment and that he should make himself at home. He said he would. I told him I would be out in a little while.

I returned to the bedroom and lay back down with Donna. Then I heard a woman's voice back in the front room and realized my father had brought his wife with him. The woman he had married was the character named Pearl (played by Maureen Stapleton) in the movie *Interiors*.

Donna and I began talking; I thought about Louise. Should I tell Donna she (Donna) had always caused a little friction between Louise and me because I had always somewhat liked Donna? I had told Louise about my dreams about Donna – those dreams had always upset Louise. I decided not telling Donna anything about all that would be best.

Donna had been thinking of transferring to the University of Texas in Austin in the summer. It was a shame for us to begin seeing each other and then for her to transfer. I asked her if she was still planning to transfer to the University of Texas.

She said she was. Apparently, her boyfriend lived close to the University of Texas. And she was still seeing him, although they weren't as close as they used to be.

The blouse Donna was wearing was made of the same type of material as her skirt. She wasn't wearing a bra. I put my hand under the bottom of her blouse, intending to raise my hand and feel her breast.

She stopped me. Again I persisted until she let me go; I began squeezing her bare breast under her blouse. We continued kissing. I was lying by her side; as I pressed my leg between her legs, she spread her legs apart. I began rubbing my leg against her crotch. I

was trying to do everything at the same time and arouse her as much as possible.

I rolled over on top of her between her legs and began hunching her. She was obviously becoming aroused. She reached down and began feeling my penis, which was outside my pants. Since she was feeling my penis, I knew she was obviously aroused and probably wanted to have sex. I rolled off her and reached my hand between her legs. She was wearing panty hose. I tried to find the top of her panty hose to put my hand inside them, but the top was up around her navel. I said something like, "Panty hose never begin where you think they do."

I put my hand inside her panty hose and pushed my hand down to her vagina, which was wet. I thought, "Well this is it. I'm just going to have to make love to her."

She said something about how she would "love to screw" me. I began pulling her panty hose down; she didn't resist. I pulled them all the way off and then took my pants off. I took off the rest of her clothes so that she was completely nude. I stood up beside the bed and she spread her legs apart while I looked at her. When I began to insert my penis into her vagina, she said, "No, no."

She tried to stop me. She put her finger in her mouth, pulled it out of her mouth and began wetting my penis with it. I thought, "Well maybe she wants to have some oral sex first."

I raised up so that her legs were up around my shoulders. I moved my penis toward her face and stuck it into her mouth. She was lying on her back and I was on top of her. I watched as she began performing fellatio. I had previously wondered whether Donna would like oral sex.

Obviously, she did because she was clearly enjoying performing fellatio on me.

### **Dream of: 12 May 1983 "Winners And Losers"**

Petty (a law student) and I were working together on a little project in the lounge on the ground floor of the Baylor Law School. When professor Newton walked into the lounge, I mentioned to Petty that I was working on a project with Newton. I spoke to Newton and he said something to me. Petty then told me she had to go do something in the practice court room and she asked me if I would like to help her. I told her I would.

I thought, "Well, Michelle always gets involved in these kind of activities. She knows the professors pretty well and that way she gets picked to do things like this. She seems to enjoy it."

I had something which I was going to do for a professor in a few days and I asked Petty if she would like to help me. She said she would. I thought it was actually much more interesting working with the professors than doing school work if there was still enough time to finish the school work afterwards.

We went to the practice court room; in the hall on the wall beside the door to the room was a white cardboard which showed the results of the practice court trials. The results which had been posted weren't for my class, but for another class. Two trials had already taken place; the list outside showed how the losers and winners brackets had been separated. Petty had some little stars which were to be placed beside the names of the winners; she wanted me to place the stars while she went into the classroom and read off the names. As she read off each name, I was supposed to put a star by that person's name.

She walked into the classroom carrying a bunch of papers to pass out which showed who had won each trial. She began reading off the names. I was having difficulty because I didn't understand some names. Moreover, the stars were two colors - red and blue - and I was confused as to which color star to put by the names.

A large crowd of people began to gather to look at the board. For each pair of adversaries the board showed a Greek letter "pi" on top for the

plaintiff and a Greek letter "delta" on the bottom for the defendant. But the letters were in the way since new names were being added; so I erased them. More room was needed for the stars.

I crowded some of the people out of my way, so I could reach the board to put on the stars. I looked into the crowd gathered in the hall; I thought I saw my old friend Staggs, but then I thought "Na. That can't be George Staggs."

So I went back inside the room and came back out. Then I hollered out, "Hey George."

Sure enough, the person was George. He looked like he had about ten years before. I asked, "George how ya doing?"

He answered, "Fine."

He seemed standoffish. I wanted to talk to him; I asked him if he was going to law school. He said no, that he just had to do some business here. I asked him what he had been doing and he spoke of either working for a government program or receiving some government benefits.

I asked him if he would give me his phone number, so we could get together some evening. He rattled off a phone number and I wrote it down. I told him I would call him. He said he was awfully busy, and I

replied, "Well you can't be any busier than I am. I'm getting to the bar examination in a few weeks."

He sounded as if he weren't going to have much time; but I told him I would call him, and we could get together and talk some evening.

**Dream of: 12 May 1983 (2) "Cathouse"**

My girlfriend Louise and I were at the 29th Street House. My mother was out of town for the weekend and I had invited a number of people over for a big party. After they arrived, Louise kept looking at me as if to say, "What in the world is going on?"

I wasn't quite sure myself. I hadn't been expecting so many people. As more people showed up, I was afraid they might damage something. I just wanted everyone to leave so I could be alone with Louise.

I decided to open some boxes of canned food which I had bought in 1980 so the people could eat. I pulled a can out of one box and opened it. It contained beef stew. Since I didn't eat meat, I decided to give the cans in that box to another fellow here. I showed the cans to him; but he didn't want any of the food.

The party progressed; more people marched in. I saw a fellow I had met a Baylor Law School named Kent. We opened up some mushy spaghetti and put it into a bowl. Kent began picking at it. I was afraid

all the vegetables in the cans in the boxes had become mushy because they had been there for so long.

Mitchell (a law student) showed up and began running around the House. He ran into the kitchen where there was a green bowl with ornate, little, green cups hanging from it which belonged to my mother. Suddenly I heard a crash – Mitchell had knocked one of the cups off and broken it.

I walked into the kitchen and said, "The party is over. Louise and I are leaving. We've decided to go someplace. So everybody else is going to have to leave."

Some people were miffed, some were angry, and some understood. Everyone began marching out. Louise and I became separated. I waked outside and I boarded a car with another fellow. He began driving around and we talked. I soon realized he was in love with Louise and he was going to ask her to marry him. He had only known her a few months and didn't know her as well as I did. I asked him about her. I didn't want to say anything which would make him feel differently and change his mind about marrying her. But I wanted to know just how well he knew her. I said, "Well, I really don't think you know very much about Louise's past."



He seemed dim about it. I asked him if he had ever noticed how she didn't like to talk about her past.

He didn't respond; I could tell he didn't know much about her. I was trying to bring out the point that Louise was adroit at being deceptive and changing the subject if she were asked about her past. I wanted to point out how expertly Louise could blank out her past, so it was difficult to learn anything from her. Obviously, the poor fellow didn't know anything about her. I asked, "Well, for instance, do you know how many different people she's gone to bed with?"

I was convinced he didn't know. I wasn't even sure he knew I had had sex with her. I had the impression he thought she had had sex with two people. I knew Louise had had sex with several different people, but I didn't want to say anything. I was unsure whether she had had sex with this fellow. I thought she had, because I didn't think she would marry him without first having sex with him. I thought he probably knew I had had sex with her; but he didn't seem sure. I asked whether he knew she had lived in California.

He did know that. I myself couldn't remember what kind of job Louise had had in California, but I did know she had lived there. It seemed she had had a peculiar job and the man for whom she had worked had

been named Jim. I knew Louise had had sex with that man, but I figured she hadn't told this fellow about that affair.

I was trying to ask in such a way as to bring up subjects without telling him I actually knew anything.

He seemed to be getting the message; but suddenly he began talking about himself. I didn't pay much attention at first, because I was thinking about what I was trying to say to him about Louise. Suddenly I heard him say something about "... giving somebody some money and ending up in a cathouse with some woman."

He was telling a rather sordid story about himself. I had the feeling one of the reasons he hadn't questioned Louise thoroughly about her past was because he didn't want to reveal this story about his having been with a prostitute in a cathouse.

### **Dream of: 16 May 1983 "School Cafeteria"**

I was walking downstairs from the second floor of Grant Junior High School in Portsmouth, Ohio, where I was attending law school. Many other students and I had just left our classes and were in a hurry to reach the cafeteria to eat breakfast. Walking in front of me, in a red dress which fell below her knees, was my ninth-grade sweetheart,

Debi. Thinking I would like to catch up with her and perhaps sit beside her when I ate my breakfast, I hurried and tried to pass some

people. But before I reached Debi, I saw another old junior high classmate, Peggy. I looked at her and asked, "Peggy, would you stand back here by me?"

When she walked over and stood beside me, I said, "Do you mind if I eat with you?"

She answered that it would be fine.

A short way in front of us was Clifford (a junior high classmate who married Peggy after high school), dressed in a suit and tie. He stepped back beside us, and I shook hands with him. Suddenly, realizing he and Peggy were married, I said, "I want to eat with you all today."

I hoped he didn't think I was trying to move in on Peggy. It had been a very long time since I had seen Peggy.

Miller (a fellow law student) then stepped up and asked what happened to people who failed the torts test. Apparently, he had just taken the test and he was convinced that he had failed it. Counseling Miller not to worry about it, Clifford said he had felt the same way after he had taken the test, and he had made a B+. I said, "Yea, I felt that way too and I made a B."

Sensing that Clifford had been bragging about his grade and that I had been doing the same thing, I realized how stupid it was to stand around bragging about something like that.

When we finally reached the lunch counter, I picked up two or three pieces of bacon and laid them down on the right side of my tray. I realized I shouldn't be eating meat, but I thought, "Oh well. I'll just eat it this one time."

I continued down the line. I saw some ham and cheese and some bacon and cheese sandwiches, but I didn't take any. I began wishing I could remove the bacon from my tray; I didn't want it after I had it. At the end of the line were chopped apples with sugar on them. Even though I no longer ate sugar, I took some. I also put some other food on my tray. I hadn't seen any eggs and I wondered where they had been. It had seemed as if half the food there was for lunch and not for breakfast.

I walked out into the cafeteria, sat down by myself and began piddling around with my food. Phil Waddell (a junior high classmate) and someone else whom I knew were sitting at the next table. I thought, "I'll just go over and sit with them."

When I walked over to them, they moved a tray away to make room for me. I sat down across from them and began talking. I also spoke to

Duff (a former high school classmate) who was sitting to my left. Mark Brown (an acquaintance from high school), sitting on Waddell's left, started telling a joke. It was obvious from the way he was telling it that he had just recently read the joke out of a joke book. I thought I had read the same joke in a joke book. That seemed to be the way to learn jokes – just read them out of joke books. But Brown's joke wasn't very funny.

When Dale (a junior high schoolmate) walked up and sat down on Mark's left, I said, "Hi Dale."

When he said hi to me, I suddenly thought I had had a dream a long time ago with Dale in it. I tried to remember what the dream had been about, thinking I might tell the dream to Dale. Then I realized I had also had a dream before with Waddell in it. The dream seemed to have had something to do with drugs. I didn't really want to tell Waddell about the dream because I thought he might be offended by my having had a dream in which he had been using some kind of drugs. It occurred to me that although I was living in Portsmouth and going to law school there, I had basically lost touch with the Portsmouth area. I had become so absorbed in law school, it was as if I were living in another world.

Casey (a fellow law student) was sitting to the left of Dale; Casey began talking about how television affected people. Finally he made a sound like, "Nyaaaaaaaaaaaaaa."

Everyone thought that was funny and began laughing. Casey then said something about a picture of a duck and how the legs of the duck looked like those of Lauren Parish (a fellow law student). I said, "Lauren Parish?"

Dale likewise said, "Lauren Parish? I don't think her legs look like a duck's."

I agreed. Casey however continued to maintain that Parish's legs looked like a duck's.

I had not seen most of these people in such a long time; it felt good to be with them again. I told them this was the first time I had eaten breakfast there even though I had been there for several months. However, I didn't care much for the food; I said this would probably be the last time I ate there.

### **Dream of: 19 May 1983 "Disrespectful In Church"**

My friend, Steve Buckner (whom I first met in 1967 when we began the tenth grade of Portsmouth High School together) was with me in a Sunday school class in a small room in a church. A teacher was present, as well as some teenagers whom Steve and I had seen

somewhere earlier. The teenagers talked to Steve and me in an obvious attempt to convert us. They asked questions until Steve disrespectfully stood up behind the teacher and shocked everyone by shaking his butt around. I meanwhile tried to be as respectful as I could.

Some of the people wrote short critiques about Steve, describing how disrespectful he had been. They didn't think that I had been disrespectful - they simply thought that I was wrong because I didn't believe in what they believed.

After Steve and I left and walked around in the hallway outside the room, he said he might have been a bit too disrespectful toward the teenagers. I told him not to worry about it. When we walked back into the room, all the teenagers had left. A rather hefty woman with a red dress was now in the room and sitting on a platform on a small school-chair with a little desk attached to it. As Steve and I washed our hands, Steve began talking, and I told him to be quiet - he hadn't noticed the woman in the red dress, who was around the corner from where Steve was standing so he couldn't see her.

I walked back out into the hallway again alone and I again encountered some of the teenagers who were carrying some books. They said they weren't angry with Steve, even though they thought he

had been disrespectful. They said they would still like to talk with Steve to see if they could help him change. I told them they could try.

When they said that they thought that Steve would make a good dentist, I told them that was in law school.

**Dream of: 21 May 1983 "Lugubrious Moaning"**

Upset because Louise had left me somewhere, I suddenly awoke and realized I had been dreaming. I was lying in a bed in the upstairs bedroom of the House in Patriot (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a boy). Louise was supposed to be lying beside me on my right. I reached out for her, but only the covers were there. I thought, "Well, this is just great. I wake up in the middle of the night and she's not here. She's supposed to be here."

I rose from the bed and began trying to figure out where Louise could be. I saw two other beds in the room and someone sleeping in one. I looked in the other bed and saw Louise in it. She had awakened at the same time and raised herself up. I walked over to her and asked her what she was doing there. She indicated I had been bouncing around in the bed and she hadn't been able to sleep.

She rose from the bed and stood beside me. It made me angry that she would have left my bed. I pushed her back into the bed, walked out of the room and headed down the stairs. I thought she might



follow me downstairs, but I didn't really think she would. I began thinking about the idea of establishing a permanent relationship with Louise, but it bothered me that she had left my bed and gone to another.

I walked into the living room downstairs and lay down on the couch. My uncle George was lying in his little bedroom next to the living room and my brother Chris was sleeping on another couch in the living room. Suddenly Chris began talking. At first, I didn't understand what he said, but then I understood he was talking about land and a person having some land. It seemed strange to me he would be talking about that. Suddenly I realized Chris was dreaming and talking in the dream.

Louise crossed my mind and I thought, "Yea, I've been thinking about how a man needs some land. If Louise and I both had some land, would she just get up and leave like she got out of the bed and left?" As I continued trying to listen to what Chris was saying about land, I realized I was holding a fork which was sticking straight up in the air. I looked toward the kitchen door; it was open, but the screen door was closed. I thought someone might try to break in and bother us; I thought about how humble the little home was and how people usually broke into wealthy type homes. I thought people like that got caught

fast and put in jail, so there probably wasn't much to worry about. I thought, "But it would be really strange if on this one night someone would break in and I'd be lying her with a fork and maybe I'd have to defend myself with this fork."

I then heard a lugubrious moaning which was coming from outside. At first, I thought the sound was the wind but then realized it was something else. Finally I concluded it was a dog lying outside moaning.

### **Dream of: 24 May 1983 "Trust"**

Birdie and I were lying in a bed in an upstairs bedroom of a large two-story house. Birdie had been practically living with me and having sex with me for a couple weeks. I was upset because I hadn't told Louise about it.

I rose from the bed and walked around the room thinking about what I was doing. If I told Louise, she would leave me and never return. I considered trying to hide the fact, but I didn't know how I could. I would probably have to tell Louise. I knew I would begin having dreams about it and would either have to tell Louise about my dreams or hide them from her. It would be difficult, but perhaps I wouldn't have to tell her.

Finally I walked over to Birdie, sat down on the bed and said, "Birdie, you're going to have to get up and get out."

Birdie was terribly upset. She rose and began preparing to leave. I rose and walked into the next room where I found my mother lying in a bed. I walked to the bed, sat down beside her and said, "Well, I just told Birdie to get up and get out of the house. Do you think I should tell Louise about it?"

She said, "Yes."

I said, "Well, you realize she'll leave me, and I'll never see her again."

She said, "Well, you'll have to take that chance and go ahead and tell her."

I headed back toward the room where Birdie had been; Birdie was standing at the top of the stairs preparing to leave. I went to her, told her I was going to have to tell Louise and said something to her about trusting someone. She said she would never be able to trust anyone again. I said, "Look, if I can go and tell Louise about this, surely you can trust somebody."

We headed down the stairs. I sat down on the banister and slid down while Birdie walked. Birdie looked as if she were pregnant. When we reached the bottom of the stairs, we met my father. He wanted to

introduce me to some people who were with him and he said, "Steve, come here. This is ...." and began rattling off some names.

About 12-15 people (including some children) were present. My father made up and told me some names of the children. He didn't want me to know who the people really were. Birdie stood for a few moments and then left.

My father spoke to the people and said, "Now I had a Chrysler Imperial and Steve took it out one day and wrecked it. And all the tires went flat on it."

He said something about my having been drinking alcohol when the accident had occurred; he told the people what he had done to collect insurance to have the tires replaced. I stood a few moments listening to him.

### **Dream of: 31 May 1983 "Last Quarter Of Law School"**

About 40 students and I were sitting in a full classroom, where a special class covering submission of issues to juries was being conducted by law professor Thomas Featherstone. From the students viewpoint, I was sitting in the right corner of the front row. I had actually entered the classroom by mistake and had taken the only open seat. A rather obese girl was sitting next to me. I was surprised

to see my old high school friend, George Staggs, sitting in the last row in the far left seat.

Featherstone asked several questions. I was familiar with the subject and thought I could even take that kind of class myself since I had already had practice court. Finally, he gave a little test which had three questions. The second question had three sub parts. He then wrote the answers on the blackboard. All of the answers were either a "G" or and "M." After everyone had seen the answers they graded their own work. They rose to take a break.

I walked over to George and asked him what the "G" and "M" stood for. He said the "M" stood for "may." He said it was like "can" and "can't." I figured the "G" must be of a British origin and said, "Well, the "G" must stand for "gan't," then."

I asked George how he had been. I told him I was in my last quarter of law school. But he wasn't friendly and acted as if he didn't want to have anything to do with me. I thought it might have something to do with his wife; she might not want him to associate with anyone. I wanted to find out where he was living, but since he acted that way, I just walked out of the room.

Walking outside to the front, I found the school was situated on a beach. I felt like going into the ocean. I could see a pier about 20

meters in the ocean. The ocean appeared to be quite turbulent and the waves were spraying water all about. Looking more closely, I saw three or four motorcycles sitting in the water and being almost completely covered. I couldn't figure out what they were doing there. Some other motorcycles were also parked on the beach. I saw a boy run up to one of the motorcycles on the beach and drive it out into the water. Obviously he was the one who was taking the motorcycles out into the water.

He had only gone about ten steps into the water when several men who obviously rode the motorcycles ran out and grabbed him. Two of them held the boy while the other pulled out a knife. The one with the knife slit a collar the boy was wearing around his neck. He then slit the boy's throat about a quarter inch deep from the middle of the boy's throat almost all the way to his right ear. He repeated the action a second time.

I watched in amazement. Obviously the object wasn't to kill the boy, but to scar him. I thought the boy probably had gotten what he deserved. The motorcyclists let the boy hurt and he walked bleeding out of the water. As I continued to watch him, when he got closer to me he asked me what I was looking at. Suddenly he pulled out a large hand gun with a black barrel about a foot long and pointed it at me. I immediately reacted and began trying to wrest the gun from him.

While we wrestled, a few times the gun was pointed right at me. If he would just pull the trigger he could shoot me. But finally I turned the gun towards him, put my finger on the trigger and pulled it. But the gun just clicked. I did it again and again it clicked. There were no bullets in the gun.

Finally I wrested the gun from him. I walked away from him back toward the school. Some police were nearby, so I put the gun under my right arm. I knew guns weren't permitted in the school. As I proceeded I noticed that the gun seemed to have two barrels. One barrel seemed to be connected to a spring and I had to push it down several times.

I walked into the school, where I saw a police desk in the hall. I decided to check the gun in. I walked over to the desk, pulled out the gun and told the policeman there I wanted to check in the gun. While I was doing that, Warnie Crabtree (a Portsmouth acquaintance) walked up. I talked with him for a moment. Meanwhile the policeman said it would cost six dollars to check in the gun. At first I didn't pay an attention to him, but finally I said incredulously, "Six dollars? Well just forget it. Just give me my gun back."

The policeman replied, "Well, we can't give it back to you until we get the six dollars."

I said, "Well, no. I'm just going to go back outside and not bring it in.  
Its my gun."

Finally the policeman agreed to give me the gun back. Once I had it, Warnie and I walked back outside. I asked Warnie if he would keep the gun for me while I walked back into the school, and he said he would. But when I continued talking and told Warnie about the motorcycles I had seen driven into the water earlier, he became agitated, since he had been driving a motorcycle, and took off running in the direction of the motorcycles. I hollered at him to wait because I needed him to hold my gun for me. But he was too excited and continued running toward the water to see if his motorcycle had been driven into the water.

### **Dream of: 02 June 1983 "Wild And Free"**

While walking on a street in Columbus, I encountered two fellows who seemed friendly enough, although they were a bit disheveled and had long hair. One had blond hair and was wearing a blue tee shirt and a hat.

I walked to their house with them, entered the living room and sat down. We smoked a joint together and I became high. I reflected how easy it was to meet people like these if I wanted to smoke marijuana. The two seemed to be decent fellows, but I figured I would probably



never see them again. They told me they didn't smoke much marijuana, but I was unsure whether I should believe them.

I looked around and realized the house was the one in which Randy Ramey (my good friend from my college years) used to live. I told the two fellows I had had many experiences in that house. They didn't believe me at first. When they said they had moved there about a year before, I asked, "Well, did you get this house from Randy Ramey?"

"Yes," they answered.

Noticing a television playing, I told the fellows that Ramey used to have a television in the other room. One of the fellows replied that any normal person would have it in the other room.

I began thinking I had had quite a few dreams in that house and I tried to recall specific ones.

I stood up and looked at myself in a mirror. I was wearing a red and black plaid shirt. My hair was long, but I didn't look bad. I knew people could tell I was an honest person just by looking at me.

On the television was a rock and roll singer playing a guitar and singing something about being wild and free. I thought about my girlfriend Louise and how I was no longer wild and free. I could be wild and free if I wanted, but I didn't want to. I liked being settled down. In the back of my mind, I thought about how if I were wild and

free, I could go out to night clubs and meet different women, but the idea didn't appeal to me much. If I didn't have Louise I could be like the rock and roll singer, except I would learn to play the flute instead of the guitar. Then I could play music and live a wild and free life. The two fellows and I decided to go see a movie. I thought perhaps we could go to the Cheech and Chong movie *Still Smoking*, but I didn't really want to see it because I had read some bad reviews and had heard it was a lousy movie.

When the fellow in the blue tee shirt asked me if I wanted some beer, I told him I didn't. He began stuffing some cans of beer inside his blue tee shirt to take with him. However, I did want more marijuana. I asked them if they thought we would be able to buy more marijuana when we were outside. They were unsure.

After we left the house and were walking down the street, I realized I was no longer high from the marijuana.

One of the fellows walked on ahead of us. I walked beside the other one on his right and I began talking with him about a test I had taken. Although I hadn't studied for the test, I had taken it anyway and had done quite well. The other fellow had also taken the test.

Abruptly I said, "Have you ever dreamed that you were just walking down the street with somebody like this? I have. It gives you a relaxed

feeling just to be talking with somebody walking down the street and just looking ahead of you like this and just letting your mind flow."

As we walked along, I was trying to hypnotize him and trying to transport him into a dream-like state of mind. I thought I could probably somehow gain control of his mind just by using soothing talk.

I could remember dreams in which I had been walking down the street talking with someone like that.

My problem was that I was beginning to feel bad about having smoked the marijuana. I was feeling intensely guilty.

### **Dream of: 07 June 1983 "Spider Web"**

Louise and I had moved to Puerto Rico; we were in the backyard of a house, where there was a muddy area and some trees. I saw a spider about a centimeter long hanging from a tree and moved my hand across its dangling strand of web, so I was able to hold up the spider by the strand. The spider began quickly coming up the thread; as it approached my hand, I would move my hand. The spider would then spin out more thread and so not reach my hand.

I began twirling the thread, so it wrapped around my fingers and the spider twirled around my hand. Finally the spider shot over to a tree and hung there for a while. Then it began spinning around and going from place to place. I could see the thread, but lost track of where the

spider was. The thread was very strong. I couldn't even move the fingers which had the strong thread around them. I was amazed as I watched the spider. It didn't even look like a spider but like some other small bug. Finally I noticed the spider had fallen into the mud. I reached into the mud, picked the spider up by its thread and threw it back up into the trees.

Some little boys were playing in the mud nearby.

Louise was talking with a man; I walked over to her. She was talking about some flies which she called "caymans." She said the flies had gotten into an orange juice bottle or a pop bottle and then had been poured into a commode. In the commode they had multiplied so the commode was just black with them. She said she didn't like those kinds of bugs down there. She told me she had liked the little spider with which I had been playing.

She then asked someone what time the radio came on. She said she had been hearing Spanish music here and couldn't believe it came on so early in the morning. Someone else said, "Yea it's on all the time." I thought listening to the radio would be a good way for her to learn Spanish.

I looked down at my feet; I had used a red pen to mark red on my toenails. About half way in the middle of the toenails I had marked them

black. Perhaps I should put on some socks; it probably wouldn't be good for people to see me with painted toenails.

**Dream of: 08 June 1983 "Heathen"**

I was standing in the left corner in the front of an auditorium, similar to a classroom. Another fellow was standing on my left, and Julie (a fellow law student at Baylor Law School), was standing on my right. Julie was quite friendly and had even laid her arm on mine. I felt close to her. As we talked about people dating and getting close to each other, I thought she was a Christian and I knew I wasn't a Christian. I told her it wouldn't be a good idea for someone who was a Christian to date someone who wasn't a Christian. I said, "It just causes complications later on because the people won't change their beliefs."

I stuck out my lower teeth and showed my incisors like a vampire or werewolf in an attempt to demonstrate how different people could be. I was trying to portray the image she would have of me if she were a good Christian and I was a heathen.

I was hot and perspiring profusely, which seemed to bother Julie. When I laid my hands on the stage, I noticed I had left water drops there. I didn't know what to do about it.

In front of us was a stage from which my law school professor Dawson was conducting a class. It was about 3:30 p.m. and he had decided to

keep us overtime, which made me angry. When he finally walked out of the room, I stood up on the stage. I thought I would act out something or maybe even sing, but instead I just walked around like a fool, until people began laughing. Realizing the people were watching me, I felt silly and I walked out of the room.

I tried to think what I could do. I thought I could get out my dreams and begin working on them and arranging them. I knew I had my dreams in a yellow notebook. I also had copies of the dreams in a red notebook upstairs. I could work on the copies in the red notebook, and if I made any changes, I could transfer them later to the yellow notebook.

After walking up two flights of stairs, I realized that the rooms were different from what I had expected and that I wasn't where I thought I would be. People were all around. I became frightened and thought I should go back downstairs. But something happened, and I fell over.

It also seemed as if someone were chasing me. I began thinking I could just fly out of there. I thought that I had small rockets attached to my legs close to my heels and that if I used my will, I could use those rockets to fly. When I began using my will, the rockets worked, and I began flying away, but I wasn't very good, and I simply flew back and forth in a big, empty hallway. I continued because I knew if I

stopped, I wouldn't be able to start again. I continued trying to understand how to use my will to control the rockets.

**Dream of: 09 June 1983 "Lucy In The Sky"**

I awoke from a dream around five o'clock in the morning and, still lying in bed, began recording the dream on my cassette recorder. I continued recording for quite a while, absorbed in what I was doing. When I had finished recording about half the dream, I noticed that a pretty girl with long frizzy hair was lying in bed next to me. The girl somewhat reminded me of Regina (a friend of my sister; I had known her known around 1970), but this girl was much prettier than Regina. She looked about the same age as my sister (six years younger than I).

Suddenly she awoke and asked me what I was doing that was so important.

As I rolled over next to her, I wasn't quite sure, but I thought she probably wanted to have sex with me. When I began feeling one of her breasts, she clearly wanted to proceed. Since I was also in the mood, I began talking to her about it.

However, I had one problem - Louise was in the back of my mind. Because Louise and I had been dating steady, I didn't want to betray Louise. The girl and I were both relieved when we finally decided we

shouldn't have sex. We both rose, and as I headed to the toilet, the girl blurted, "Oh my God. Its five o'clock."

She said that it was time for her boyfriend to go to work and that he would probably stop there first. She walked to the window, looked out and said his car was already outside. When she also mentioned that he knew karate, I felt relieved that she and I had decided to not have sex. I said, "Well, I'll just go in the bathroom."

As soon as I stepped into the bathroom, the girl's boyfriend entered the house and immediately began getting ready to go to work. After stepping up to the bathroom door (which was slightly open), he looked into the bathroom, saw me and said something about my knee being injured. Since the girl had apparently told him that I had an injured knee, I went along with what he was saying.

The boyfriend was about my height and build. His hair was cut short in a style which reminded me of an American Indian hairdo. Realizing he didn't seem at all threatening, I walked out of the toilet and began talking with him. Having a conversation was difficult, however, because he was running back and forth as he was getting ready for work. I watched as he donned the green military uniform which he had brought with him.



While he was dressing, he pulled some things from his pockets and laid them on the dresser. When I noticed a roach clip among the items, I realized he must smoke marijuana and I thought about asking him about it. But he dressed very quickly and left.

It suddenly occurred to me that the fellow had been in the dream which I had been recording earlier. I even remembered having dreamed that he knew karate. I was amazed that he had been in my dream and that he had then actually appeared in reality.

After the fellow had departed, I walked into the living room where approximately 20 young people were sitting around, many of whom were smoking marijuana. I was amazed that so many people would be there smoking marijuana so early in the morning.

I sat down near a small group. Most were about 20 years old, but one old woman was sitting among them. When I saw all the younger people in the group puffing on short joints, I half wanted to smoke myself. I thought a joint was even passed to the old woman, but I was unsure. I thought about how good smoking marijuana would feel. It seemed the marijuana was a special type called "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds." When I asked one fellow why they were smoking so early in the morning, he just laughed.

The girl with whom I had originally been sleeping finally walked out of the bedroom. Leaning over the back of a chair, she watched what was going on. I thought since the girl was one of my sister's friends, all the other people there must also be friends of my sister.

I finally stood up and walked out the back door. I jumped on a bicycle sitting outside and rode up the street a way. When I saw a green area which appeared to be a park, I pulled in. As I rode around the park, I realized many people were gathered there. It almost appeared the people were part of some kind of commune. It didn't take me long to realize all were smoking or dealing in marijuana.

When I saw two fellows sitting on a bench at a park table, I pulled up close to them. As they stood up to leave, I noticed that one was carrying a large garbage bag clearly filled with marijuana. I stopped the fellow and inquired, "Hey, do you think you could sell me a couple of joints of that?"

He replied, "Sure."

He opened his bag, pulled out a large gob of marijuana and said, "Here, I'll sell you that for two and a quarter."

The second fellow then handed him a joint, which was apparently a special type, and added, "Here. You can have this, too."

After I agreed to buy the gob of marijuana, the fellow handed the gob to me. As I began trying to cram the pot into an empty baggie, I pulled out another baggie of marijuana and some cigarette papers which I was carrying around with me. When the fellow saw the other baggie of marijuana, he asked me about it. I explained that the other marijuana belonged to someone else and that it wasn't mine. That was why I wanted to buy some of my own. Besides, I was unsure of the strength of the pot I had been carrying around. I wanted the strong pot which the fellow had sold me.

As the fellow started to leave, I realized I hadn't taken the joint which his friend had pulled out for me. When I asked him what had happened to the joint, he didn't seem to know, so he pulled out a second joint and laid it on the table. Then I noticed the first joint was already lying on the table. I picked up both joints and stuck them in my mouth. I also asked the fellow if there was some place nearby where I could hide the marijuana for a little while. I motioned toward a hillside across the road behind us, and said, "Maybe I can hide it up in there or back behind this bench."

The fellow motioned to the area behind the bench and said, "No, people don't hide anything back there." He indicated the area behind the bench was a sacred place. I motioned to the hillside again and said, "What about up there?"

He answered, "Well, not too far up in there."

He continued to explain that I shouldn't worry about all the people there and that I should simply put the pot under the bench. He said no one was ever arrested around the park.

When we finally separated and he began walking down the street, however, I noticed he suddenly stopped and looked over to where a crowd of people was gathering. I knew immediately the police were arresting someone, and I could tell from the look on the fellow's face that he knew it also – but he just couldn't believe it.

Knowing I had the marijuana, I became frightened. When I saw some cars pull up close to me, I thought the police might be in one. I still had the two joints in my mouth, and I was still trying to stick the other gob of marijuana into a baggie.

I suddenly remembered I had completely forgotten I was in law school. Everything I was doing in life depended on my not being arrested. If I were arrested, my life would be basically destroyed. I desperately wanted to discard the marijuana and I tried to decide what I could do with it.

### **Dream of: 13 June 1983 "Dylan-Land"**

I was sleeping in one part of a house in which Haim (a fellow law student) was living. Haim was in another part of the house. I rose

from my bed, went looking for him, and found him in a room lying on a mattress on the floor. I wanted to lie down on the mattress and sleep next to him. I did so. I thought Haim's wife was on the other side of him. I put my hand on Haim's hand, which felt rather rough.

I was extremely tired. So sleepy I could hardly think, I quickly fell asleep.

Suddenly Haim awoke. He lay on his back and began relating a dream he had just had. I was so sleepy I could hardly understand it and I did not hear all of it. In Haim's dream, Ronald Reagan had traveled to Europe and had met King Louis. Apparently, they had been riding horses.

The dream was extremely interesting, and it was a shame we did not have a cassette recorder to record it.

Haim then mentioned the names of four or five counties in northwestern Spain. I thought he must have once lived there to know the region so well. As he spoke the names, I could see them spelled out in my mind. One county was called "Morales" and another county was called "Dylan-Land" because Bob Dylan had gone to live there. The entire dream was quite interesting. I thought Haim's dreams were similar to mine, except because he had lived in different parts of the world, he dreamed of far-away places rather than places in the United

States like I did. It would be interesting if I were to record Haim's dreams and write them in book form.

Haim stopped, awoke and became aware I was beside him. His wife was no longer there. He had not realized before I was next to him.

He was wound up in one cover and I was wound up in a separate cover. I was so tired I could hardly move. I had slipped off the mattress onto the floor.

Haim said he could scoot over so I could lie on the mattress, which was lying against the wall. He scooted all the way to the wall. I rose and lay on the mattress next to him.

### **Dream of: 16 June 1983 "Spanish Bar Exam"**

While in Puerto Rico, I received a small pamphlet explaining the bar examination. On the appointed day I went to the building where the exam was to be given and walked into a large classroom.

As I entered, I saw Blackstock (with whom I had gone to law school) also here to take the exam. Since he wanted to sit next to me, we found a place in the front row and sat down. I felt uncomfortable where we were. I didn't have enough room for my legs and I had to stick them over a bar under the table where we sat. When I saw better seats in the back of the room, I suggested we go back there.

We rose, walked to the back of the room and found seats. We sat down in some little chairs which had desks on them. We didn't sit next to each other but left a couple spaces between us.

Someone passed out a small pamphlet identical to the one I had received in the mail. I looked at it. I saw a woman standing down at the end of the row and I thought, "Well, maybe that woman is going to check to see if we've already marked in our little pamphlets."

I had indeed underlined some words of the first three questions in the pamphlet I had received in the mail. I quickly exchanged that one for the one which had just been passed out, so it wouldn't appear I had marked anything in advance.

I was apprehensive about taking the exam because it was being given in Spanish. Blackstock was perfectly bilingual in Spanish and English. I told him I might be making a mistake by taking the exam in Spanish.

I thought, "Well, it'll be six months before I would be able to take it again in English. Maybe I should start making plans to take it in English."

I didn't think I was going to do well in Spanish, but I remembered I had taken the Law School Admission Test in Spanish and had made a score of 680, which was very good. So perhaps I would do all right in Spanish anyway.

### **Dream of: 26 June 1983 "Room For Rent"**

I was in a room with some other students on a large university. It was fall and we were preparing to go out and look for places to live. Someone had given us a map of the area; one long street was marked where we probably would be able to easily find rooms. Different houses on that street were marked on the map.

I left, boarded an elevator to leave and suddenly found myself standing on the sidewalk beside the yard of a large house. I looked around, saw two other students standing beside me and said, "How did I end up here? I was just in the elevator a minute ago. It would have probably taken me fifteen minutes to walk from the elevator to here."

They looked puzzled by my not remembering having walked here. But I knew I hadn't walked here; I had somehow just ended up here. It was a strange feeling and I tried to figure it out.

I looked around and noticed many large nice houses. About 50 meters away I saw a large deer which was almost as large as an elk, and another deer behind that one. I pointed to them and said to the other two fellows, "There's a deer."

They pointed behind me and said, "Look at all those deer back there."



I turned around and saw more deer behind me, all with very large antlers. I looked back at the one I had first seen and saw it had lain down.

The three of us began walking around looking at the houses trying to figure out which ones might be good to rent rooms in. But we didn't see any "For Rent" signs anywhere. So finally I walked up to the door of a house and knocked.

A girl came to the door; I asked her if any houses around here were for rent. She said there were none in this neighborhood here on Twenty-Sixth Street. But she said someone had told her a few months ago that some rooms were for rent on Carlos Street near Seventy-Second Street. I asked her if she could remember the exact address, but she couldn't.

She asked me if I had a map; I told her I had walked off and left it back at the school. But one of the other fellows did have a map, although it wasn't a very good one and it didn't show all the streets.

The girl pointed out the general area on the map.

We left her and walked on. We came to a scruffy little nightclub and walked inside. Several doors inside had locks on them. We walked back outside and one of the fellows told me he had encountered

Terrell (a Waco attorney) inside. But it had actually been professor Newton he had seen inside and not Terrell.

He said Newton had asked him if he thought I could lead a band. The fellow himself was musically inclined and had told Newton I would be able to lead a band just fine.

We walked on down the street continuing to look at the large houses until we were quite far from the university. I thought, "Maybe I could get a bicycle if I had to go that far from the university to classes."

Finally, after losing my companions, I noticed behind one of the larger houses a smaller house which had a large sign on it, "Room for Rent." I walked to it as fast as I could and walked up on the porch. Just then another fellow walked up and stood in front of me before the door. I pushed him out of the way and said, "Look, I was here first."

I knocked on the door and it opened. An old, scruffy-looking, unshaven man stood before me. I said, "I'm inquiring about the room for rent."

He said, "Well, come on in."

I walked in and the other fellow followed me into a large room in which quite a bit of junk was lying around. The other fellow was obviously interested in the room. The man said that was the room for rent and I asked how much it was per month. The other fellow was obviously becoming more agitated because he wanted the room.

The old man hesitated at first and he didn't seem to want to say how much the rent would be. I thought it might be too much for me and the other fellow would get the room. Finally the man said, "Well, its ten dollars a week."

The other fellow threw up his hands in despair. He couldn't seem to believe he had missed out on such a good deal by simply being a few steps late. I had thought it might be as much as \$200 a month. When the man said it was \$10 a week I reached for my billfold and said, "Well, I'll just pay you right now."

The old man said, "Well, it's actually \$15 a week counting board."

I said, "What do you mean 'board'?"

He said he would be supplying bread and butter. I asked, "Well you're over here every week?"

He answered, "Well, not every week."

But apparently, he did bring some food around.

I walked over to a calendar on the wall and on the date 22 June I marked "Paid." The man said he would be around about every week. I told him we would just keep track of it.

The other fellow was obviously quite disappointed. It would have been kind of me to have given the room to him. But I thought, "But I can't do that because I need it so badly myself."

It seemed like a fantastic deal to me to be getting that room for \$10 a week. I handed the man the money.

**Dream of: 26 June 1983 (2) "Dying Young"**

I was in a house in Portsmouth with Walls (probably 16-17 years old). I was only going to be in Portsmouth for a couple days and I planned to go out with Walls that evening.

I had a couple baggies of marijuana, out of which we rolled two joints. I gave the joints to Walls and he put them in his pocket. I also gave him one of the baggies of marijuana to keep. I was still worried about carrying the other baggie of marijuana around with me.

I told Walls I wanted to try to call my old Portsmouth friend, Weinstein, because I thought Weinstein was in town, but when I tried to call, no one answered.

Suddenly I noticed my brother Chris sitting with us in the room. I hadn't been paying any attention to him. I walked over to him and asked how he was doing. I asked, "Would you like to go out with us tonight?"

He seemed as if he liked the idea. I walked back to Walls and said, "Do you mind if Chris goes out?"

Walls said Chris couldn't go. That bothered me. I thought Chris probably wouldn't live much longer; getting out of the house would be

good for him. He might also be able to smoke some marijuana with us. Since he would probably die young, it wouldn't matter if his lungs were damaged.

I sat back down. I was nude and only had a sheet wrapped around me.

I heard someone enter another part of the house - a girl who was going to take care of Chris. When she opened the door to my room, a full-grown, gray cat with a white spot under its neck ran into the room. As the girl walked into the room, I opened up the sheet, so she could see me nude for an instant. She quickly turned and left. After she shut the door behind her, I was unsure whether she had seen me.

I stood up and dressed. Then I lay down on the floor and began playing with the cat. Playing with the cat was fun, except for the very sharp claws. When I stood and walked across the room, the cat attacked my foot. I tried to knock it away; I wanted to teach it not to attack a walking person's foot.

I recalled Louise wasn't seeing me anymore. I thought if she knew I had one, since she loved cats, perhaps she would come to visit me. Perhaps I would call her and tell her I had a cat. I decided not to call, but I thought I might just go to her place and show her that I had a cat.

Meanwhile Walls was on the phone trying to line up some grass-cutting jobs. He found two jobs. I wanted to help him because I needed some money.

Walls was only visiting Portsmouth for a few days. He had to return somewhere in the South where he was living with one of his brothers. I suggested to him that we both stay in Portsmouth a few extra days to make some money mowing grass. I told him he could probably make more money there than back where he had come from. He seemed to agree.

### **Dream of: 28 June 1983 "Evading The Werewolf"**

I met Leonard Calloway (a fellow about 60 years old whom I was helping with a legal problem) and went with him into what appeared to be a bar. A man in the bar apparently owed Calloway \$5, but the man didn't want to give Calloway the money.

I told the man to give the money to Calloway, but the man refused. Finally, however, the man pulled out a five-dollar bill and laid it on the counter. But underneath the five dollars bill the man had put a small cellophane packet of white powder. The powder was clearly some kind of drug, probably cocaine. Since I was afraid if Calloway took the five-dollar bill, someone watching him might think he was also taking the

drug and arrest him, I insisted that the other man simply hand the five dollars to me, but he refused.

Calloway, who seemed quite inebriated on alcohol, was obviously becoming angry. I thought he had probably been inebriated and angry like this on the night he had told me about when he had been arrested in Temple, Texas. I was afraid Calloway was becoming so angry he would begin hitting the other man.

Finally, while the man was standing in a corner, I grabbed the five dollars.

I began calling Calloway "Johnson" and I said, "Johnson, let's go." By that time, Calloway was so intoxicated he was leaning against the wall and couldn't move. I turned around to leave and saw standing in front of me a gigantic man who looked like a werewolf blocking my path. Fortunately, he was so large and cumbersome he couldn't move quickly, and I managed to slip past him. Calloway, however, hadn't passed the werewolf. I hollered, "Johnson! Let's go! Let's go!"

The werewolf headed toward Johnson who wasn't moving quickly enough. When I headed back to Johnson, another man there named "Davis" was in my way, and I said, "Davis, get out of the way."

I reached Johnson and grabbed him. He pulled himself together. We began running and managed to run out past the werewolf.

### **Dream of: 28 June 1983 (2) "Floor Plans"**

Louise and I were going to have a practice court trial against Christian and Tomme (law students). It was very early in the morning and I was sitting in a house preparing for the trial. I had a piece of writing paper in front of me and on it I was drawing the floor plans of the upstairs of a house. I drew where the stairs came up, the different rooms, closets and the stairs to the attic.

I put the drawing away and began writing questions for either a direct or cross examination. Louise was also busily doing something. Finally Christian and Tomme, together with Stanford (a law professor) and several other people, came to the door. I was surprised to see them, but told them to come in. A couple girls were with them; the girls were apparently witnesses for Christian and Tomme. No one seemed to want to come in at first; they stayed on the porch. But I told them to come in and they did so.

Tomme and Christian had some boxes of papers with them. They intended to show us some papers and Louise and I were supposed to show them some papers. It was only about 7:30 a.m.; I told them we hadn't been expecting them until much later in the day. They said they thought they were supposed to be there at this time. I told them they



weren't supposed to be here until much later and that I needed more time to prepare.

We talked with them a while longer; finally I said, "Well, maybe it's better if we just don't exchange papers before trial. We'll just go to trial with what we have without seeing the other person's papers." Stanford said that was an excellent idea and that that was the way it should be. I added, "But you know the one thing that we probably should agree on, since that would be irrefuted in the regular trial, is the floor plans of the house."

Tomme said he didn't know if we should even agree on that. He thought we could each have our own floor plans. Each side had the floor plans of a house and each side was claiming that their house had been destroyed by fire. Apparently Tomme thought since the house had been destroyed, it wouldn't make any difference what the floor plans would have been.

Finally they all left. Louise and I continued working. About an hour later Stanford returned by himself, walked right in and began talking with us. Louise and I were both sitting nude on the bed. He asked me about the questions I had prepared for my practice trial, particularly my questions for cross examination. He said I had done a very good job asking cross examination questions and asked me if asking cross

questions was my trademark. I said, "Well that was the part I liked the best of trial work."

He was quite friendly and asked me if I planned to do trial work after I finished law school. I didn't respond, and he said there was a big demand for trial lawyers around a 300-meter area. I thought he had meant 300 kilometers. He said that unless I was independently wealthy, I could do trial work. I said, "Well you know I probably will, because I'm not independently wealthy and I'll have to get out there and hustle for a living. I'll probably end up monkeying with it."

He replied, "Well, it won't be exactly monkeying around. Each person you're dealing with will be very important. Each person you're dealing with is a genius."

He was trying to build up the importance of each individual case I would have.

The idea of doing some trial work appealed to me; I thought of how I could find a job doing trial work. Perhaps I could just put an ad in the paper which said, "Recent graduate from law school is interested in trial work."

But it would probably not be a good idea to put an ad in the paper. It suddenly occurred to me that Louise and I both were sitting here completely nude. Stanford hadn't said anything and was really quite

friendly toward us. Nevertheless I rose from the bed and put on a pair of blue jeans. Finally Stanford stood and walked into the next room, where I remembered there was a pile of comic books. He looked at them and then prepared to leave.

### **Dream of: 29 June 1983 "Gigantic Skull"**

While in Portsmouth I boarded a taxi being driven by Hernandez (a law student). He drove across the Ohio River over the US Grant Bridge into Kentucky and headed in the direction of Greenup. Walls was also in the taxi.

I was supposed to meet Louise near Waverly, Ohio. But Hernandez continued driving along. Finally he received a call on his radio saying he was supposed to pick someone up around Greenup and take them somewhere. I thought, "Well, I'll just drive on up through there with him. Louise can wait a little bit. Even though I know it's going to be late. She'll probably get angry."

We approached Greenup, arrived at some kind of fair and drove through it. I was in a hurry to go back, but we kept driving. We passed one small place where truckloads of sand had apparently been brought in for children to play in. Many small black children were playing in and sliding down the sand. We passed another place along the road where people were sitting at a picnic table. Some people

there were also holding down a cow which was trying to stand up. Another cow was also there, and a calf was sucking on it. Someone grabbed the calf by the tail and pulled it as hard as possible away from the mother cow. The calf was crying.

I thought how sorry Louise would feel for the poor cows if she were there.

On the Kentucky side was a large rock which jutted about 100 meters straight up into the air. I looked at it and asked Walls what it was, but he didn't know. The more I looked at it, the more the rock resembled a gigantic skull.

We drove on and I looked across the Ohio River to the Ohio side. There I saw some gigantic cliffs which were sheer straight up and down. I asked Walls if he had known the cliffs were there. I told him I had never known cliffs like that were in Ohio.

We drove on; as we passed another set of sheer cliffs beside us, I noticed a tall building which had been right in front of the cliffs. It wasn't yet completed, and I asked Walls about it. He replied that some construction was taking place there and a big store was going to be there.

Finally we turned around and headed back toward Portsmouth.

ere he was living with one of his brothers. I suggested to him that we both stay in Portsmouth a few extra days to make some money mowing grass. I told him he could probably make more money there than back where he had come from. He seemed to agree.

**Dream of: 30 June 1983 "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum"**

Louise and I were close to the House in Patriot. I wanted to leave here, walk around and go somewhere else, but we were afraid if we left, a large giant would capture us and take any possessions we had. Nevertheless, we ran across the street toward a house on the other side. As we ran, I heard a deep voice say, "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum. I smell the blood of an English man."

That scared me. We reached the other side of the street. From here I wanted to cross another street to where the Grange Hall was located, caddy-cornered from the House. I told Louise it didn't matter anyway if the giant caught us, because I didn't have any possessions. Since I was worried Louise wasn't going to be able to go fast, I picked her up in my arms. I noticed how light she was; if she couldn't run, I could just carry her along.

As I had her in my arms, I began to think I did indeed have something to lose, because if I lost Louise, I would be losing something. She was important to me; I didn't want to lose her.

As I was holding her, she began to become heavy; I was going to have a hard time running with her and carrying her along. So I put her down. She stood up and we began running again.

We could cut through the yard of the house where we were. We passed through a fence, went through the shadow of the house and into the yard behind the house; there we encountered another fence which I thought we could climb over. It was a rather ornate fence and rose to just above my head. I could help Louise over it and then I would climb over.

A gate was in the fence; just before we reached the gate, I saw someone driving a motorcycle toward us on the other side of the fence. I didn't know who it was and thought I would run toward the person, act like a dog and scare the person away. When I got close to the person, I realized it was the person who lived there in the house, a woman whom I knew from law school. She then just drove off.

I returned to Louise and helped her over the gate; then I climbed over. We ran across the street. The woman on the motorcycle circled around and passed close to where the Grange was. Many trees and bushes were there; she drove through them.

Louise ran ahead of me; I seemed to be losing sight of her. I ran after her and we ran up into where the trees and bushes were. Before I

knew what had happened, I had become entangled in some briar bushes. I didn't know how Louise had run through them, but she had disappeared. I saw the woman pass by again on the motorcycle. I could hear Louise's voice saying something, but I couldn't distinguish what she was saying. While I was struggling in the bushes trying to extricate myself, I made a lot of noise which prevented me from hearing Louise.

Louise kept calling something to me and I kept saying, "I can't hear you. I can't hear you."

I couldn't hear her clearly, but I was beginning to have a premonition of what she was saying, and I was becoming frightened. Finally I quieted myself down, so I wasn't moving a muscle; everything was perfectly quiet. Then I heard Louise say, "I'm dead."

### **Dream of: 30 June 1983 (2) "Fire In The Church"**

My girlfriend Louise (whom I first met in 1981 when we were law students together at Baylor Law School) and I were partners for a practice court trial which was taking place inside a church. We arrived at the rather large church and took our places in front of our judges, Margaret and Jerry (fellow law students). We still had about five minutes before court began, and I needed to go to the toilet. I

knew of one restroom in another section of the church, but then I remembered a restroom right behind a door near us.

I walked into the restroom, urinated, and then doffed the brown suit-jacket which I was wearing. I then stepped up to a sink which had some water standing in it, pulled the plug so the water would drain, then turned on the water. Since the water in the sink wasn't draining, the running water almost caused the water in the sink to overflow. I turned the water off, stepped over to another sink and washed my face. Feeling much better, I returned into the church.

Louise and I weren't getting along well together, and I thought that she seemed quite ill-prepared for the practice trial. We were both supposed to give opening statements, and although I thought I was supposed to give the first opening statement, Louise stated that she was giving the first opening statement. Her modification of my plan threw me off from what I was planning to say, but not much, because I hadn't written anything anyway. I thought, "Well, I'll just go ahead and give it after her and it'll still be ok."

When Louise stood and prepared to speak, she didn't know what she was saying, and she obviously hadn't prepared at all. She talked a couple minutes, stopped and then spent a long time preparing and writing a chart. Margaret and Jerry, obviously bored, began reading



something. After I said something to Louise, she became angry and started talking so loudly to me that everyone could hear her, including other judges sitting nearby. I just let her continue censuring me until she once again worked on the chart until the chart finally appeared to be finished. She looked at me, and although I told her she needed to make it quick, she began writing something else on the chart. After spending much more time working on the chart, she finally took the chart up front, showed it to the judges, and talked for a minute.

Obviously, she was unprepared.

For further demonstration, Louise walked back again to where I was, extracted two small bowls and poured oil into them. She then lit a match, held both bowls in her hands, and set the liquid in both bowls afire. She said something about how now maybe I would learn something or see something I had never seen before.

She again walked toward the front and suddenly dropped one bowl. The oil spread out on the floor for about two meters and caught the whole stage on fire. Obviously, Louise was in a panic. The fire was leaping high.

The flames began reflecting on the glass panes of some doors, and we could hear people screaming on the other side of the doors. Obviously, the people were seeing the reflection of the flames on the glass panes

and they thought that the whole place was ablaze. Louise had a terrible time trying to extinguish the fire. I calmly stood up and placed newspapers over the flames until I was able to extinguish them. The screaming on the other side of the door subsided. When Louise picked up the other bowl, I looked at her and berated her, "Piss poor."

My comment made her angrier. She held the other bowl which still had fire which also reflected on the doors. A few people on the other side began screaming again, but the screaming subsided quickly. Louise carried the bowl up on the stage to where the judges were and continued with her demonstration.

Meanwhile I was thinking about what I was going to say. I thought of giving part of my opening statement in Spanish since I thought that all the judges understood Spanish and that the case involved Spanish.

I thought I might also give part of my opening statement in German, but I decided that since some of the judges might not be able to speak German, I probably shouldn't deliver my opening statement in German.

### **Dream of: 03 July 1983 "Niggle"**

Louise and I became separated while walking together at a fair which appeared to be in a large gym. I encountered Julie (a law student), who was wearing a black suit and a white shirt; Julie asked me how I

was doing. I asked her where Casey (another law student) was.

Extremely friendly, she abruptly asked me if I would like to go somewhere and have a little "niggle" with her. I interpreted that she wanted to go somewhere for a romantic hug; I replied, "Niggle? Well let's just walk around."

I didn't think I could go with Julie because Louise would find out.

Besides, I didn't want to go with Julie behind Louise's back. Nevertheless, Julie did attract me, and I wanted to be with her. But I was afraid of being caught because so many people were around us. Julie and I put our arms around each other and continued our friendly talk as we walked. Although I still didn't want to become romantically involved with Julie, being with her made me feel good. Several times she mentioned my fear of Louise's seeing us. She was correct – I was afraid. Nevertheless, I somewhat wanted Louise to see us together and become jealous.

We passed some booths in which people were sitting. I thought perhaps Julie and I could sit together in a booth, but I decided we would be too exposed there. Finally, while we were standing in front of a booth, I threw my arms around Julie and held her tightly for about five seconds; but I didn't want to become too involved because many people were nearby. We began walking again and drifted into an area

outside the fair. I noticed a large billboard, saw a path leading into a wooded area and said to Julie, "Come on."

I led her up the path and found a place to sit down. Although we could look over the fairgrounds and the area around us, we were secluded so no one could see us.

I began passionately kissing Julie and feeling her breasts, which weren't large. I thought to myself, "I can't really go very far with her. I'm surely not going to make love to her because of the danger of catching herpes."

I didn't think Julie had herpes, but there was always that possibility. I certainly couldn't have sex with her and then return to Louise if there was any possibility that Julie had herpes. I was uncertain whether I wanted to put my hands inside Julie's pants. We lay back and I continued kissing her.

### **Dream of: 04 July 1983 "Floating On The River"**

I was floating down a river in a house boat, the interior of which resembled the front room and kitchen of the House in Patriot. About 10 people on the boat were sitting down eating dinner. Among them was Randle (a fellow law student). When the person serving the meal spilled something, Randle abruptly jumped up and said that since the

person had spilled something, he (Randle) was going to have to kill the dog.

Randle walked over to a friendly mutt which was about two thirds of a meter long and tied to a chain. Randle reiterated that he was going to have to kill this dog. While Randle walked out of the room for a minute, the rest of us sat down in a circle and tried to decide what to do - we had no intention of letting Randle kill the dog.

After asking the others if I should let the dog off its chain, I turned it loose. The dog began playing friskily, and someone commented about how playful the dog was. While everyone was talking, I suggested that perhaps we should shoot Randle instead of the dog; but no one heard me, and I didn't say anything else about it.

As we sat in a circle, the dog ran to a door and began scratching it, obviously wanting to be let out. Someone said something about the dog's chain being outside and that the dog wanted back on it. But I thought to myself that the dog probably didn't want back on the chain.

More likely it wanted to find another dog with which to have sex.

As we sat in the circle, I came to realize I was in a large old two-story house where my uncle Liston and my aunt Jesse lived. The house was in a city and caddy-cornered to a large high school. Jesse and eight or

nine of her children, including my first cousin Randy, were sitting with me in a circle of chairs. I sat and talked with them for a while.

When everyone finally dispersed, Randy moved into the living room and sat down by himself on a couch. I sat down beside him and began talking with him. I was surprised to see him smoking a cigarette, because I hadn't known he smoked. The smoke came out of his mouth and nose. I asked him where he was living, and he said he was living with someone named Chris. I asked who Chris was and he said she was his girlfriend. I replied, "I thought you were married."

He said he had moved out from his wife and in with Chris. But he said that at the moment his girlfriend Chris was living with his nephew near Cleveland and that he was living here with his mother. He told me Chris had formerly been married to a narcotics agent. Randy said he was also presently buying a car from a narcotics agent, and he mentioned something about the agent being involved in buying some dry ice. I asked Randy if he were a narcotics agent and he said he wasn't. He just happened to be in contact with a couple narcotics agents at the moment.

The whole house was rather messy. Thinking how Louise should see how Randy was living, I thought, "She thinks I live badly. Here's this guy my same age still living with his mother."

Randy and I sat down on a bed and began talking about his brother, my first cousin Alan. I asked him if Alan had divorced and Randy said he thought Alan had divorced once and then remarried. I thought how

I had never been divorced, even though I had had several serious relationships with different women and then separated from them. In a way I felt good because I felt clean in front of Randy, who seemed somewhat dirty, sitting there smoking his cigarettes. He had let his life become fouled up. He seemed to wonder whether I thought something was wrong with him; I didn't. It was just part of life. He was going through a different stage at the moment and perhaps he would snap out of it. I had already gone through that stage and had snapped out of it.

I walked outside where I found a large tree in the back yard next to a small garage. Boards forming steps had been nailed onto the tree. I began climbing up the steps all the way to the top of the tree. I touched one of the top branches, which appeared to be all right. But then I saw it was broken, apparently by the wind.

I could see the large school nearby and thought, "Well that's good. Since there are about ten children in the Halley family, they could all go to school there."

Another house was to my left and from where I was, I could see into the top floor of the house. I saw a couple children. One appeared to be retarded, but the other looked normal. They were just sitting inside.

Quite a bit of clutter was also in the house.

I climbed down and went back inside the Halley house, wanting to talk with someone there. Encountering a woman, I asked her where Randy was. When I had left, Randy had told me that he was feeling ill and that he was going to take some medicine and lie down. When she told me Randy was in the bathroom lying down, I said, "Bathroom?"

You mean bedroom, don't you?"

She replied, "No. The bathroom."

I walked into the toilet, where I saw some catalogs lying on the floor beside a large bathtub. I thought about looking through them to see pictures of women in the lingerie section. But I thought other people were around and I didn't want to do that in front of them.

The bathtub was filled to the rim and Randy was lying in it with all his clothes on, under the water, motionless. I thought, "Well he's dead.

He's drowned."

There was no movement; his face was purplish. A few bubbles were rising from his mouth. I didn't know what to do. I knew the woman was still in the other room. Finally I reached down and pulled Randy



up out of the water. Shaking him, I realized he was still alive. He woke up and asked me what had happened; I said, "You were lying completely under the water down at the bottom."

He said, "Well I usually float on top."

I replied, "Well you weren't this time. You were down at the bottom. I thought you had died. Your face was all purple."

He had a relieved look on his face. He had been close to drowning.

### **Dream of: 04 July 1983 (2) "Law Class"**

I went to classroom number 105 at Baylor Law School and I opened the door to go in. When I looked in and didn't see anyone inside, I thought, "Well they're not having class."

Someone behind me agreed with me, but when I looked inside once again, I saw quite a few people actually sitting in the classroom. The light simply hadn't been turned on. I went in and as I was heading for my seat, I encountered Hurley (a junior high classmate). I was certainly surprised to see him here at law school. I stopped, said hello to him and asked him if he were in this class. He didn't respond; instead, he quickly left.

I sat down in my usual seat. A girl was sitting to my left, even though I thought a fellow was supposed to be sitting there. I began talking to the girl; she said the professor was going down the rows calling on

the students to discuss cases we were supposed to have read. She said the professor usually did four cases a day; since she and I were sitting in the fifth or sixth seats in the row, we probably wouldn't be called on today.

I asked her which case she thought she would be called upon to discuss; she opened her book and pointed to it. Her book was much smaller than mine. Thinking her book was an older edition, I thought it might be out of date. I opened my book; quite a few copyright dates were in it, the last of which was 1979. She opened her book and the last copyright date was 1969.

The professor finally walked in. He was a young fellow, not the regular professor. He said he was going to call out each person's name to see if that person was present. As the professor called out names, I finally realized the students were answering by saying either "A" or "C." I asked the girl next to me what that meant; she said it had to do with whether the person had a partner.

I still didn't understand, and I said, "I have a partner in practice court. Does that mean you have to have a partner in here?"

She likewise seemed confused. I was unsure how to answer when my name would be called.

On the stage stood an old piano – on the right (from my viewpoint). Rick Miller (a law student) had sat down at the piano and begun playing some rag time music. He was doing quite well. When he finally stopped and walked away, other people and I began applauding.

Another fellow was preparing to walk up on the stage. He was holding up his arms like a muscle man to show off his muscles. He was only joking around, and he wasn't at all obnoxious. I realized he was Bill Bennett (an acquaintance I met in high school; he later became an attorney). He walked over to the piano, sat down and began playing.

He did an absolutely excellent job.

Another fellow walked up beside Bennet and began singing as Bennet played. Then the two of them played the piano together. Sometimes they would stand and look out into the audience as they played. They would each hold one hand behind their backs and each would be using one hand to play. The two gave a well-synchronized act. They stopped, and people applauded. I applauded more loudly than I had ever applauded in law school.

Someone set up a projector in the back of the room and began projecting a movie onto a screen in the front of the room. The movie showed a gigantic penis being carried along by a large group of small

men. The movie was apparently a comedy and supposed to be funny. The next picture on the screen was of the back side of a nude person. At first it appeared to be a man, but when the person turned around, it was a woman. She appeared to be falling backward off a building. Someone in the back of the room was trying to turn off the projector because the person didn't think it was appropriate for the movie to be shown there.

### **Dream of: 04 July 1983 (3) "Children In The Basement"**

Louise and I were together in a small house where we were both apparently living. When I looked out into the street in front of the house, I saw quite a few people running past as part of law school festivities held on the Fourth of July involving a race from the law school to the county court house in Waco. I could see the finish line; the first person across it was Cosby (a law student).

Quite a few smaller children had walked into our house and were watching the race through the window. I didn't know what to think about the children. One asked me about getting some marijuana; apparently, they thought I had some in the house. They were correct: I did indeed have some marijuana in the house. They wanted some of it, but they didn't want to smoke it. They just wanted the marijuana to show that they had been there. Apparently, their reason for coming in

the first place was to find some marijuana there. I told them I wouldn't give them any and I thought perhaps I should dispose of the marijuana which I had. Finally I said, "All right, everybody out." I wanted to put the children out of the house. Some scrambled to get out the door and some ran down some stairs toward the basement. I followed them to the basement, where considerable furniture was sitting around. Although I couldn't see the children, I knew they were down there; I said, "All right. I want everybody out of there by the time I count to three."

As I counted, children climbed out from behind things all around me. Some climbed out of a bed. There were probably 10 children in all. They ran up the stairs. After they had all left, I noticed a small, gray kitten and a cute, small, fuzzy dog had been left behind. I picked them both up and began carrying them upstairs.

### **Dream of: 06 July 1983 "Wrong People"**

My girlfriend Louise and I were doing some research together and one Sunday we went to the building which housed the Waco Law Office (where I worked as a law clerk). We went to McNamara's (a female attorney) law office and entered her law library. We began working and while we were there, the elder Mr. McNamara (McNamara's father-in-law, also an attorney) walked in. He seemed

somewhat startled to see us, but he said hi and then went into his office.

Louise began looking around the place; I did not want her to bother anything. She wanted to know which office was McNamara's and I pointed it out to her. She walked over to it and looked in. She then returned to where I was, and we continued working.

We left the library and walked into the reception room. We lay down on the floor, spread out some books in front of us and began looking at them. We whispered quite low because we didn't want to bother Mr. McNamara, but then he walked into the room where we were and saw us whispering. I was unsure, but I thought he might think we were trying to hide something. He walked on out the door into the hall.

By now we were ready to leave and began gathering up our things. We walked out into the hall and saw Mr. McNamara getting into an elevator. Just as he was getting in, I said, "Well congratulations on your victory the other day."

I was referring to a case in which they had won \$300,000. He said, "Thank you. I don't see how somebody can pay that much money, a hundred thousand dollars."

I said, "Yea, that is quite a bit of money."

After his elevator door closed, Louise and I boarded a different elevator and left.

We went to a house on a city street where I was living. In the front room was set up a bed which was from a brown bedroom set which I remembered from when I was a small boy. I lay down on the bed while Louise began doing something else. I began commenting about how music on the radio was so terrible these days, and how television shows were so terrible.

When Levy (a law student) walked in, I told him the same thing, about the bad sound of radio and how I had taken out my radio and television. I told him I did not turn on the radio in the car anymore.

He agreed; he thought modern music was terrible.

We talked about clothes and how strange some of them were. Louise was trying on some different clothes. She put on a long dress and then she put on a pink sweater. She walked around and wanted to know how she looked. I thought she looked very conservative in the clothes.

I was unsure what Levy thought.

I tried on a pair of pants made of transparent cellophane. When I stood up, my penis was visible. I put on a red skirt over the cellophane pants and walked around. I then put on a blouse with red and white

vertical stripes. I looked at myself in a mirror; I looked like a woman, even though someone could still tell I was a man.

Louise tried on a pair of pants just like mine, but I could not see through hers.

We talked about going out somewhere; Levy was going to go with us. He was quite nice, but when Louise asked him if she could borrow some money from him, he said he was sorry, but he did not have any money at the moment.

I thought about asking Levy about his family background. Although he looked as if he had some money, apparently, he was quite poor.

Finally I took off all my clothes, got back into the bed and crawled under the cover. Through a window I could see some men outside coming to the door. They opened the door and simply barged right in.

They were five uniformed policeman and a couple other men in civilian clothes. I was so startled I did not know what to do.

They immediately began looking around the room and going through things. They went into the other rooms of the house. They worried me, because in the headboard of my bed, in a small drawer, was a small quantity of marijuana, enough for two or three joints. The drawer was broken so if someone pulled on it, the front would come off. The marijuana was stuck in the back of the drawer.



One policeman began going through the drawers on the other side of the bed, not on the side where the marijuana was. He then walked around to the side where the marijuana was, and as he was getting close to that drawer, I thought, "Maybe I ought to say something to distract him to keep him from getting in that drawer."

When other policemen came back in the room, I asked them what they were doing there, and I said, "Do you mind if I put my pants on?"

One of them said, "No. Go ahead."

I rose from the bed, walked over to a corner and put on a pair of pants. Finally I gathered the courage to ask them what they were doing there. Apparently there had been a violent murder and they thought I had committed it. They said something about my having lived before on "Dacryn Street."

I said, "I never lived on Dacryn Street."

They asked if I was a doctor and they gave me a name. I said, "No. I'm a law student at Baylor University. I'm a third-year law student. I'm just about to graduate."

I thought I should begin asserting myself more, instead of just standing there like an idiot, especially since I was a law student.

One of them asked, "Well how old are you?"

I thought for a minute and then said, "I'm 30 years old."

They asked Louise and Levy how old they were and they both replied that they were 25. One officer said to one of the other officers, "Well these aren't the ages we're supposed to have."

When I finally realized the policemen had made a mistake, I became angry and said, "You've got the wrong people. And where's your search warrant?"

I had suddenly realized they had entered my house without even having a search warrant. I said, "Get the hell out of here. What are you doing here? You don't even have a search warrant."

They began marching out as I continued screaming at them. I followed them out onto the porch and watched as they went to the house next door. Levy and Louise stayed inside while I screamed profanities at them. I then slipped back inside, opened the drawer where the marijuana was lying loose and began scrapping it out on a piece of paper. I wanted to get rid of it by smoking it; perhaps Levy and I could smoke it together. Now would be a good time to get rid of it.

It suddenly occurred to me that even if the police found the marijuana, they would not be able to convict me for it, because they were there without a valid warrant.

**Dream of: 10 July 1983 "Expecting Trouble"**

I was riding in a car being driven by Pruitt (a law student) and we pulled up to the front of the House in South Shore, Kentucky (across the Ohio River from Portsmouth, the four-room cottage where I lived for about a year when I was in the fifth and sixth grade). Pruitt and I had been engaged in a marijuana transaction; we were expecting some trouble at the House and we thought some police might be there to arrest us. Firm in our commitment not to say anything to the police, we shook hands firmly and said, "No matter what happens, don't tell them anything."

We looked at each other and said, "You can trust us." As we pulled up, we saw a man standing in the window of the house. I was able to see his identification and realized he was a narcotics officer. Pruitt said, "Look, he doesn't even have enough sense ...." We pulled on around to the garage and found a fellow whom we were expecting to find standing in the garage. He opened the garage door and stepped out. We stepped out of the car. Apparently, he thought we had ripped someone off and he asked about someone having been killed due to the rip-off.

A black fellow walked out of the house. He was wearing a holster with a gun in it. Five or six more people followed him and gathered around me. After I asked them what they wanted me to do, I realized they

were going to try to beat me up. One fellow stood behind me while another placed himself in front of me.

The fellow in front of me looked as if he were going to try to hit me, so I put my hand in front of my face. Suddenly he began slugging me on different parts of my body. Two more fellows joined in and began hitting me. I held my arms in front of my face and I didn't strike back. The situation was becoming quite serious. I was also alarmed to see one of them carrying a cigarette.

Musser (a burly Portsmouth acquaintance whom I knew briefly in 1970) then walked out of the House and sat down on the hood of the car. I looked at Musser and asked him what was going on. I was unsure whether he was on my side or their side.

Meanwhile the men continued beating me, although I was still able to protect my face. One suddenly grabbed my foot. I wasn't wearing shoes and I was afraid they would try to burn my foot with the cigarette. That frightened me. I thought I might need to start thrashing back to escape, but I was afraid that would just make them hit me more.

Someone said something about my getting 5 years in prison. I responded, "Well, first you gotta prove I did something. I haven't done anything."

I started to say I was a law student, but I decided that wouldn't help at that point.

**Dream of: 12 July 1983 "Leaving A Fair"**

Someone seemed to be chasing me as I was trying to leave a fair.

When I encountered a gorgeous girl (about 19 years old) with brunette hair, I grabbed her by the arm and said, "Come on and go with me."

We boarded my car, I sat in the driver's seat and she sat next to me. As soon as she was inside, she spread her legs apart, so her dress rose above her thighs. I could clearly see the white panties she was wearing. I began running my hand up and down her legs and across her panties and I could feel her warm vagina through her panties. She said it was white down there from lack of sun. Apparently, she was referring to her having worn a swimsuit while she had been in the sun, so her skin was white around her pubic region. But I couldn't see her skin through the panties and I said, "Oh, I hadn't noticed." Still caressing her, I drove off. We talked. I was elated. I noticed I had a strong erection. I reached over, stuck my hand inside the top of her dress and squeezed her large, firm breast. I wanted her to put her hand on my penis, but she didn't.

Suddenly I realized I wouldn't be able to have sex with her because she might have herpes. I hoped she didn't, but I thought, "Well, there's just no way I can make love to her. We can't even have oral sex because you can catch herpes through oral sex."

I became very quiet while she continued laughing and talking. Suddenly she said it was about time for me to come back to reality. I told her I agreed, that I was going to turn around and take her back. It was as if she had known all along, we had only been off on a lark and we weren't going to actually do anything.

She said she hoped I would give her a couple dollars. I replied jocularly, "Baby, you're worth more than a couple of dollars." She looked happy when I said that. I continued, "Of course I'd give you more than a couple of dollars if I just had it. How about five dollars? You'd take five dollars, wouldn't you?"

I knew she would, and I said, "Of course you would." I wasn't insinuating by offering her money that she was a prostitute. I simply thought she was a nice girl who needed a few dollars. I hoped she wouldn't be offended.

As I talked, I continued squeezing her pubic region. It felt extremely good and she was completely accessible.

**Dream of: 15 July 1983 "Shabby Little Church"**

While my girlfriend Louise and I were in a wooded area, I began explaining to her that I had discovered a method by which I could be transported into another existence. Part of the process was fairly simple: I simply needed to hold two each of certain objects. In addition, in order for the transport to be successful, Louise needed to perform certain acts for me. Having Louise perform the acts, however, could be problematical, because I wanted Louise to also be transported to the other existence. If she performed the acts for me, who would perform the same acts for her, so she could be transported?

Despite the possible complications, I nevertheless decided to proceed with the process. As part of the procedure, I held some sticks in my hand, and I stuck a matchstick in my mouth. Something was also supposed to be done with a coin, but I didn't do that. Having sat down and closed my eyes, I noticed that the matchstick in my mouth had splintered on the end which I was chewing. Concerned that the splintered matchstick might not function, I asked Louise to place another matchstick in my mouth. As Louise began performing her acts, she mentioned something about putting a coin in my hand, but I advised her not to worry about it.

Suddenly I felt myself starting to move, to be transported. Not wanting to abandon Louise, I reached out and embraced her, but she

screamed, "Let go of me! Let go of me!" Since I knew Louise would be coming later, I released her, but she still held onto my neck and this time she cried, "No. Don't leave me. Don't leave me."

I clutched her again, and when I realized that she was about to slip away from me, I pulled her to me as tightly as I could. As I held on to her, I sensed she was being transported with me through space at break-neck speed. When we abruptly ground to a halt, I had the dizzying feeling that both of us had taken LSD.

Lifting my eyelids, I surveyed our surroundings, seeking to discern our whereabouts, and I recognized that we were on a high hill overlooking the Ohio River near Portsmouth. Descrying another hill to our left, I pointed it out to Louise and, referring to my log Cabin (a one-room log cabin which I built in 1979 on the highest hill of my grandparents' Gallia County Farm in southern Ohio), I announced, "That's where my Cabin is. We'll go up there."

Staring at the neighboring hill, I noticed enormous tunnels through which I could see huge buildings on the other side of the hill. I knew the tunnels signified something, but I was unsure what.

Large buildings were also on the hill where we were standing.

Pointing out the buildings to Louise, I explained that the buildings were churches. Since I realized that it was about 10:15 a.m. Sunday –



a good time to pray - and since I heard Louise say, "Lord" as if she were praying, I said, "Yes, we need to invoke the Lord now."

Apparently, however, Louise wasn't praying, and she became visibly irritated by what I had said and she complained, "That's just like you."

I was unsure why, but clearly Louise didn't want me to continue praying.

So we began walking, intending to descend to the bottom of the hill. Our method of descent was rather peculiar. First, we entered one of the churches, and then began walking down stairs in the interior of the church. As we proceeded down several flights of stairs, I realized a different church was located on each floor which we passed.

We paused on one floor in a rather shabby little church. Although a few people including some children were seated in the pews, the church service apparently hadn't yet begun. Some of the people were singing something about, "Thy will ...." For a moment, I thought I might like to hear more of the song. Still feeling as if I were under the influence of LSD, I thought that trying to understand the song and the way people in the church were thinking while I was still feeling the drug might be interesting, but I quickly decided I didn't want to waste much time in the little church, and I informed Louise that I wanted to leave.

As we once again continued descending the stairs, I endeavored to focus my attention on all the strange sights and fix them in my mind. Particularly prominent was a human-sized replica of Christ sitting on one banister of the stairs. The figure resembled a large doll made of paper-mache and cloth. I thought it must mean something, but I didn't know what.

Referring to the drug trip which we were taking, I finally commented to Louise, "Well it's only ten fifteen. We've got a long trip in front of us." To me, taking a trip on LSD was even better than actually physically taking a trip somewhere, although I was nevertheless somewhat sad that I had taken the LSD. I was enthralled by what I was witnessing, but I thought the experience would have been more meaningful if I hadn't had a drug in my body.

Louise seemed to be handling the drug well. Appearing alert and not groggy, she was attentively scrutinizing everything around her. As we descended through more churches, Louise became particularly interested in one, and for a moment I thought she was going to stay and look around, but she didn't, and we once again continued our descent.

I hoped that once we reached the bottom of this hill, we could start climbing the neighboring hill, where my Cabin was, but I could see that the climb to my Cabin was going to be rather precarious.

**Dream of: 17 July 1983 "All For The Best"**

Several people were visiting me at the Eighth Street Apartment. A girl with long, frizzy, black hair, whom I had been seeing for a while and whom I particularly liked, was among them.

Louise walked in; apparently, she knew I had been seeing the girl. I pulled Louise over to the side and led her out onto the porch balcony. After I had kissed her and told her she was the one I loved, we walked back inside and sat down. Louise remained reserved and didn't seem to want to have anything to do with me.

Finally the black-haired girl rose and prepared to leave. Louise also stood up and walked into the kitchen, obviously intending to leave. I grabbed the black-haired girl, walked out to the porch with her and held her. When Louise came to the door, the black-haired girl began to pull away to leave, but I pulled her back and said, "No."

Even though the black-haired girl wanted to pull away from me, she was still friendly, and I could tell she liked me. As I held her close to me, Louise, with a scowl on her face, walked past us and began walking down the outside stairs. I said, "Good-bye, Louise."

Louise looked as if she didn't care anything about me. I still didn't want Louise to leave, however, because she was the one I cared about. Yet I felt perhaps it was time for her to walk out of my life. Her leaving hurt, but still seemed as if maybe it was all for the best.

**Dream of: 17 July 1983 (2) "Italian Slang"**

I went to visit Louise, who was living in a downstairs room in the back of a large, old, Victorian-type house. We walked through the house but didn't go to her room. The house was quite dilapidated inside; a number of people were busily remodeling. The rooms were in rough shape, were rather untidy and were sparsely furnished with old furniture.

Louise and I had discussed the possibility of my fixing up one of the upstairs rooms and moving into it – a good idea, we both thought. As we walked through the house, I opened a door to one room; several people were sitting and talking around a table. Since I knew some of the people who were remodeling the house were planning to produce a play, I thought these people were working on the play.

Louise and I had already agreed to play parts in the play; we were going to be two of the main characters. It seemed strange for us to begin a new project right after we had finished doing practice court together, especially since we hadn't worked particularly well together

in practice court. But apparently, we liked working together and were willing to begin a new project. Although we had planned to begin learning our parts for several days, I still hadn't read my part.

That very evening another production of the same play was going to be shown at a local theater by another group which had produced the play. Louise and I were planning to attend that production with several of the other people from the house who were involved in our production of the play.

But Louise became angry with me, began treating me badly and acted as if she didn't want me around, even though we were supposed to attend the play together. We walked back into the kitchen where a girl was sitting at the kitchen table doing something. I said to Louise, "Well, I guess it would be better if I just didn't go with you tonight. I'll just see you later."

She acted disappointed as if she didn't want me to leave. But I told her I was just going to go home and read the play. I asked her if she had a copy of the play which I could read. She gave me a copy and I walked outside. Instead of leaving, however, I sat down on some steps by the sidewalk in front of the house and began reading.

The play was about some Italians who were living in a large old house similar to the one in which Louise was living. The first few lines

rhymed and were a conversation between two Italians. The words were difficult to understand because they seemed to be some sort of Italian slang. One of the characters was talking about the house and asked who lived there. After the first two characters talked for a while, the character I played entered and began talking.

I had no idea how I was going to be able to memorize my entire part for the play. It seemed ridiculous to think I could do it. I continued reading and realized I should go to the production that evening to see how the actors performed. I would probably get some good ideas about how to act out my part.

A few minutes later the girl who had been with Louise in the kitchen walked outside; I thought, "She must wonder what's going on with me just sitting here."

Finally I decided to go back in the house. I walked up to the screen door, pressed my nose against it and looked in. Louise saw me, and I went inside. She was sitting there in a blue dress; I wanted to sit next to her, but I didn't want to tell her that. I thought about saying I had returned because she and the other people had the tickets to the play. Therefore if I wanted to go, I would have to go with them. But I was unsure I should say that.

**Dream of: 20 July 1983 "Shaking A Little"**

I was driving on Route 23 about 15 kilometers north of Portsmouth, Ohio. I pulled over into what appeared to be a highway patrol station.

I stepped out of the car and walked inside. A couple highway patrolmen dressed in civilian clothes were there checking cars and the identification of people who were taking a little road off to the right. I wasn't planning to go on that road, so I didn't think they would check me.

I had carried some papers and a notebook into the station. One paper had a transcript of my undergraduate college work on one side and a transcript of my law school work on the other. I laid the notebook on a table and the paper on top of it.

Someone in front of me was being checked out. After they were finished, one of the men picked up my transcript and began looking at it. I said, "Oh, I'm sorry I left that lying there. I'm going on straight through. But do you want to check my driver license?"

"Yea," he said.

I thought, "Uh oh."

I pulled out my billfold and started to hand my Baylor ID to them. But I realized that wasn't my license. So I pulled out my driver's license and handed it to them. One of them sat down at a table and began looking at it. He went over some papers, stood up and said a few

discrepancies were in it. He said one problem was my not wearing glasses.

I realized I wasn't wearing glasses. I also realized my insurance had expired on the car and I was afraid they would find out. My license tags had also expired. Moreover, I was afraid he would discover I had been drinking alcohol.

But the only thing he discovered was my not wearing glasses. He also said my notebook was in a messy condition. I became angry and said, "You can't cite me because my notebook is in a messy condition."

I had some gum in my mouth. I spat it out and put another piece in my mouth. It was sticky. I tried to get it out of my mouth, but it wouldn't come out. I knew it would cover up the smell of beer, but I still wanted it out.

Finally I calmed down and said, "Well, I realize that I should be wearing glasses. But is it OK if I just drive my car back into town without glasses? Then I'll get glasses when I get there."

He said, "No. No."

He was nasty about it and he wouldn't let me do that. I continued pleading with him to allow me to drive back into town. He said I couldn't, and he would have to call the police if I took off. Finally I tried to think of someone I could call to come out and get me. I



thought perhaps I could call my friend Mike Walls or my friend Leah. I decided on Walls.

I picked up a phone to call Walls. I called the operator and she asked me what my number was. I made up a number and gave it to her. One of the men here said, "Well, is that the right number?"

I saw some numbers on the phone, but my eyesight was so bad I couldn't read them. Finally I asked one of the men sitting here if he could tell what they were. But he likewise couldn't tell.

I noticed I was shaking a little. I was afraid I was shaking from having been drinking alcohol. But no one seemed to notice.

### **Dream of: 20 July 1983 (2) "Lost Diamond"**

Louise and I had been on the second floor of a house in the neighborhood of Mike Wall's house in Portsmouth. We left the house about three o'clock in the morning by means of an outside flight of stairs; when we reached the ground, I saw a golden necklace hanging down in a small hole in the ground. Most of the necklace was in the hole, but part of it had caught on a splinter of something and was visible above the hole. I picked it up and showed it to Louise. Next to the necklace I found another piece of golden jewelry which had a diamond in it and next to it I found another tiny diamond. I realized I

was the one who had lost the jewelry here once before, but I had been unsure before where I had lost them.

We walked a short distance and I dropped the small diamond in some grass. I began searching for it but couldn't find it. Louise told me not to worry about it and to come on.

We went down a grassy lane and Louise walked on about 30 meters ahead of me. She looked back and said, "Hurry up. I'm in a hurry. I've got to get back to my mother."

It made me angry that she had to return to her mother and I said, "Well, what do you want to do, just snuggle up in bed with her?" She looked at me indignantly and walked on. She reached a street and crossed it. Suddenly she screamed at me and I saw two rough-looking men running toward me. I thought they were going to attack and rob me. I fell down on the ground and they ran past me. I heard Louise scream again. I looked across the street; four big muscular rough-looking men had grabbed Louise, picked her up and were carrying her away, holding her about waist high parallel to the ground. A man was at her head, another at her feet and two were in between with their arms around her. Louise was absolutely terrified and hollered out, "They're going to rape me!"

I saw some men working in a gas station on the other side of the street not far from Louise. I wanted to holler to them and tell them to call the police, but I was petrified, and my voice wouldn't come to me. I knew if I ran across the street and tried to save her, the men would probably attack me. But I had to do something. I couldn't let her be raped without at least trying to help. I was terrified, and it terrified me even more to hear her screaming and screaming in utter terror.

**Dream of: 21 July 1983 "Thornton"**

Louise and I were together in a house which seemed to be somewhere in Portsmouth. The owners of the house were temporarily away. We had planned to have a party in the house, but instead we simply went to the basement, took off our clothes and lay down together in a large bed. We weren't going to actually have sex – we only wanted to lie next to each other. I had some reservations but went ahead anyway. Louise lay on her back and I lay on top of her. I slid down between her legs, so my face was near her pubic region. She bent her knees back and brought her legs up toward her breasts. My hands were on her legs and when they came close to her breasts, I began squeezing them.

I stopped, rose from the bed, and told Louise I was going to go lock the door at the top of the basement stairs. I also wanted to lock a garage door at the back of the basement.

I walked to the top of the stairs and looked at the door and golden door handle. I didn't think I was going to be able to lock it. I thought instead I might prop a snow shovel, which was standing on the stairs, against it so I would be able to hear if anyone came through.

As I grabbed the door handle, I was startled to feel someone turning the handle from the other side. The door opened and a strange man (about 35 years old) appeared. I backed up. He looked at me strangely.

He seemed to be half insane. He was about my height but more muscular. He was a rather ugly character with large jaws, a large nose and large lips. He was wearing a light-colored shirt and dark pants.

He grabbed me; I didn't know quite what to think. I couldn't see Louise from where I was. I began backing down the stairs and said something so Louise could hear me. When we had descended halfway down the stairs, I was able to see Louise. She was sitting in the bed; she had put something over her, so she wasn't completely nude.

Suddenly I screamed out at the top of my lungs. Louise said, "Don't worry. It's OK."

She seemed to know who the fellow was, and she thought we had nothing to worry about. I looked at him again. Although I didn't recognize him, he seemed familiar. I thought perhaps he was Louise's old boyfriend.

We walked all the way to the bottom of the stairs and finally the fellow said he had been sent over by the next-door neighbor to check on the house. He said no one had told the neighbor someone else was going to be in the house while the people who lived in it were away. He said I needed to go over and tell the neighbor.

I calmed down and said, "Well, can you wait a minute until I put on some clothes?"

He said, "OK."

I realized the fellow's name was Thornton, but I still couldn't remember how I knew him; I said, "You're Thornton aren't you."

He answered, "Yea."

He looked at me and said, "It's Collier, isn't it?"

I answered, "Yea."

He shook his head and headed for the garage door. I thought I would put on some clothes and follow him.

### **Dream of: 23 July 1983 "Shooting In Corsica"**

I told Louise I wanted to take her to visit a couple colleges in town to see what they were like. The larger of the two colleges was called "Antioch," but we headed off in the car toward the smaller college.

We arrived at what appeared to be a college and entered a large building. Inside we found a lounge and sat down at a table. After we had been here a few minutes, Etie (a fellow law student) walked up and sat down beside us. Etie and I looked at each other for a minute and began talking. Etie looked at Louise and seemed surprised. When

I looked at Louise I saw why: Louise's breasts were completely uncovered; she was nude from the waist up. I tried to ignore the fact and Etie also tried to ignore it, although Etie was obviously disconcerted.

How well-formed were Louise's breasts; they were attractive not so much sexually as esthetically. They were quite white and looked different than her breasts usually looked. They seemed to be spread out across her chest in an attractive way.

Etie began explaining to me about the college; I asked her where Antioch college was. She said it was in another town. She seemed to think we were now in Akron, Ohio and Antioch college was in Dayton, Ohio. I wanted to see Antioch college after we finished seeing this

smaller college here; but since it was so far away, I realized we wouldn't be able to.

I told Etie I had to leave. Louise and I rose and left. Louise was wearing a black and white dress which she pulled up over her breasts. She was obviously upset and said, "Well, you didn't tell me that you knew that girl. You probably know all kinds of people and just haven't told me about it."

I tried to explain to her that Etie was only someone I had known at law school; I had just happened to know she worked there.

Louise and I walked around the halls together and entered some rooms. Soon we were ready to leave; but we had become lost and couldn't find our way out.

Louise sat down and decided to wait while I looked for the way out. I left through some corridors and soon was even more lost. I searched for a long time and finally was so lost I couldn't even find Louise again. I was afraid I was going to lose her.

I entered a room with a large window through which I could see the sidewalk outside. Some people, including Milam (another law student), were in the room. I pointed to the sidewalk and said, "I want to get down there, but I can't seem to find my way out."

I asked one fellow how to exit and he gave me some directions. He said, "Turn left, turn right and then turn left again and go up some stairs ...."

I thought then I knew how to exit; I left and proceeded up some narrow flights of stairs.

I would first go back and find Louise. I opened a door and entered another room, where a group of about 30 men and women was sitting. I thought McSwain would probably be among them. I said, "Excuse me."

A lady sitting at a large desk told me to come in. I walked in and someone asked me to sit down. I did so.

The lady had some papers in her hand; she began asking me about places I had been. Finally she said, "And you were in Iran for six months, weren't you?"

By now I realized I was on trial. I became rather angry and said, "No. Your records are just wrong."

She said something like, "You were in six months before the shooting began in Corsica."

I said, "No. Your records are completely wrong. I was in Iran for a year. I wasn't there for just six months. And there was no shooting that began in Corsica. The shooting began right there in Iran."



The rest of the group listened silently. One fellow was standing; he looked at me right in the eyes as if he were judging me. Finally he walked over to the side and shook his head up and down as if he believed everything I said. He definitely was on my side.

The lady referred to my record and said, "Well, it all doesn't make any difference now."

I objected and said, "Well of course it makes a difference. Otherwise I wouldn't be even sitting here answering questions about it like this in front of this group of people."

Some of the people looked at me and nodded approvingly at my answer.

I looked around at the other men and women in the room; everyone was well-dressed. I thought I saw Angus McSwain here, but realized it was a young man. The lady asked me something about McSwain. Then other people asked me some questions. I thought, "The only thing I can't tell them, I can't tell them about taking drugs before I started law school."

Finally the lady at the desk said, "Well, I approve of your record. I'm going to sign it."

I said, "Well, thank you very much."

The meeting adjourned, and the people dispersed. I stood up, walked out, and went looking for Louise, but couldn't find her anywhere. A few minutes later I came back to the room; Stanford (a law professor) was the only one still here. My practice court notebook was lying on a table. Stanford picked it up and began going through it. On some pages were D's and F's. I said, "Well that's not what I made. I made a B on that notebook."

Stanford pulled something out of my notebook which looked like a legal brief and said, "I want to show you something."

He took me over to a shelf filled with books and pulled out some small blue pamphlets which contained pages of legal briefs. He explained that those were better to use. I looked at them and agreed.

I looked at the books on the shelf – it was a small library of books I had never used before which would be helpful in law practice. I began thinking how many different source materials I would need if I were to practice international law.

Stanford walked out of the room and left me alone. I wanted to leave, but I saw a camera lying on a table and thought, "Well, I could just steal that camera if I wanted to."

But then I thought, "I'm not going to steal anything anymore. I don't need to steal anything."

I walked out of the room and thought, "I've got to find Louise. I don't even know if I can find her now. It's been so long. I know she's been waiting for me."

Finally I walked into a room and found Louise sitting there. Apparently, she had already figured out how to exit and was waiting for me.

**Dream of: 25 July 1983 "Four And Twenty Years Ago"**

I was walking through the halls of a resort with a couple people (one of whom was an attractive woman) who were taking me to my room. I walked into a restaurant by mistake, realized I had taken a wrong turn and walked back into the hall.

We were looking for room number 20. I saw many numbers on the doors - we were coming closer. On the wall were several phones with the numbers 18, 19, 20 and 21 over them. I thought, "Well, those must be telephones for some reason for the rooms."

We turned a corner; many people were standing in front of the door to a room which I knew was room 20. A big party was going on inside. I looked at the people who were with me and said, "Well, you should have told me."

The people standing in front of the room were all dressed in elegant clothing – I was just wearing some old clothes. I said, "I should have at least put on a clean shirt."

When we finally reached the door, Brian was standing there. He had been wearing a tuxedo but had taken off the jacket. He was now wearing a nice white shirt and black pants. I mentioned to him that I wished I had had time to at least put on a decent shirt; but no one cared.

The party was basically for me. We opened a door and walked in; I immediately did a hand-spring to liven things up. I flipped over my head and onto my feet. Even though I had done the hand-spring myself, it almost seemed as if I had watched someone else do it. Several beautiful girls were there; most of them seemed interested in me. I was also intrigued by them; I wanted to sit down and talk with them – what shapely bodies they had.

A television was in the room, but it wasn't turned on. I thought, "Well, we've got to get some music."

I rolled up my shirt sleeves, picked up a little radio and turned the dial. The numbers on the left side of the dial were the same as the numbers on the right side. It looked as if the numbers began in the middle and went up on both sides.

I wanted to tune in a certain channel and began turning the dial, which was all the way to the left. Suddenly I heard a song by "Crosby, Stills and Nash." I liked the group and stopped there. The song was entitled "Four and Twenty Years Ago." I had heard it before on one of the group's albums, but I had never understood it.

The lyrics were being sung by a man playing a guitar; the music came across clearly and beautifully on the little radio. The song was about a man living in a little cabin in the country with his wife. He woke her up, brought her into a room and told her how much he loved her. He also mentioned something about hearing noises in the other room which sounded like rats. I couldn't hear that part well; it sounded incongruous for him to be talking about rats while he was expressing his love.

The man in the song went on to say that since they had been married, his true love was beginning to take hold. He said true love always comes second. I thought about Louise - how she and I had consumed ourselves in a passionate love at first. Did we have any hope of having a second real love for each other? Perhaps it would be better if I simply terminated my relationship with her. I wanted a true, firm love like that being expressed in the song.

**Dream of: 28 July 1983 "War Of The Worlds"**

Louise and I were walking toward my home and we decided to jog the rest of the way. When we had a little argument, I decided to run ahead and let her follow.

I ran ahead, reached my place and went in. I was living in a shabby place on the third floor of an apartment building. I had only been living here a few days and Louise had never been here.

I threw a blanket over a heater in the room.

I waited a while and when Louise didn't show up, I became concerned that something might have happened to her. At the same time, since I knew she had been angry, I half expected her not to show up. I walked outside and down the stairs, intending to run back and see if I could find her, but then I saw a pay phone on a wall and I picked up the receiver. I pulled a quarter from my pocket, put it in and dialed Louise's number.

The phone didn't ring, but I thought I heard someone on the other end. I was unsure and said, "Louise?"

Louise answered and said, "What are you doing on here? I'm not going to talk to you. Its over between us. Just leave me alone."

I said, "Well, you know I'm calling you because you were supposed to come up. You were supposed to come over to my place. Don't you

remember? You know how you do sometimes. You tell me that you're going to show up and then you don't show up."

When she didn't respond, I realized she had been talking to someone else who was still on the line. Somehow, I had cut in without the phone even ringing. I asked, "Who are you talking to?"

She told me it was none of my business and told the other person on the line to be quiet. Finally she mentioned the name John to that person, and I realized she was talking to a man named John. That upset me. I thought it was Sherwood (a law student) but was unsure.

Finally I said, "Well, Louise, if you don't want to see me anymore, that's fine. And I'll just go on."

My voice cracked, and I added, "If you change your mind and decide that you want to talk with me, I'll be there waiting for you to call."

I hung up and went back up to my place still wondering who the fellow had been. I thought it might have been Sherwood but was unsure.

I took off all my clothes. All the windows had curtains, so no one could see my nudity. My brown robe was lying nearby; I thought I would put it on.

I turned the television on; the movie *War of the Worlds* was just beginning; I thought I would probably watch it.

The blanket was still lying on the heater; I removed it before it caught fire. I realized how close I had come to catching the place on fire; how awful it would have been to have returned and found my place burning up.

I could hear music playing somewhere. I put my ear to the floor and realized the people downstairs were playing music. I thought they were a rowdy bunch. I could probably go down and smoke marijuana with them if I wanted to, but I decided I definitely didn't want to do that. That certainly wouldn't help anything at this point.

I began thinking I should have said to the guy on the phone, "Look, I'm going to find out who you are anyway. You might as well tell me. I see that Louise already has you well trained so that all she has to do is tell you what to do and you're going to do it. That's the kind of person she likes."

How stupid I had been. If I simply hadn't opened my mouth, I could have listened to what Louise had been saying to the other fellow and not only have found out who he was, but also what Louise was really thinking about me.

### **Dream of: 29 July 1983 "Latin Poetry"**

I encountered Ed Horner (a law professor) at the library at Baylor Law School, suddenly realized I had a paper which was due in the oil



and gas class I was taking under him and said, "Oh no. When is that paper due? Have I passed the deadline yet?"

He pulled out a calendar and said the paper would be due in a few days, on Monday November the first. I was also going to have two final exams the same week the paper was due. I thought I would have all weekend to spend on the paper and said, "OK. I guess I'll just have to get it done."

I went on to a class which John Wilson (a law professor) was teaching; Wilson handed out a notebook which the students were supposed to read. I looked through the pages, saw some Latin poetry and began reading it. I thought I should be reading more Latin poetry in notebooks.

When the class was finished, I began talking to Margaret (a law student), who was also in the class. We went outside, met Brian (a law student) and the three of us boarded a car. Margaret sat in the front seat, while Brian and I sat in the back. I reached up, slipped my arm around Margaret's back to her front and put it under her left arm. As we talked, I gradually began feeling her breast. I was afraid Brian was going to see what I was doing, but he didn't. I began squeezing her breast harder and harder; she was obviously enjoying it.

We came to some almost perpendicular cliffs which we had to descend, and I began driving the car. At one point I had to reach my arm out of the car and grab something to pull the car around. It was dangerous, but I managed to do it. I told the others I was going to take them out to a place where I lived in the country. I thought about taking them to my Cabin, but instead we went to a modern house which was being built.

We stopped the car and walked inside the house, which wasn't yet completely finished. Margaret and I began picking up some trash I had left lying about and straightening up the place while Brian wandered around.

Since I wanted to be alone with Margaret, I decided to send Brian away in the car for something. I was afraid he might not be able to negotiate the steep cliffs and be killed, but I sent him anyway.

Margaret took off all her clothes except for a flimsy, frilly, white bra and panties. I stood next to her by the wall in one of the rooms and began squeezing both her breasts which didn't seem large. I thought about taking her into a little room and having sex with her. We walked into a small room. I wanted to pull down her panties and my pants and have intercourse with her standing up. But I didn't yet have an erection; I would need a few more minutes.

Margaret said she might be Miss Texas soon because she had been third in a beauty contest and the person in first place had withdrawn. If something now happened to number two, she would be Miss Texas and possibly become Miss America.

Margaret was responsive and obviously wanted to have sex. But then I thought I heard Brian talking outside. I didn't think he would be able to tell exactly where we were, but we stopped while I looked outside the room to make sure he was nowhere around.

**Dream of: 29 July 1983 (2) "Abandoned House"**

While Louise and I were walking together along a road late at night in the bottom land of West Portsmouth, I saw a large, two-story red-brick house nearby. It was old and abandoned and I wanted to go look at it.

As we walked, I turned to Louise and asked, "Do you think you could give me a blow job here?"

She indicated she would. After I pulled down my pants, Louise knelt on her knees and stuck my penis into her mouth. I soon felt a small amount of sperm in my penis and thought it came out but was unsure. Suddenly I awoke and realized I had been dreaming. I was lying on my back on a mattress on the floor. When I felt around my penis to see if I had had a wet dream, I detected a trifling amount of sperm around

the tip of my penis. I thought it had been almost a month since I had had an orgasm.

The phone rang. I picked it up and Louise was on the other end. I told her she had been in my dream and I said we had been in West Portsmouth near a red brick house. I said we had never actually been there in reality and she responded, "No, we were there one time." She remembered having been there with me once in reality. I stopped, thought and realized we indeed had once been to that house. I had completely forgotten about it. I said, "Well, while we were over there, I asked you to give me a blow job and you did."

I was unsure whether I should have used the words "blow job." I tried to think of a better phrase but was unsure one existed. I thought Louise might be insulted by my having said that. I also didn't tell her I had ejaculated in the dream.

We hung up and Bohl (a law student), who was planning to live there with me, walked into the room in a rush. He was expecting a girl to visit him soon and he needed a private place where the two of them could sleep.

I looked around the room and saw a desk and a chest of drawers. The house reminded me of the House in West Portsmouth, except it was smaller. It consisted of only my bedroom, a front room and a small

bathroom. I rose and walked with Bohl into the front room where a regular bed was set up for a girl who was living there and who was in the bathroom at the moment.

Bohl and I walked out onto the front porch where a mattress was standing on its side. It was raining, and the mattress was wet. Bohl obviously couldn't stay with his girl on the front porch.

When I noticed a hole in the ceiling of the porch from which a rope ladder was hanging, I asked Bohl if he planned to go up there with his girl; he answered, "No."

I told Bohl he could have my room and I would sleep on the floor in the front room. I said I wouldn't mind if the girl in the front room didn't mind. I wanted to be closer to her anyway.

Bohl and I walked back into my bedroom. I pointed to some boards there and suggested Bohl could build a double bunk and put his bed over top of mine. We had another twin-size mattress and springs. I told him I had never seen a twin-size bunk bed and feared it would break, but I thought it might work.

### **Dream of: 30 July 1983 "Tempting Pictures"**

While Mike Walls and I were together in a grassy area, Walls pulled out three girlie magazines and I began looking through them. They

pictured some sleazy nude women spread out so that as much of their pubic regions could be seen as possible.

I wasn't going to masturbate when I looked at the pictures. I just wanted to look at them to see if they would tempt me in any way. I wanted to feel as if I could look at them without even becoming aroused.

### **Dream of: 30 July 1983 (2) "Graduated"**

It was quite late, and I had been sitting at a table in a bar since around 6:30 p.m. I was drinking ice water from a clear glass. Mike Walls walked in, sat down across from me and also began drinking something.

I picked up a glass of water from the table and drank from it. But it was warm and not cold like the water I had just been drinking. I then realized Walls had just filled his glass from a nearby water fountain. I had picked up his glass by mistake and the water in it hadn't yet had time to be cooled by the ice. I saw my glass still sitting on the table, picked it up and drank from it. It was quite cold.

I felt good because I hadn't been drinking anything alcoholic like many of the people around me. At the same time, I felt intoxicated and a bit giggly.

Gray (a fellow law student) walked up and sat down on my right. We began talking and I told him I had been here since 6:30. Several people sitting around our table seemed to think it was interesting that I had been here that long. Gray said, "Haven't you been drinking?"

I said, "No. I've just been drinking water all this time."

We talked a while longer. Finally I rose and went to the restroom where I found three urinals. I started toward the one on the left, but noticed it was clogged up. So I went to the one on the far right. I thought about how I didn't like it when people stood next to me when I used a urinal. I thought if someone were to come in now, he would probably stand next to me at the middle urinal because the one on the far left was stopped up. I thought I should have gone ahead myself and used the one which was stopped up so if someone else came in, he could go to the one on the far right and we wouldn't have to stand next to each other.

But no one came in and I finished urinating. As I was leaving, Davis (another fellow law student) walked in and went to the urinal where I had been. I had seen Davis earlier in the evening at a party. He said,

"Steve, I meant to talk to you. What are you doing now?"

I replied, "I'm taking practice court and evidence in law school."

But then I stopped, thought and said, "No. Wait a minute. I'm not taking practice court or evidence. I graduated. I'm not doing anything right now."

**Dream of: 31 July 1983 "So Much Suffering"**

While I was standing on a bridge over a creek in the country, someone hollered out that my brother Chris had jumped into the water. At first,

I didn't think anything about it, but then someone said Chris was drowning. I thought, "Chris can't swim! He has muscular dystrophy!"

I looked down at the water. I didn't see Chris anywhere, but I could hear him pleading, "I'm going down! I'm going deeper!"

I continued looking out over the water trying to spot him. I hollered out, "Where are you? Close to the bank or what?"

He repeated the same thing two or three times and every time his voice sounded weaker and farther away.

I looked down into the water and finally I jumped in feet first. Once in the water I held my head at the level of the water and looked out over it – perhaps I could spot Chris's head sticking up out of the water.

Seeing some movement in the water, I swam toward it. I groped around in the water trying to feel Chris, but I felt nothing. I continued swimming around looking and feeling for him.



I couldn't hear Chris anymore and finally I realized he had drowned. I climbed out of the water and walked back onto the bridge, where my father was standing with a plate of food in his hand. I said, "Chris drowned."

Appearing to be unconcerned, my father said he knew. He said it was probably all for the best because Chris had had muscular dystrophy and would have had to go through a lot of suffering if he would have continued living. This way it was just fast and quick and had put a quick end to his life. He said, "It was probably the best thing that could have happened."

I pondered. Had Chris wanted to drown? Had he jumped into the water purposely because he knew so much suffering was lying ahead for him if he continued living?

### **Dream of: 01 August 1983 "Small Space Ship"**

I was living on a small space ship with a few other people my age. The captain of the space ship had decided to destroy an inhabited planet which resembled earth. In my mind I visualized large cities being destroyed by atom bombs. One of the cities was Miami. I also had visions of naval ships on the sea.

All of us had previously been on the planet and had met an oriental-looking family which consisted of a man, his wife and two children. I

began importuning the captain to let the family live and take them on the ship with us. He refused at first, but he finally gave in and said he would allow them to come with us.

We knew the man would be a good space fighter and when the captain acquiesced, I said, "Maybe with him here we can start a new fleet."

We only had one little space ship and I wanted to start a fleet of space ships. The captain shook his head as if to say that wasn't going to happen. I said, "Well, OK. That doesn't matter."

My biggest concern was simply taking the people off the planet. I knew I was going to have difficulty explaining to the family that our ship was going to destroy the whole planet and everybody on it. I didn't know if they were going to understand why we were doing that. I didn't even understand it myself.

I went down to their house, went inside and went to the toilet. I felt dirty and I wanted to take a shower. In the toilet were two shower stalls. One was full of stuff and the other had some clothes hanging in it. I decided to take the clothes out of the one and take a shower in it. I saw a towel but was unsure I wanted to use it because I thought it might be dirty.

I looked out a window and saw a car with four oriental men pull up. I didn't want them to see me here, and I didn't want the family to

mention anything to them about us because I thought they might cause some trouble.

**Dream of: 06 August 1983 "Having The Thunder"**

Another fellow and I were in the Eighth Street Apartment. I was packing things preparing to move and I had things scattered all over the place. When I heard someone knock at the door, I went to the door and saw three girls standing outside. I opened the door and they walked into the Apartment and on into my bedroom. I told them to have a seat.

They seemed to be 16-17 years old. They told me they needed me to help a fellow who was in trouble. The fellow had lived in my Apartment before I had moved in, and had lived here with me for a short while after I had moved in.

As they sat and talked, I looked up and saw the other fellow who was in the room with me had taken off his pants. He was walking around wearing only a shirt and a pair of white undershorts.

I decided to take off my pants also. I took off my pants and shirt and sat back down on the bed wearing nothing except a pair of white undershorts. The girls didn't say anything. They continued talking. I realized I was beginning to have a slight erection. I tried to position myself, so they wouldn't see it.

I stood up, looked down and saw my penis sticking straight up over my shorts. I pulled up my shorts and covered it up, but the girls had noticed it.

I went into the toilet and one of the girls followed me.

I looked down and saw my penis sticking up again over top of my shorts. The girl asked me if I had an erection and I said, "Well, no. It's about half erected. It'll go away."

She said, "Oh yea. It'll go away when we leave."

She reached out, touched my penis with her hand and said, "You've got the thunder."

I said something to her and she started to leave. I grabbed her and pulled her close to me. She half resisted, and I began kissing her. She stopped resisting. I pulled her close to me, kissed her hard and held her.

### **Dream of: 08 August 1983 "Sad Love Songs"**

Eubanks (a Portsmouth acquaintance from high school) was showing me the lyrics of a song he had written on a piece of paper. As I read the words, Eubanks played along on the guitar to show me how the lyrics should sound. The rhyming lyrics were pretty, and the song was sad. Reflecting how Eubanks had once told me his girlfriend had left

him, I thought about how Louise had left me. I could see how Eubanks could be writing sad love songs. Then Eubanks left.

The next day another fellow came in who also had written a song which I read. The lines rhymed, and I thought it was quite nice. It was a sad song about a man who had loved several different women who each time had left him.

The ending syllable on several lines was a long "e." One line went, "... on and on and one...." I made a notation saying that I didn't like that line and that it would have to go.

Eubanks walked in; the three of us talked and Eubanks said he had shown his song to someone else who had told him the word "lately" had appeared too many times in the song. Eubanks said the song had depended a great deal on that word and he had had to change it.

I told him if he would leave me a copy of the song, I would like to make some notations of any changes which I thought should be made.

He thought that was a good idea.

We had decided we were all going to write songs and would check each other's songs to help us write better. I was going to have to begin writing a song for myself.

**Dream of: 10 August 1983 "Church In The Trees"**

I had been consulting with several people at the Waco Law Office (a law office in Waco, Texas where I began working as a law clerk for attorney Michael Vaughn in 1982) until all the people and I finally walked out into the hall. An elderly, dignified man who was important and probably wealthy (probably in his 60s) was with me.

A crowd of about twenty people was standing in the hall in front of the two elevators, the doors of which opened at the same time. The people began boarding, including several attractive women who boarded one elevator. Although I wanted to talk with the women, I boarded the other elevator.

The elderly man apparently didn't think enough room was left and he didn't board. After the doors shut, I thought something like, "I should have just waited and gone down with him. It would have been better than riding down with all these other people."

As the elevator continued moving, I suddenly noticed that instead of going down, we were actually moving along a street and that windows were on the sides of the elevator. I turned around and saw that the other elevator - which now looked like a mobile trailer - was in front of us. My elevator now appeared to actually be a mobile trailer hooked to the other trailer. In front of the trailers was a van pulling both

trailers along a street. I told someone in the elevator with me that I didn't understand how the elevator had turned into a trailer like that. We were moving briskly along the street when someone said we were being taken to the airport. Since I wanted to go home and not to the airport, I joked with someone that I was going to open the door on the side and jump out. Realizing that I was alarming the people, I said, "No, as soon as we get a stop sign, I'm gonna get out."

The whole area seemed like the hilltop area in Portsmouth, Ohio. I thought that my father and my mother were in the trailer in front of us and that they would probably also get out at a stop sign. When we finally came to a stop sign, I opened the doors and hopped out onto the sidewalk. I thought I saw someone else step out of the first trailer, but I was unsure. I did see someone I didn't recognize standing on the street, but I couldn't tell whether the person had gotten out of the first trailer.

The van took off in reverse the way it had come, and I saw the people in the first trailer looking at me through the windows as they passed by. I scarcely looked at them and I didn't wave, although I knew that some of them knew me. I watched the van go by.

Wearing a tie and jacket, I thought I probably looked rather impressive out there on the sidewalk.

I had been let off on a rather steep incline of about 45 degrees. As I began walking downward toward the stop sign, I stopped and thought, "No, I should walk back up. It would be closer to go around that way to get to my home."

When I began walking back up the hill, I saw in front of me a large house, part of which was constructed of logs. I became absorbed in looking at the logs, which appeared to have displayed bulging deformities when they had been trees. Seeing that the logs had apparently been intentionally cut, so that the deformed parts were at the ends of the logs, was quite impressive. I had the feeling that some sort of religious services was taking place inside the house.

By the sidewalk stood an enormous tree which seemed to be two trees grown together, merging and leaving a space between them at the bottom through which a person could crawl. Although the combined tree was almost as large as a redwood in girth, it was only as tall as a normal tree. I stooped down, crawled into the space and tried to pass all the way to the other side, but I couldn't. I felt stuck and I had to back out the same way I had entered. I stood up, looked at the tree more closely, and saw that there were actually three places where one could crawl through the tree.



When an older woman stepped up and began talking with me, I asked her what kind of tree this was. She told me a little about the tree and said that it was a "Beaver Oak." I looked at the tree more closely. The bark was gray, and the tree was worn around the roots where people had been walking. Obviously, the tree had been a popular attraction. I thought I would like to tell my girlfriend Louise about the tree and bring her to see it. The tree would be something unique for her, since not many interesting things could be found to see in this area.

Then I noticed that a small one-room house had been built right in the tree. The house was about three by five meters, was made of regular boards and had windows in it. When I asked the woman about the house, she said that services were occasionally held there.

When I looked inside, I realized that the house was actually a little church. At first it looked dark inside, but when I looked again, the interior of the church was lit up with what appeared to be candle light. A red hue predominated, and it looked like Christmas time inside.

A service was obviously in progress inside the church and four or five people were sitting on the front bench, among whom were a black girl and some Mexicans who all looked as if they were mentally retarded. A trim, dark-complexioned, black-haired youth wearing a blue sweater

(probably 16-17 years old) playing a guitar and singing did not look as if he were retarded. He was singing, "Mi maestro en drogas camina solo."

It seemed as if he was conveying a spiritual message that some kind of force had compelled him to take drugs, but then he had been able to break away from it.

I realized he was singing in Spanish and I became fascinated. I had understood exactly what he had sung. Hearing the words intrigued and affected me. I didn't know what to do and a tear formed in each eye. I felt consanguinity with the boy because he spoke Spanish and because he had obviously overcome a drug problem.

When the tears rolled down my cheek and dropped onto my chest, I felt blinded. I felt as if people were watching me and I didn't know what to do. I wanted to be part of them, but I was unsure how to do it.

I stumbled around for a few minutes, looked up and found myself back in the Waco Law Office with something in my hand which I was reading. When Vaughn walked in and asked me what I was doing, I answered, "Oh nothing."

He asked again, "No. What are you so down about?"

I answered, "Oh, nothing. It just happens sometimes. I thought everyone was already gone home so I could be down."

**Dream of: 12 August 1983 "Castration"**

On the screen of a television was a man (probably 40 years old) telling someone if he were castrated, he wouldn't be able to go on living. He had black hair and looked a bit Italian. He was the leader of a group of about six or seven men.

That night the man and his cohorts captured about 40-50 women. They took them out into the country. They built a large campfire and the men and women went to sleep around the fire.

Late that night the women began stirring and rose. They managed to steal the men's guns. They were planning to escape and began leaving. Suddenly one woman screamed out and awoke the men. Startled, the men all stood up. The woman who had screamed was holding a large gold-covered gun in her hand.

She talked to the men and gave one of them the gun. Apparently, her plan was to give the gun to the men so the men could see how helpless they had been, would be grateful and willingly let the women leave.

The scene on the screen changed to a large, beautiful, white horse being held by some men. Another man came up behind the horse with

a knife, quickly reached between the horse's legs and with a quick slash, castrated the animal. The horse let out a terrible cry of pain.

The men let go, but the horse just stood still enduring its pain.

The leader of the men who had captured the women was then led in.

He was told to bend over on his hands and knees. He did so. The picture on the screen showed a light which was over top of the man and aimed down at the man. The man couldn't be seen, but the sound of a quick slash was heard and the moan of the man.

The camera focused back on the man sitting on the ground in a puddle of blood. A towel was draped over his lap. Someone said to him, "We'll give you ten minutes to get your things together."

"Perfect," he responded.

### **Dream of: 12 August 1983 (2) "Corroded Hoe"**

While I was walking around with a hoe in my hand, I came to the Grace Street House (the House in New Boston where Birdie lived in the late 1960s). I sat down on the front porch steps where Bishop (Birdie's father) was also sitting. A baby was lying on the porch near the front door.

The hoe in my hand was quite corroded. I picked up a piece of metal and began scrapping the hoe with it, trying to remove some of the corrosion.

I looked at the baby (probably 1 year old). I couldn't tell whether it was a boy or a girl. Its face seemed chapped and it didn't seem well cared for.

A woman came to the door. At first, I thought she was an old woman but then I saw she was a black-haired girl (about 16-17 years old). I asked her if Birdie was inside. She said she was and disappeared back into the house.

I looked at the child again and realized it was actually about 3 years old. I looked at its features and tried to discern whom they resembled.

I clearly saw Birdie's resemblance but couldn't be sure the child resembled me.

A few minutes later Birdie appeared at the door wearing a long cotton night gown. She seemed healthy and robust. I said something to her about the baby and then picked it up. I realized then the child was a girl. Her face was no longer chapped. She was quite pretty and well defined. She seemed to be wearing some red lipstick. She said something to me and I answered, "You can talk?"

"Of course I can talk," she responded.

I was quite surprised. Her speech seemed like an adult's. I held her in front of me and she bent back as if she wanted to be free of me.

Finally I gave her to Birdie, who took her back into the house.

I was disappointed because I wanted to be with the little girl longer. In the meantime, Bishop had left. I heard Birdie talking on the phone inside, apparently to Bishop's brother. He told her if Birdie let me have the child, Bishop would kill me.

**Dream of: 13 August 1983 "Synchronization"**

I had taken my brother Chris to a large athletic field to give him some physical exercises. I thought because he had muscular dystrophy and couldn't move well, his muscles needed to be exercised. Specifically, I wanted to hold him up by the ankles, so his head would be on the ground like someone standing on their head. I thought it would be beneficial for his whole body, but I had never done it before and was unsure I would be able to support him.

I looked around and saw two fellows throwing about a dozen bowling pins back and forth to each other. The pins formed a large 10-meter diameter circle in the air. I was intrigued by the precision with which the circle was formed.

One of the fellows throwing the pins was Perkins (a law student). I couldn't tell for sure who the other fellow was, but he reminded me of what Chris would be like if he didn't have muscular dystrophy.

I carried Chris to the other side of a road which abutted the athletic field. We sat down on a slopping bank and watched the pins being

thrown. I saw Perkins miss a pin. The whole chain seemed to lose synchronization and fell one by one. The pins smashed down onto the road and the bank where we were sitting.

Perkins and the other fellow gathered the pins and began throwing them to each other again. Again the circle of pins formed in the air.

Again someone missed a pin and they came crashing down to the ground. I went to gather them up. I could see where they had hit the hard road and left marks on the road. I found one pin broken in half and I couldn't find the missing piece. Two others had their necks broken off. I found the broken necks and thought I could fix them with super glue. I also thought I might be able to put some black tape on the necks of the pins to reinforce them.

I returned the pins to the two fellows and went back to Chris. He was fast asleep, and I couldn't seem to wake him. I thought I would carry him back over to the athletic field and try to rouse him with the exercises.

I began walking down the bank and a small brown animal appeared in front of me. It made a loud squeaking noise. It looked like a rodent, but clearly it wasn't a rat. I asked someone standing nearby if they knew what it was.

**Dream of: 14 August 1983 "Hurtful Letters"**

At one o'clock in the morning I went to the apartment complex in Waco where Louise was living to wait for her to return home. Since she was supposed to have been home earlier and she hadn't come in, I wanted to know exactly where she had been.

I parked in the parking lot 30-40 meters from her apartment. Although I hadn't expected her immediately, I suddenly saw her car pull up in front of her apartment. I began running toward her and hollered, "Louise, Louise, Louise."

She apparently couldn't hear me and continued walking toward her apartment. I continued hollering trying to attract her attention.

I could see she had apparently dyed her hair; I was amazed and disturbed to see her hair was now a frosted white color. She also looked as if she had gained weight.

I continued running and hollering and when I was about three meters away, she finally turned around, looked at me and smiled. I ran up to her, grabbed her by the throat and demanded, "Where have you been?"

I could tell she was upset. I asked, "Is it another man?" She was holding a letter in her hand; I could tell the letter was from another man. She could see how serious I was as I grabbed it from her. I pulled back my arm as if I were going to strike her, although I



didn't actually intend to hit her. When she began trying to retrieve the letter, however, I hit her several times to fend her off. I asked, "How long has this been going on?"

She told me it had been going on for four months. Her admission startled me. I had had no idea she had been seeing someone else for so long.

She pleaded with me not to open the envelope, but I refused to return it to her. She said, "Don't read it. Its only hurtful. It's a new beginning for me and an ending for us."

I began screaming at her; I called her a "whore" and a "tramp" over and over.

I was determined to open the envelope. I ripped it open; inside were about a dozen letters which were written on different colored stationery. There were white, pink and other colored letters. A small valentine card fell to the ground. I held on to Louise and half dragged, half carried her toward my car. I planned to read the letters there and discover what had happened.

Louise continued pleading with me not to read it. I asked her why and she wouldn't tell me. She acted as if the other man was someone I knew.

After we had gone about twenty meters toward my car, I looked back and saw Louise's mother, Vivian, had come out of the apartment and was rapidly approaching us. I thought, "Oh great. Here comes her mother."

Vivian was obviously going to help Louise try to recover the letter. I let Louise go and proceeded on. Vivian circled some cars. I thought I could pull out a pocket knife I had in my pocket and scare Vivian away. Although I had no intention of using the knife, I looked at Louise and said, "I'm going to kill you for this."

### **Dream of: 15 August 1983 "Eiffel Tower"**

I was in the Gallia County Farmhouse and was preparing to go to work. It was around eight o'clock in the morning and I had to be at work at nine.

The television was on in the room and I saw a commercial come on about a small, toy, army tank which was being produced for children. It had never been produced before and was called the "Andy." It was shown moving around through the grass and weeds. It surprised me that the commercial lasted for about 15 minutes.

The regular news program came on. On the screen was a scene of some people standing on top of the Eiffel Tower. As I watched, I seemed to be standing with them. A simple railing was around the

edge. I looked down on the world below. Someone could slip and fall over the railing.

A man, a woman and a little boy were on top of the tower. The man and woman were about my age. As I watched, the little boy jumped off the Tower. As the camera followed his fall, a parachute he was wearing opened when he was about half way to the ground. Apparently, he was taking part in a new sport in which people jumped from the Eiffel Tower wearing parachutes.

The cameras focused back on the man and woman. The man was a good-looking muscular fellow. He called the woman "Frau" and her name. Then he pushed her off. She began floating down and he jumped off after her. He overtook her, and they held each other as they floated earthward. Finally their parachutes opened.

When the woman's parachute opened, some of her clothes seemed to disappear, so she was left wearing what appeared to be a bathing suit.

The man's clothes also disappeared except for a pair of shorts. I wondered what the authorities thought about people jumping off the Eiffel Tower like that.

They landed safely on their feet; people gathered around to interview and talk with them.

I looked at the clock; it was twenty minutes till nine and I still wasn't ready. I still didn't have my shoes and belt on. I ran upstairs and asked my mother where my shoes and belt were. She pointed to the banister and said my belt was right there. I grabbed it. I was in a hurry to get to work.

**Dream of: 16 January 1983 "Concession Stand"**

I had allowed some acquaintances (one of whom was a dark-haired girl) to get into the trunk of my car so I could sneak them into a drive-in-theater. I drove into the theater and once inside, I headed for the back row, where I hoped to find a place to let the people out of the trunk unnoticed. But the back row was packed with cars and there was no more space.

I pulled the car up to another row and got out. But I obviously couldn't let the people out of the trunk here where they could be seen.

I walked to a small concession stand and went inside. When the woman behind the counter said something in French, I noticed some French francs posted on display and concluded I must be in France.

That made me feel good.

I noticed a mirror and looked into it. I was wearing a black shirt and had let my beard grow so it was about a centimeter long. I looked quite good. It felt good to be an American in France.

A small girl (about 3 years old) walked up to me and wanted to play some kind of game. She grabbed my right leg below the knee, wrapped her legs around it and held on tight. I began walking around as she rode along on my leg. I was clumsy at first, but then became more adroit. I walked until I came to another concession stand. The girl then let go and seemed very pleased with the ride.

I met someone I knew who mentioned Walls and Walls' sister Carol Walls. He said they had gone to Los Angeles with their parents, apparently to some sort of old-age convention. Walls' parents had been able to go free, but Walls and Carol had had to pay.

I began talking to the owner of the concession stand and I told him I couldn't find a place to park. He pointed to some spots in front of his stand and said I could park there. I decided to do that, although I was afraid someone would see the people coming out of the car there.

### **Dream of: 16 August 1983 (2) "Stacking Silver Dollars"**

I was in a room in which Walls was sitting at a table playing cards with another person. He had been winning and had stacked up an enormous amount of chips. He and I were supposed to split the proceeds. He also had about fifteen silver dollars on the table. I stacked the silver dollars up and told him they were mine. He

disagreed. I found another one which seemed to have a picture of John Kennedy on it and added it to the collection.

**Dream of: 16 August 1983 (3) "Spinning In Circles"**

On a ride at an amusement park, I was sitting in a little tub which whirled around on a track. A boy was talking to another boy nearby who had grown up and given him a season ticket to that ride. He was grateful. The ticket was supposed to last 550 years. The boy also mentioned something about the European Economic Community. I looked at the track which went around a large room. The track was formed so that the tubs would spin around in circles in some places. I thought a bypass should have been made so other tubs could go around the one spinning in circles.

**Dream of: 19 August 1983 "Wasp Sting"**

I was talking with someone in one of the rooms of the home of Dr. Weinstein and his wife, Mrs. Weinstein in Portsmouth. The Weinsteins, as well as Anderson, Julie (a law student) and Louise were there. I was a bit perturbed with Louise and noticed she was upset. I saw Julie sitting to the side by herself and thought about going over to talk with her just to upset Louise more. Louise, who seemed a bit disoriented, suddenly rose and said she was going outside. Although I felt like stopping her and thought she

wanted me to stop her, I didn't. She walked over to the door and exited.

A couple minutes later I heard her screaming wildly. I ran to the door, went outside and saw her about twenty meters away running from the house screaming and saying something about wasps. I looked around; several wasps were in the air. Obviously, a wasp's nest had been near the door and Louise had stumbled onto it.

Several wasps began buzzing around my head; one landed in the palm of my hand, but I knocked it off before it could sting me. It landed again, and I knocked it off again. I fell down on the grass and fended the wasps off.

I heard Louise continuing to scream. I rose, followed her and watched her run through the front door of a neighbor's house. I ran to the house, which at first I thought was under construction. But then I realized someone lived there, although I didn't think Louise knew who. I walked inside and saw a spacious living room covered with carpeting and filled with nice furniture.

A woman who obviously lived here stepped up. Next to the woman was a legless and armless mannequin wearing a white bra. I didn't see Louise anywhere. I was worried because I didn't think Louise knew

whose house she was in. I became frantic and at the top of my lungs screamed, "Louise! Louise!"

The woman pointed to a side door and told me Louise had left that way. I walked out the door, saw a steep bank in front of me and heard a moaning which seemed to be coming from the bottom of the bank. I began going down the bank, but came to a walled, perpendicular drop off. I looked over to my right, saw some stairs and ran down them.

Louise was sitting and crying at the bottom. She had been stung and must be in terrible pain. I was worried she might be having a dangerous allergic reaction. But I knew she wanted me there holding her and I said, "You know you're glad I'm here."

I held her tightly and she seemed somewhat relieved.

### **Dream of: 24 August 1983 "The Greed Destroys Us"**

While my sister and I were in a house in which my father was living in Portsmouth, my sister told me Kay had left my father, and before she had left, Kay had considerably damaged the house and destroyed some things in it.

My father and Kay walked into the room. In a small room in the attic my father had stored some of Kay's possessions, which he wanted to return to her. I followed him as he walked up the stairs to the attic to fetch the possessions. In the attic I was surprised to find a small



room - like a closet. The room probably wouldn't be noticed by anyone unless he were looking for it.

We returned downstairs and I began thinking since my father and Kay had separated, I might want to have an affair with Kay. I was planning to be in Portsmouth for about a week. I remembered my father had recently told me of a particular bar in New Boston which Kay frequented. I thought perhaps I would go there some night and find her. I thought about touching her breasts and pubic region, but the idea hardly appealed to me.

I walked outside and boarded a pickup truck in which I thought Kay would be leaving. Instead of Kay, however, some other people (including a law student named Yanik who looked a bit like Kay) climbed into the front seat. Since I didn't want anyone to see me, I lay down in a compartment behind the seat.

They started off, rode around for a while and finally stopped. As they climbed out, I looked at the driver and thought he would see me; but if he did, he didn't say anything. I watched them walk into a building, waited a few moments and then followed them in.

Inside, the building seemed to be some sort of night club. Many young people dressed like punk rockers were sitting around at tables in the room.

I sat down at a table with a couple girls. One with short blonde hair especially netted my attention. One girl, with the butt end of a marijuana joint in her mouth, was talking about whether "the guy could see them."

I thought she was referring to me. Suddenly I also had the butt of a joint in my mouth. After I had inhaled deeply, allowing the smoke to curl from my mouth, I threw the butt on the ground. I noted exactly where the butt had landed, in case I might want to retrieve it later. I looked around; a fellow at another table was apparently using snuff. I stood up and walked to the back of the room, where I found a small corridor which I began walking down. I didn't know what to expect at the end of the corridor, but I thought the people I had followed in had gone down it. I also thought Sussie (an old girlfriend from Portsmouth) might be in the room at the end of the corridor. The corridor was long. At first, I didn't think the corridor was going to be wide enough for my head to pass through. I closed my eyes and continued moving. Suddenly I experienced the exhilarating feeling of having my body pass through the walls.

I became lucid and realized I was dreaming. It was a rather vague realization and I wasn't entirely clear. I felt quite groggy and uncertain of the situation, but I was still convinced I was dreaming,

and I felt quite happy about it. I especially liked the sensation of passing through solid objects. I decided to do some somersaults. I jumped into the air, did a somersault and landed on my feet. All the while I had my eyes closed.

I became intensely aware of what I was doing. I felt I had entered a room and I could feel the presence of two other people in the room. I asked if anyone was in the room. I wasn't surprised to hear Jim Johnson (a fellow who worked as a realtor in the Law Office in Waco where I was working) respond. He seemed calm. We began talking and I told him I was having a lucid dream. The other person in the room apparently didn't believe I was having a lucid dream, but Jim believed me. I could tell Jim was interested. When I moved my hand, the other person acted as if I were just trying to prove something by moving my hand.

I seemed to be having profound thoughts. I spoke out to Jim, "It is the greed that destroys us."

I remembered Jim had brought a cake to work that day and I had eaten a piece of it.

I was unsure I could find my way back to the main room. I thought perhaps Jim could take my hand and lead me back.

**Dream of: 25 August 1983 "Desert Reclamation"**

I was studying in a library. I wanted to read a book, but I didn't know what. I thought I would turn my head away from the bookshelf, run my hand along it, pick a book at random and read it. I turned my head away and began running my hand along the shelf. I had an idea of what books were there, even though I couldn't see them. I thought I was in the math section and I didn't particularly want to read a math book. I started to pick some books, but I thought they felt too thick. Finally I picked a small, thin book, pulled it out and looked at it. The title on the cover was *Desert Reclamation*. It showed a picture of an Indian standing in front of a large mountain.

I leafed through the book and saw other pictures. The book was about reclamation of desert land. It struck me that I would be interested in learning how to reclaim land from the desert. If more land in the world were reclaimed from the desert and made productive, many more people would be able to eat. I thought it would be a good way to help people. It suddenly became clear to me what an excellent book it would be to read.

I sat down at a long table and began reading. A couple tables away from me were seated three black guys. One was talking rather loudly, and I couldn't concentrate. Finally, to quiet him down, I went,  
"Shhhh."

He took offense and began talking louder and blaring out. I asked him to quiet down, but he wouldn't. Some other people, including Courtney (a former male law school classmate), were sitting nearby. I asked, "Does anyone else want this guy to quiet down?"

Courtney shook his head up and down as if to say yes, while another fellow sitting behind him said nothing.

The black fellow continued talking, obviously being heard all over the library. I decided I wasn't going to stay here, picked up my books and walked away. As I walked past the black fellow, I said, "You punk. You've had it now."

I walked on down the hall and went to the front desk, where the fellow could still be heard talking. At first, I couldn't find anyone but finally a woman (about 20 years old) showed up. I told her about the fellow and she said she would go back to him.

Together she and I walked back to the table where the three black men were sitting. I could tell they wanted to pick a fight. The man who had been causing the noise jumped up and swung his fist at me. I started swinging back and a fight ensued. One of the other black men jumped in on the black man's side. Soon we wrestled to the ground. I was worried because two of them were against me. I screamed out, "Somebody help!"

I thought perhaps Courtney or someone else would help, but no one would help. I kept fighting and finally I bested them. The second black man backed off and I continued beating on the one who had been causing all the trouble. Finally he lay beaten. I stood and picked up the book he had been reading. I threw it to the ground and began stomping on it, kicking it and tearing it up.

I went over to one of the other black men and began hitting him in the chest with my fist. I knew if I hit him just right in the front, he would feel the force in his back. But we weren't angry with each other. I was just practicing with him. He said I was getting better at it.

### **Dream of: 29 August 1983 "A Second Death"**

After returning to Portsmouth, I had learned my brother Adolph had come back to life. I had seen him briefly, but I hadn't had a chance to talk with him. After I had seen him, Adolph had gone to the Gallia

County Farm to stay with my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel. While on the Farm, he had disappeared, and no one had been able to find him. Finally my father and my mother had discovered Adolph's dead body in some brush after it had been lying there for 5 days. We subsequently learned Clarence had been working in the brush with the tractor, had backed up while Adolph had been

standing behind the tractor and had run over Adolph with one of the large tractor wheels.

I asked my mother what she had thought during those 5 days when Adolph had been missing. Had she thought about dragging the creek for Adolph's body? She said someone had given them at least some hope.

As I talked with my mother, I realized she thought Clarence had purposely backed over Adolph and killed him. She implied that some marks on Adolph indicated he had died a violent death.

I asked her if she had any pictures taken of Adolph after he had returned to life. I picked up a pile of pictures lying nearby. Some pictures of my brother Chris were among the pictures, along with some pictures of Adolph taken before he had died the first time. One picture had been taken in Tabriz, Iran. I figured my father had taken the picture while visiting me in Tabriz.

I walked into a room in which my father and Clarence were sitting. I stepped up to my father, put my arms around him and said, "I love you."

I held him as closely as I could and cried. Then I walked over to Clarence and put my arms around him.

**Dream of: 05 September 1983 "Jerked Testes"**

I had met a woman about a year older than I who was going to teach me to parachute. We went up in a plane and I prepared to jump. She gave me some instructions about how to jump from the plane. I jumped, but I didn't follow her instructions exactly. Nevertheless, my parachute opened, and I began floating peacefully earthward. The sky was calm, and I was high above the clouds. The woman was nearby, and we talked as I floated. I asked her why it made a difference to jump the way she had shown me. She said that was best to avoid having one's testes jerked and injured by the rope. I realized I didn't know exactly where I would land, but I was unconcerned about it. I was thoroughly enjoying my descent. The woman told me that going through the clouds would be interesting. Finally I hit the clouds and started through them. They were thick and moist, and my visibility was reduced to almost zero. I suddenly found myself on the ground talking to a woman on the phone. I asked her what to do in case I pulled the rip cord and the parachute didn't open. She was friendly and didn't seem to want to help me.

**Dream of: 06 September 1983 "Pleasant Music"**

Louise was sitting to my right and Youngblood (a female law student) was seated to my left in the front row of a classroom filled with



students. On a stage in front of the classroom was a vast assortment of musical instruments.

A girl stepped onto the stage and began distributing different instruments to various people in the room. Not all the students wanted instruments, but most did. Louise didn't want one.

I was handed what appeared to be a trumpet, except it was black and square. The keys moved down smoothly when I pushed them, but I was unsatisfied with it. I looked on the stage, saw a clarinet and thought I would rather have it. Then I saw a large beautiful flute sitting in an open case. It looked more elaborate than a usual flute. I asked the girl distributing the instruments why she didn't give me an instrument I could play.

She asked me what instrument I wanted. I told her I wanted the flute and made a motion as if I were playing the flute. She walked back to the instruments and brought me a flute - not the one I had been looking at, but a smaller one in its case. The diameter of the flute was considerably smaller than a usual flute. I took the main stem out, handed it to Louise and asked her to hold it for me.

I took out the head piece, took the stem back from Louise and fitted them together. Lastly, I pushed the foot end in. Louise said I was

pushing too hard on the pieces and I shouldn't be forcing them in. I told her I had been taught to push them in that way.

I began playing the flute; the sound was quite beautiful. Other music began playing in the background; I tried to play along with it. I was hitting most of the right notes and the sound was quite pleasant.

### **Dream of: 08 September 1983 "Import-Export"**

I was sitting at a table across from my grandfather Liston, who reminded me a bit of Pat Murphy (a Waco man probably in his 60s who was a friend of Louise). I had gone to him and asked for some money which I needed to live on. He pulled out his billfold and began laying money on the table. I told him to give me ten- and twenty-dollar bills one at a time and he grudgingly began doing so. I figured he was giving me about \$115 a month on which to live.

As he dispersed the money, he began holding some of the bills in his hand like playing cards. He would sometimes lay the money on the table and grab it back up before I could reach it. I picked up some of the bills and held them in my hands like cards. Once I had the bills in my hands, they actually looked like playing cards. The money in his hands also looked like playing cards.

He would throw money on the table and then throw a playing card on top of it. Finally I realized if I had a higher card, I could throw it down and take the money.

One time he threw down some bills and I had an ace in my hand. He also had a card ready to throw down. We both threw them down at the same time and they were both aces. He picked up the money and I said, "Well, give me back my ace anyway."

We continued, and he threw down more money and cards. I threw down higher numbered cards and picked up the money and the smaller numbered cards. I picked up a king, a jack and some cards under ten. It took me a while to realize some of the cards were under ten.

I wanted him to give me all the money at once instead of going through this tedious process.

He asked me what I was planning to do, and I told him I wanted to go to Mexico. He seemed skeptical and wanted to know what I was going to do there. I told him I was going to practice law. I said, "I have two advantages when I go there. One, I have a good background in law. And, secondly, I can speak Spanish."

He grumbled something about there being a lot of money to be made down there even in the worst of times. I became excited and said,

"Right, you know why? It's because right now the economy in Mexico is depressed so American goods can be imported and sold there and Mexican goods can be imported and sold in the United States."

I tried to think why Mexican goods could be imported into the United States.

I told him I wanted to go into the import-export business while I was living in Mexico.

Dream of: **10 September 1983 "Jacob"**

As Louise and I walked down a street together and came to a crossroads, I thought I must leave Louise and go down one of the roads by myself. I chose one road, walked off alone listening to the song "America the Beautiful" playing in the background.

I continued wondering about Louise. I knew she had been married to a man named Jacob Jones and he hadn't treated her well. I was afraid she might end up having to return to him. So I turned around and went back to her. I found her, and we continued walking together.

I had certain powers which Louise didn't realize I had, one of which was the power to fly. As we walked along, I jumped up off my feet and flew over her. I grazed her head as I passed over and flew on ahead of her. When I had flown about 20 meters, I turned around and looked back at her. I felt wicked, almost like a bat. I thought about swooping

back in over top her and frightening her; my face became contorted as I prepared to do so.

I awoke, realized I had been dreaming and began recording the dream. I knew Haim, who was in the next room, might be interested in the dream. I recorded how Louise and I had been together, how I had gone down the road and heard "America the Beautiful." When I saw Haim had stopped doing what he had been engaged in and was listening, I knew he was analyzing what I was saying.

I began writing the part of the dream where Louise was married to Jacob Jones. I thought Jacob Jones was actually Jim Johnson (a fellow who worked as a realtor in the Law Office in Waco). I began to wonder what significance the name Jacob had and why I had dreamed Louise had been married to someone named Jacob. I thought about the significance of the name Jacob in the Bible.

As I wrote the dream, I had the feeling I was writing questions for a deposition I was going to have of Jacob Jones and I realized I was at the Law Office in Waco. I began thinking about one of my legal clients, Helen Whitworth, and I wondered what it would be like if I began having dreams about a client like her. I had wondered about that before and now that I had actually begun working in a law office,

I wondered if it would present any problems when clients began appearing in my dreams and I began using their names in print.

**Dream of: 10 September 1983 (2) "Elgin"**

It was my last day of law school. I was planning to leave and went to Haim's house to talk with him before I did so. I walked inside and found Haim and his wife Susan lying in a bed together. I sat on one side of the bed and began talking with Haim.

He said something new was going to be turning up right here on the spot. I saw a movement underneath the cover and at first, I thought it was some kind of animal, like a dog or cat. It crawled up between Haim and his wife and came out at the top of the cover.

It turned out to be a cute little girl (about 2 years old). I knew she wasn't Haim's child, but I thought perhaps Haim had adopted her. All at once I said, "I want one of those."

I thought it would be nice to adopt a child about that age. If I weren't going to be with Louise anymore, there was nothing to hold me back from doing so. I wanted to adopt a child from another country. I looked at the child and thought perhaps it had been adopted from a foreign country, although it looked American. However, I finally concluded the child belonged to Chester (a law student) and his wife Candis and the child was only staying with Haim.

The top of a Bic pen was lying nearby. I picked it up, stuck it in my ear for a moment and then took it out.

I told them that I was preparing to leave, but that I was unsure where I was going to go. I had a little over a thousand dollars and was planning to simply travel around for a while. I planned to mail a box I had with me which was addressed to Elgin, France. I wondered if Haim knew the word "Elgin" meant "zeal" in German.

I was thinking about traveling around to some large cities and looking in the papers for adds for lawyers to do tax work. I thought it was close to April and tax lawyers would be needed. Perhaps I would go to California to see if I could stumble across some work there.

Haim seemed to think what I was going to do was a good idea, but I still had doubts about it.

The phone rang. I walked into the next room, answered it and said, "This is Haim's residence."

A girl on the other end wanted to know what I was doing there. I tried to explain to her. She sounded as if she were becoming angry; she said something about that "being a fine way to find out that I was going."

Suddenly she asked me if I had been sleeping with Birdie. I thought then perhaps the girl on the other end was Louise. But I hadn't heard

her voice in a long time and was unsure. It sounded strange and unfamiliar, but I still thought it was Louise's voice and finally I said incredulously, "Is this Louise?"

**Dream of: 11 September 1983 "Leaving Everything Behind"**

After boarding a greyhound bus at a bus stop in Waco, Texas, I pulled a pink ticket to Mexico from my billfold and handed it to the bus driver. He asked me if I wanted him to make me a list of the places I would be stopping along the way; I answered, "Yes."

I told him I would be in the back of the bus and walked back. I knew the back was the smoking section, but I still wanted to go back there and sit. Not many passengers were on the bus.

I sat down in the rearmost seat in the bus. I had been carrying a paper sack and set it on the floor in front of me.

Two men (both about 30 years old) were sitting close to each other in front of me; they both looked as if they were about 30 years old. The first man had his arm on the second fellow's shoulder and was rubbing the fellow's shoulder with his finger. I immediately knew the first man was homosexual. The second fellow was talking about something and when he stopped talking the first man began talking.

The second fellow moved a little away from the first man. The first man leaned over with his back to the second fellow's chest, held his



hands together, put them over his head and around the second fellow's neck. The second fellow disentangled himself and pushed the first man away.

They then came back to my seat and the first man, who was obviously homosexual, sat next to me. I was disgusted by his sitting next to me and wanted to get away from him as quickly as possible.

I sat here for a few minutes, picked up my paper sack, rose and walked to the front. In the meantime the bus had practically filled with passengers; but one seat was still unoccupied in the very front; I sat down on it. I made sure the bus driver saw me, so he would be able to give me my list.

It seemed strange that no one had sat in the front seat. People usually liked to sit there to have a good view of the passing countryside. Perhaps the Texas countryside was so drab people didn't want to see it.

We were going to stop at the Waco bus station before we left town. As we drove toward downtown, I saw the tallest building in town, the Alico building, the building which housed the Law Office in Waco was nearby.

A woman on the bus said she wanted to be let off at Stamps Street.

I looked out the window; Brian drove by in a white car. I was sure he saw me. He looked disgusted with me. Brian and I had been living together at the Apartment on Eighth Street. I had packed up a few things and left everything else behind including my flute; I hadn't even said anything to Brian about my leaving.

I thought that was similar to what Brian had done once when he had left Waco. He had left everything behind without telling anyone. He had even been in practice court and he hadn't told his partner when he had left.

A girl was in the car with Brian and at first, I thought it was Louise. I hadn't even told Louise I was leaving; that made me sad. Perhaps when I reached Mexico, I would write her.

### **Dream of: 14 September 1983 "Women On Horses"**

As I looked through a magazine containing pictures of pigs, I thought I was dreaming, and I wanted to manipulate the dream to turn the pigs into women or create a picture of a woman taking care of some pigs. As I flipped through the pages, the pigs seemed to become more feminine and increasingly sexier looking.

Finally I saw some pictures of women on horses interspersed among the pictures of pigs. Then I saw a picture of a man and woman riding

along on a horse. The woman was nude from the waist up and her breasts were visible.

I saw more pictures of nude women and I began enjoying the book even more, but I began to think if I continued to look at the pictures, I would become aroused and want to masturbate. I didn't want to do that. I knew it had been quite a while since I had masturbated and I didn't want to spoil it now by masturbating.

I picked up a telephone receiver and began talking with Mrs. Whitworth (an elderly legal client) and Vaughn on a three-way extension. I knew I was dreaming, and I began telling them about my dream. The longer I talked, the more certain I became I was dreaming. I was becoming disgusted with the dream I had been having about turning pictures of animals into women. It disgusted me even more that I was telling them about it. Suddenly I said, "Stop. Dream's over."

I began mulling over the dream.

### **Dream of: 15 September 1983 "Goat In A Glass Box"**

After I had met my father and boarded his car, he pulled into a place which looked like a McDonald's restaurant. As he steered around a curve, we saw a gigantic animal which looked like a large raccoon lying on the ground. We pulled on around to the take-out window,

near which were lying several more raccoons. The raccoons were lined up so we couldn't even pull up to the window.

I hollered out to the woman inside and told her I wanted several things including a couple fish sandwiches.

Overtop the take-out window was a large glass box which contained white stuff used for topping on food. Upon closer scrutiny I also noticed a goat inside the glass box. I wanted some of the white topping on something I was buying, but obviously the goat was getting mixed up with the topping. As the woman prepared to scoop the topping out of the glass box and put the topping on the food which she was going to give me, I told her I didn't want the topping since the goat was in it – I thought the topping would have hairs on it. I told her she needed to take the goat out and make up a new batch for me.

We drove away and went to a restaurant in Portsmouth across the street from where my father had his real estate office between 1963 and 1967 and we began eating. After a while, my sister joined us. I quickly learned that my sister hadn't been living with my father and that she had begun dating some fellows. My father was trying to prevent her dating certain people and was trying to require her to obtain his permission before she went out. My sister (rebellious against that idea) said she was going to date whomever she wanted. When my

father told her to ask me what I thought about it, I told her she should do what my father told her to do. I told her she wouldn't be able to work for him if she didn't do what he told her.

I noticed my sister wasn't wearing a top and I tapped her on the back. My father was a lawyer. He said he was handling auto cases and was charging 50 percent. When I told him most lawyers charged a third, he said he had recently turned down a case because it only paid a third. He said that he was charging 50 % and that he wasn't planning to lower his rate because he was satisfied with what he was charging. I thought his rate was exorbitant, but apparently, he was getting away with it.

He talked about getting cases and he said he might even get a big muscular dystrophy case. He said much money could be made from those cases. He wanted me to stay in Portsmouth with him and help him practice law there.

### **Dream of: 15 September 1983 (2) "Animal Disease"**

I walked into a classroom where a child was telling some people about a fairly deadly animal disease, apparently trichinosis. The people had discovered some animals with the disease, had thrown some of them into a river and left them there.

I was under the impression if I were to wear a sheet around me the way Mahatma Gandhi had, I would be protected from the disease. I left the classroom, found a sheet with blue stripes on it and went to a restroom to put it on. I was nude except for the sheet. I tried to put it on, but I couldn't seem to do it correctly. My penis kept sticking out and I feared my butt was also exposed. I realized I had the wrong type of sheet.

I saw a man there whom at first I thought was Mahatma Gandhi. But then I saw he was actually an African. I asked him to help me and he said he would be glad to. I showed him what I had, and I realized it wasn't a sheet at all, but a red tee shirt.

I realized I needed a pure white sheet. I knew a big dormitory was nearby with many beds with bedspreads and white sheets underneath.

I thought I could perhaps pull one of the white sheets out from underneath a bedspread. I went there, found a white sheet and returned to the African. He wrapped it around me correctly. It felt good.

### **Dream of: 16 September 1983 "All-Night Movie"**

Buckner, Louise, another girl and I wanted to go to a movie in Waco. We looked through the papers but couldn't find anything.

After the four of us had boarded a car which Buckner was driving, we rode around and passed some movie theaters. We passed one which we hadn't seen advertised in the paper. The word "Freedom" appeared in the title of the movie; it looked excellent.

We immediately turned around and went back to the theater. After we had pulled into the crowded parking lot and found a place to park, we all climbed out and walked up to the door of the theater.

The theater had two separate sections; a different movie was playing in each section. Buckner walked up to a window and started to buy tickets to a comedy, but I said, "No, that's not the right one. It's the other one over here, the one about the freedom."

We all four walked over to the other window. When we had driven past, I had noticed the movie was going to cost six dollars apiece. That seemed expensive to me and I really didn't want to pay six dollars, but the others wanted to go.

A sign said something about season tickets; I wondered how much they would cost. Since five times six was thirty dollars, I concluded a season ticket would cost less than thirty dollars for six passes. Could a person with a season ticket only use it himself or could he pass out the tickets to anyone?

After we had paid for our tickets and walked inside, we became separated. I walked over to a little hallway where a television was playing. I lay down on my back, put my head on some pillows and began watching a black and white movie on the television. The movie seemed to be fairly old. I saw some cars in it and tried to discern from them how old the movie was. It seemed to be from the fifties. About ten lines of dialogue were written across the top of the screen. I read the words as the people talked. It was rather distracting. Finally I stopped reading and only listened. But I thought it was a good way to teach people English.

My feet were up against a glass door which opened by means of a metal cross bar; I pushed the door open slightly with my feet. Some children (7-8 years old) were standing outside. One small boy looked as if he were about 10 years old. I realized they wanted to sneak inside and thought about whether I would say anything if I saw them sneaking in. I was basically an accessory since the door would have probably been locked if I hadn't pushed it open. But they were probably just poor children who wanted to see the movie and I decided not to say anything.

After they had gathered courage, about four of them came in on one side of me and looked down the hall. One hollered out someone's



name. Apparently, they had a friend inside; but no one answered and they all rushed back outside.

I was lying so they would have to step over me to turn down the little hall which led into the movie room. I moved to the side so if they returned, they wouldn't have to step over me.

I continued watching the show until finally four children came in again and went past me into where the hall made a sharp turn. A woman walked up, but she didn't say anything, and the children walked on down the hall. Then others began following and a stream of six and seven-year-old boys and girls flowed in. I began counting them as they passed and when I reached the thirties, they were still coming.

When a five-minute intermission came on the movie, I stood and decided to look for Louise, Buckner and the other girl. I walked into the main part of the theater, looked around, but couldn't see them anywhere.

The four of us had been living together and I had been having sex with both Louise and the other girl. I liked both of them. They were soft and enjoyable. They weren't jealous of each other – we lived together harmoniously. What people would think if I put my arms around them both at the same time? I was unsure how it would look in public.

Cosby (a law student) walked past carrying a bottle of pop. Then Proctor (a law student) walked up to me and said, "Have you been here all night?"

I didn't understand what he had said at first; he repeated the question and I answered, "No."

I looked down at the black shirt I was wearing; it had small pieces of white lint on it. My hair felt scruffy and I thought I probably looked scruffy, as if I had been staying here all night.

He walked away, and I suddenly realized why the pillows and so many people were here. The movie theater was open all night. People paid six dollars just so they could come in and spend the night there.

### **Dream of: 18 September 1983 "Catalogs"**

I was in Portsmouth, Ohio, talking with my father. He had bought a cable television company which had franchises in some cities around Portsmouth (where the main office was located) and he was in the process of hiring managers for the franchise offices. He showed me the lease of the Portsmouth office and he said the lease had a clause which required the prior owner of the cable company to pay money for the lease if he stayed in Portsmouth. So he had decided to move the headquarters to Chillicothe.

My father wanted me to stay in Ohio and manage the main office. The main office manager wasn't paid as much as the people who were in charge of the other franchises, but he had more authority. I thought about doing it.

I was supposed to do something for my father and went out driving around. I drove about 15 kilometers north of Portsmouth around Lucasville. I was east of Route 23 and was headed toward 23, but I thought it was called Route 52. I looked for a road sign which said Route 52, so I could turn north on it and head toward Chillicothe. I didn't see any at first, but finally I came down to the road.

I turned right on the road and headed north. I wondered whether I should go to Chillicothe. My father had told me earlier he wanted to look for a new headquarters in Chillicothe; he hadn't explicitly told me to go, but I thought I would just go ahead and look for a place myself. As I drove along, I thought about the type of place I would be looking for, and what I would tell people. I would tell them I was going to be the headquarters manager and was also going to be a lawyer. I might even do some private legal practice in Chillicothe.

I didn't want to stay in Chillicothe. I wanted to leave the country; but I thought staying here a while had merit. I could work, save some money and then leave the country.

I didn't know anyone in Chillicothe except Mike Walls, who I thought lived there. I might be able to visit him.

I thought about the terrible odor exuded by the paper mill in Chillicothe, but I would become accustomed to that.

I looked at a map; a large coliseum was in the northern part of the town. I didn't remember having seen the coliseum before. I might like to walk around the coliseum to get a better feel of the town.

On the map I could see a section of buildings in the downtown. Looking up, I realized I was actually headed back toward Portsmouth.

I was being paid 20 cents a mile for making the trips. I had made about five trips; I tried to figure out how much money I should be collecting for each trip to add to my bill to my father.

After driving into Portsmouth, I walked into a house, climbed upstairs and went to sleep in the bedroom. I awoke and felt aroused. I thought about masturbating. I thought my sister had some catalogs stored there; I could look at the women in the lingerie section.

I then realized I was at the 29th Street House. I thought my mother had some Spiegel catalogs there which I could perhaps find and look at. I hadn't masturbated in quite a while and really didn't want to.

I rose, looked into the next room and saw my mother lying on a couch. She had awakened at the same time. She was only wearing a pair of

green panties. She put her hands over her breasts. I was wearing a pair of white shorts, but they were pulled down past my penis. And I also had an erection. I began pulling my shorts up over my penis. I stood so that my mother could clearly see me. After I pulled up my shorts, it was still obvious that I had an erection.

I walked into where my mother was lying and lay down beside her on the couch. She didn't say anything. I reached my left hand around so that it was holding her right breast. I scooted down so I was able to bite the nipple of her left breast. She didn't stop me. She softly moaned. I thought about sticking my hand down her panties.

I stopped everything because I felt as if I was going to ejaculate and didn't want to. But suddenly I felt sperm trickling from my penis.

### **Dream of: 20 September 1983 "Bear On A Cruise Ship"**

I was at what appeared to be a sophisticated party in a large room. Mansell (a legal client) was the most important person in the room. As I stood there, my boss came over and borrowed about \$50 or \$60 from me. Then someone stood up and left the room.

Mansell said he had wanted to give the man \$100 before he had left, and he wished he had had it. He looked around to see if anyone had \$100. I thought I might have it and I pulled out my billfold. I had had a \$100 bill in my billfold earlier, but I had taken it out. I looked in my

billfold and saw four, crisp, brand new \$20 bills stuck together. I told Mansell that I didn't have \$100, but that I could lend him \$80. He said, "Well, just give me fifty."

After I gave him two twenties and a ten, he walked off and began mingling with the other people. Realizing I had now loaned money to two people, I wondered if lending the money had been wise. The two borrowers might just forget I had loaned them the money. I thought it wouldn't matter, and I would get it back. If they didn't pay me back, I would just take something from work which was worth that much. I talked with a woman about plants growing on the tops of buildings. I asked her if she thought it would be a good idea if vines were planted on the tops of tall buildings, so they could grow down from the top. She said that would somehow affect the water in the soil at the bottom of the buildings and wouldn't be allowed.

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I looked around and realized I was actually in a large, packed auditorium with a stage at the front. People began sitting down and I also sat down. My mother took a seat nearby. I waited for the performance to begin.

Just as something began to happen on stage, I suddenly heard a loud noise behind me at the back of the auditorium. I looked toward the

darkened rear of the auditorium and thought I saw a large animal. Although I could only see silhouettes, I realized the animal was a large grizzly bear inside a cage. It looked just like the stuffed grizzly bear in the entrance of the Moody Library at Baylor University.

It was making a loud noise and moving around, but I was unafraid because it was inside the cage. Suddenly it reached out through the bars, grabbed a man and began clawing him. The silhouettes of the enormous bear clawing the man to death formed a grizzly sight.

Suddenly the bear managed to wedge through the bars, stood for a moment outside the cage and then began running amuck through the crowd.

People screamed, the whole place became chaotic and I became frightened. My mother also became frightened and she ran outside the auditorium. I remained in the auditorium, but I could still see her. Suddenly I realized that we were on a large luxury ship and that my mother was now standing outside on the deck of the ship. I feared she would jump off the boat. Suddenly the bear ran out onto the deck where my mother was. When the bear ran past her and stopped, I thought the bear was going to grab her. My mother (close to the edge of the deck) became entangled in the rope railing on the side of the deck.

When the bear ran back into the auditorium, I ran outside, grabbed my mother, and told her we were going to go upstairs. We ascended to the second deck of the ship and found another auditorium with people watching something on a stage. It was obvious that people in there were also beginning to become stirred up. Someone asked me what was going on and I said, "The bear is loose."

I said it loud enough so many people heard me. It obviously stirred them up. People began rising and leaving. I thought perhaps my mother and I could go down into the middle of the auditorium and sit where we would be surrounded by people and protected.

Then I realized the ship had three decks and I suggested we go on up to the third floor. I said if we heard the bear was on third floor, we could descend to the first floor, and if the bear was on the first floor, we could go back up to the third floor. I said, "That way we'll stay as far away from it as we can."

I wondered what we would do if the bear was on the second floor. I thought, "Well, we'll just have to try and find a safe place on one of the other two floors to hide, preferably in the middle of a bunch of people."

**Dream of: 21 September 1983 "Cantaloupe Seeds"**



A girl and I were walking around on a college campus which reminded me of The Ohio State University. We came to a place where a field had been plowed up. A path had been beaten across it. The path was uneven and unleveled because of the plowing. I told the girl she would have to take part of the responsibility for beating the field down if we walked across it. We walked across it.

We walked on and came to a place where some people were gathered. I sat down, and a big fellow sat down to my left. The girl sat on the other side of him.

The fellow was a friend of mine. He had been to my Cabin and talked about how he loved being on the Gallia County Farm. I asked him if he liked the Cabin and he said, " Yes."

I was thinking about returning to the Cabin myself for a while.

We learned everyone here was going to eat some psilocybin mushrooms. A man was passing out the mushrooms. Many people were waiting for him to pass them out. I looked around, found a couple small pieces of mushrooms lying nearby and stuck them in my mouth.

The man came close to me. I saw he had a large white mushroom in his hand. He gave me a piece and then the girl. He went on down the line and returned with a container of cantaloupe seeds. I opened my

mouth and he slowly began pouring them in. I wanted him to fill my mouth and didn't stop to swallow or chew them as they went in. Finally I stopped and began chewing. Someone said to me, "You didn't chew all that time?"

Everyone seemed upset because I had waited so long before I had begun to chew.

The seeds were also hallucinogenic. I began to feel the effects. The things around me began to look pleasant. The guy went away with his little container and then returned.

I asked the guy next to me if I could have his place because I wanted to sit next to the girl. He stood, and I sat next to the girl. Her name was Cathy. I put my left arm around her, held her close and said, "Cathy if you ever leave me, I just don't know what I would do."

I was wildly in love with her and could tell she loved me too. I felt as if I could depend on her; I didn't know what would happen to me if she left me.

I wanted to marry her. I wanted to whisper in her ear that there was no longer any point in waiting and we should go ahead and marry.

### **Dream of: 25 September 1983 "Visiting The Cemetery"**

I was talking with someone about a passage I had read in the Bible where Jesus had said it was all right to kill animals. I clearly disagreed

with that idea. It was one of several places where I disagreed with the Bible. I also disagreed with Jesus apparently eating fish.

I climbed onto a bicycle and began riding on a road on the outskirts of Patriot, Ohio. I planned to ride around for a while.

I reached the top of a small hill. I was going to go down the other side, but I could see it was quite far to the bottom. I put on my brakes. As I held onto the handlebars, the back wheel flipped out from under me, so I was left holding the handlebars with the front wheel up in the air and the bicycle resting on the rear wheel.

I saw a cemetery nearby and a car coming out of it. Inside the car were my great-aunt Dorothy and my great-aunt Goldie. They drove onto the road and went down the hill which I had not gone down.

I turned into the cemetery and walked around pushing my bicycle beside me. I saw a couple of other men.

When I realized my brother Chris and my brother Adolph were buried in the cemetery, I choked up emotionally. I thought while I was there,

I would visit their graves and also my grandfather Liston's grave. I had not seen my grandfather's grave for a while.

I walked past a grave with many candles around it. The candles were new and had never been lit. Several other graves also had candles around them. It was amazing that children did not take the candles. I

personally was not inclined to take the candles, but I thought someone else might.

Tears began forming in my eyes. I knew approximately where one of my brothers' graves was. I knew his picture was on the front of the tombstone. I wanted to see it and I walked in the direction of the grave. A man continued to walk near me.

The tears welled up more.

A small piece of the cemetery had been plowed up as if for a garden.

The land was quite dark there.

When I found Adolph's tombstone, I became emotionally overcome, broke down and began sobbing.

### **Dream of: 25 September 1983 (2) "Volley Ball Game"**

Louise and I were in a gym with a group of people watching a television program. Two volley ball nets were in the gym, one in front of the television and the other on the far side of the gym. I decided I wanted to play volleyball and asked another couple if they wanted to play. They said they did, and we chose the net near the television. The man went with Louise to the other side and the woman stayed with me on my side.

After we had practiced hitting the ball back and forth for a while, I realized the woman with me was Julie (a law student) and the man

with Louise was Jon. I served some balls, and the other team served some. I asked Julie if she wanted to serve and she did. She did a good job. Every time Julie served the ball, it was hit back to me, but I couldn't hit it back over the net. Either I would miss the ball completely or hit it into the net or short of the net.

I noticed Louise, with one arm, was holding Jon upside down in the air. It was quite an acrobatic feat; I was impressed. I felt slightly irritated, however, that they were so close together. When Jon was lowered back down to the ground onto his feet, I asked, "Jon, how did you do that?"

He acted persnickety and said, "Well, the first thing I did was pull Louise close to me like this."

He then pulled Louise up to him and acted as if he were kissing her. Their mouths touched, but they didn't actually kiss. His action made me angry and I said, "Well, just fuck you."

I went behind some nearby tall stage curtains. I decided I didn't want to play volleyball with them even though they were ready to begin the game.

A piano was behind the curtains; perhaps I would try to play it for a while.

**Dream of: 26 September 1983 "Squashed Banana"**

Louise and I were in a house which had a little pizza shop in it and we ordered a pizza with mushrooms, olives and other toppings. The pizza was brought into the room where we were sitting, and we ate it. We decided to order another one and walked into the room where the pizza counter was. Louise stepped up to the counter and ordered. I walked up to her and asked if she had ordered one for herself. She had a check in her hand with which she intended to pay. I said, "Well, I'm going to order me one, too."

I ordered a pizza for myself; I told the girl behind the counter I wanted olives, mushrooms and other toppings. Louise suggested I get double cheese, so I ordered that, also.

We both returned to the next room, but then Louise left. The girl running the pizza shop came and sat down to my right. She was short, had black hair and was wearing a short dress and white hose. When she sat next to me, she spread her legs apart, so I could see up her dress to her crotch.

I knew Louise suspected I had been having an affair with the girl because Louise had complained to me about it.

I reached over, put my arms around the girl and began kissing her. I stuck my hand between her legs and began massaging her pubic region. But I quickly stopped and jumped up. The girl left.

After a short while Louise returned. We waited and waited for our pizza, but it didn't come. Finally I walked back to the kitchen, but no one was there. After going to the oven and seeing our pizza inside with some other stuff, I walked into the hall and hollered, "Pizzas done! Pizzas done!"

A man walked up, and I told him I thought the pizza was done. He pulled it out. It was in a square pan. Some dough was on the bottom of the pan and some sauce had been thrown on top of the dough. On top of the sauce were several tiny fish, each about a centimeter long. In the middle of the pan was a brown, squashed banana still in the peel. I looked at the mess in disgust; I wasn't about to eat it.

Apparently, the girl had thrown it together and then left. I told the man that wasn't what I had ordered. Louise walked into the room and I pointed it out to her.

The man was going to throw it out, but I continued looking at it and thought it appeared rather abstract. I thought I could cut out the middle of the pizza where the banana was, place a picture there and make an abstract work of art out of it.

Louise and I returned to the next room; I began to think that when Louise had left, she had gone to meet some fellow. I imagined he had had his hand in Louise's pants; the thought bothered and sickened

me. I was sure it had happened. I thought, "Well, is that the way it's going to be? Some guy is going to have his hand in her pants and I'll have my hand in some other girl's pants. That not the kind of relationship I want to have."

**Dream of: 26 September 1983 (2) "Terrific Pain"**

While I was in classroom #105 on the second floor of the Baylor Law School, somebody handed me my second quarter practice court test. When I opened it, I was elated to see a "B" written in pencil at the top. I had thought I was going to make a C in practice court, which would have brought my average down. I had recently made a B+ in another class. Those grades were going to look well on my transcript. I could probably just pack up my bags the next day, go to Houston and find a good job.

My girlfriend Louise was in the classroom; I wanted to show her my grade. We had been partners in practice court; had she made the same grade? I walked out of the room without saying anything to her, however, because we hadn't been talking to each other lately. I walked downstairs to where the grades would be posted on the first floor next to the students Social Security numbers. If the grades had been posted, I would be able to tell what Louise had made because I knew her Social Security number. I likewise knew Louise would be



able to tell what I had made. I thought it might even impress her that I had made a good grade; she might want to return to me because of it. I passed professor Dawson on the way, but he didn't say anything to me. I saw the grades hadn't yet been posted and started down the stairs. I saw Witt (a law student) and he asked me how I had done, but I just walked past without answering.

Louise, wearing a white sweater, was at the top of the stairs. She had changed so much I hardly recognized her. She was looking at her test paper. I thought about showing her my grade, but I didn't really care about doing that. However I did want to talk with her. I knew I shouldn't, but I just couldn't resist. I walked up and spoke to her. She walked past me as if she didn't even see me and went down the stairs. I followed after her and said, "Wait. Wait."

I wanted to tell her if she really didn't care about me, then she would talk with me. She looked as if she were in terrific pain; I wished I could do something to relieve it.

### **Dream of: 26 September 1983 (3) "Black Corvette"**

I was walking through the halls of the Baylor Law School, which seemed more like a high school. I was wearing cut-off blue jeans; were shorts allowed here? I noticed some other people wearing shorts.

I walked into a room, sat down near a girl sitting at a desk and began talking with her. She worked for a high school newspaper and I had a story I wanted to tell her. I talked with her for a while and then left.

I went toward the back door of the law school where I saw my girlfriend Louise and another girl walking toward me. Louise was wearing a black suit. They walked past me without saying anything and went out the back door. I walked up the back stairs to a point where I could see out a window. Louise was in the back parking lot standing beside a black Corvette and looking inside it. I could see the car had a red interior; had she bought the car? I watched her a few minutes and then turned away.

When I turned back, she was looking at a blue Mustang and Petty (a female law student) was with her. Apparently, the Mustang belonged to Louise, because she got into it on the driver's side.

I wanted to tell Louise I wanted to go to Houston and I was willing to spend the rest of my life there if she would only be with me.

### **Dream of: 27 September 1983 "Vietnam Prison"**

While a girl and I were at the house of McGuiness (a Waco acquaintance, several years my junior, whom I met at the Waco Law Office in 1983), I watched television while McGuiness cleaned up the house. When McGuiness asked me if I wanted to smoke some

marijuana, I told him I didn't. He continued cleaning and said he might have more marijuana around there somewhere.

The show on television was about a fellow who had been smoking marijuana and had gone insane.

Finally McGuiness brought out a large pipe, the bowl of which was six or seven centimeters in diameter. Then he brought out a baggie of marijuana. I had smoked with him before and I recognized the marijuana as what we had smoked the last time. I said, "Oh, that's the real good stuff."

But then I realized it wasn't the same marijuana we had smoked the last time and I said, "Well, that's not quite as good."

The girl also said something about the marijuana.

We sat for quite a long while as I held the baggie in my hand. Upon closer scrutiny I saw the substance in the baggie looked like a white powder. The baggie had a little hole in the bottom. I held the baggie over the pipe which McGuiness was holding, and I allowed some of the powder to fall from the baggie and into the pipe. I decided I was going to smoke and began smoking.

The person on the television began talking about how he had smoked marijuana in Viet Nam. He had been captured in Vietnam and held in prison. Apparently, he had smoked a great deal of marijuana while

there. He said he had also once been incarcerated in Mexico for smoking marijuana. The authorities had wanted him to pay \$300,000 before he could be released from the Mexican jail, but in Viet Nam he couldn't get out for any amount of money. Finally he had snapped out of it and quit smoking marijuana.

I inhaled the marijuana about three times and then stopped. I knew I had made a mistake by smoking marijuana, especially since I hadn't smoked in such a long time.

**Dream of: 28 September 1983 "Arbol"**

The phone rang, and I answered. Someone said, "Its me."

I knew immediately it was Louise and said, "Arbol."

She began talking and I asked her how she had been. I wasn't really affected by hearing from her again, because I didn't think she wanted to get back together with me. I thought she was probably just calling to check up on me. But she did sound quite friendly and I was rather glad to hear from her. I continued calling her "Arbol" while we talked, although I hardly said anything else. Finally I asked her if she knew what "Arbol" meant. She said yes, she knew it meant "tree" in Spanish.

**Dream of: 28 September 1983 (2) "Shooting Down Spaceships"**

I was near Patriot, Ohio where I was planning to stay awhile. While driving along a road, I passed by the house of my old friend Altizer, turned around and went back. I parked and walked into the front room of Altizer's house. A short, thin girl with short brunette hair was sitting on the couch. She didn't say anything, and I walked past her into Altizer's bedroom, but he wasn't there. When I walked back to the front door and met Altizer coming in, I said, "Hi."

Altizer (around 30 years old) seemed happy to see me. He looked just like I remembered him except he was much thinner than he used to be. I told him I had been in the neighborhood and had driven by. I hadn't planned to stop, but I had turned around and come back because I wanted to see him.

We sat down and talked. He told me the girl on the couch was his sister-in-law and she lived there with his brother. I walked over and introduced myself. Another fellow who wasn't her husband was sitting with her.

I learned she had four little boys who ranged in age from about one year to three years old. Two were sitting on her lap. I looked at them.

They were wearing white shorts. I pointed to them and said they looked as if they were twins. She said they weren't, and I said, "Oh yea, I see that one is younger than the other one."

For a moment, I thought they slightly resembled my brother Adolph and me when we had been little boys.

We talked a little longer about how she had her hands full taking care of the children. The two boys got up and began running around on the floor almost like little dogs. I mentioned to Altizer it must be difficult to concentrate sometimes with the boys there. He said, "They're just like a little dog who runs down around your ankles."

Altizer said he wanted to show me something and we walked into his room. After sitting down on his bed, I asked him what he did now, and he replied that he went to high school football games. He only lived less than two kilometers from the football stadium. He said he used to go and not watch them, but now he had become very active in watching them. He said he watched every play and would stand up and analyze everything which went on. He said there was going to be a game in a couple weeks.

I wanted to ask him if he had been dating anyone and what had happened to Redith (a fourth and fifth grade schoolmate).

He said he wanted to show me a banana issue of Playboy magazine. He began digging into a box. I really didn't care to see it. I feared if I looked at it, I would become slightly aroused. I thought probably his intention was for both of us to masturbate. I was beginning to have

suspicious about Altizer being homosexual. I thought he might want to perform fellatio on me and I was disgusted by the idea.

Finally he brought out a video game machine and put something in it.

It reminded me of an older model video game which hadn't been around for a while. I couldn't exactly remember its name. Apparently, it was going to show something to do with Playboy on it.

He sat down and began playing it. It had a seat on it and peddles to be operated by the feet. On the screen, spaceships could be shot out of the air by pressing buttons.

We switched places and I began playing. I had a shooter at the bottom of the screen and from the top of the screen a swarm of spaceships would descend. I pressed the button and began shooting the spaceships out of the air. I did well.

Suddenly the picture cleared up and a picture of a woman appeared on the screen. The screen was clear like a clear television screen. She was wearing a top with red and white horizontal stripes and shorts. She had large breasts and was quite attractive. She was dancing on the screen.

I lost my attention for a moment and when it returned, a man was dancing on the screen. He was a young, muscular, good-looking man and was only wearing a pair of shorts through which his penis was

clearly bulging. It was becoming obvious he was going to take off his shorts.

I rose, walked over and sat next to Altizer. I told him that I was going to have to leave and that I didn't think I would be coming back anymore to see him. He was obviously upset. I said, "Are you gay?" Suddenly the fellow who had been on the screen materialized in the room right over top of the screen. He was still wearing the same shorts.

Altizer said he was gay, and he obviously felt terrible about it. I said, "When did you realize it?"

He said he was just now realizing it. I said, "Well, I'm not, not even in the slightest."

I was unsure whether Altizer had actually ever had a homosexual relationship with anyone, but I didn't ask him. The other fellow put his hand on my shoulder. Altizer also wanted to touch me. He seemed so effeminate in his actions, it was repulsive to me. I didn't want him to touch me and brushed him off. It didn't bother me if a man touched me, but not in that way. I asked him if his family and parents knew. He said they didn't. I responded, "Well, they must have some kind of idea."



We continued talking for a while. I told him it didn't bother me if he was gay as long as he didn't try to have anything to do with me. I told him that I knew some people who were gay and that I might even be able to introduce him to them. I thought specifically of Mark Upton.

Altizer seemed to be becoming progressively more distraught. Obviously, he hadn't wanted to admit he was gay until I had put him on the spot by asking. I felt sorry for him and I told him I would continue seeing and talking with him. I thought he needed someone. I prepared to leave. I reached for my billfold but couldn't find it. Then I saw it lying on the table with some change and picked it up. I walked back into the front room and out the front door. I wondered if everyone in the house would think I was gay simply because I had been in there talking with Altizer.

But then I turned around and came back into the house. Altizer's mother was sitting in the front room. She was wearing a dress which fell down around her knees. She was a little overweight. I walked back into the bedroom and she walked, without saying anything, back into another room in the house. Altizer had gone into the next room and fallen asleep.

I realized then I had dreamed the entire episode. I thought I had fallen asleep for a few minutes while I had been there and quickly

dreamed the whole thing. Apparently, I had just awakened. I wanted to write down what had happened. I found a typewriter and dug up a piece of white tissue paper. I decided to type the dream onto the tissue paper, sat down and began typing.

**Dream of: 29 September 1983 "Delicious Fruit"**

I was in a room on the upstairs floor of a building near the railroad tracks on the east end of Portsmouth. A woman brought some fruit and other food to me and I began eating an orange. A large piece of some other kind of fruit was in the orange and the entire thing was quite tasty. I ate it in sections with a spoon as I would eat grapefruit; it was absolutely delicious. The woman sat nearby while I ate; I commented to her how good the orange was.

The woman and I talked about a nearby pharmacy where we both apparently worked.

I finished eating and walked downstairs, where I encountered Louise.

We began talking about the pharmacy, which I apparently partially owned. Someone had been making offers to other people around town to buy it and Louise asked me if anyone had made me an offer. I said, "Well, probably, I guess, because they talked to the woman and she's the one who actually owns the store. If they wanted to buy the store, they would talk to her."

Louise and I hadn't seen each other for a long time. She acted as if I were the one who wanted to see her. But it was actually she who had come to see me.

We left and began walking down the street. Suddenly I turned to her and said, "Well, no. I don't think it's good that we see each other. I'm just going to go on alone."

She turned around, began walking toward her car, which was parked on the other side of the street, and then turned a corner. I really did want to see her and thought, "Well, maybe she'll come back after me."

I walked on for three or four minutes and suddenly thought, "No, I'm going to go back."

I couldn't see her. I ran back around the corner and thought, "Oh no. She's already gone."

I looked up Gallia Street and saw her car backing out onto the street.

Her door was on my side and was open. I ran toward her as fast as I could. She saw me coming and said, "No Steve. I don't have any time.

I've got to go. I don't want to see you anymore."

I didn't listen to her and jumped behind her back onto the passenger side of the front seat. I sat there determined not to leave. I was going to see her no matter what. She was angry and (because I had shunned

her) she didn't want to see me, even though she had wanted to see me a few minutes earlier.

**Dream of: 30 September 1983 "Mr. Payne"**

Brian and I were running together down the middle of the street in front of the Gay Street House while cars passed both ways on both sides of us. We held on to each other as we ran and swung each other around so sometimes our feet would leave the ground.

A car headed north toward us slowed down almost to a stop. The driver apparently feared he might hit us.

We stopped running and I looked at the House. In an upstairs window sat my brother Chris in a wheelchair. He stood up from the wheelchair for a moment and looked out the window, but he didn't see me. He was becoming weaker, so standing up from his wheelchair was more and more difficult.

Brian and I entered the House and walked into a room where my father had his office. While Brian exited into another part of the House, I sat down on a little bench in a recessed corner.

I heard my father coming. He entered the room, followed by a tall slender man (about 35 years old). They were talking with each other (at first, I didn't think they were going to see me) about having an alcoholic drink; my father asked the man if he wanted a drink.

Suddenly my father turned to me and said, "And Steve, do you want a drink?"

I told him I didn't. My father introduced me to the man, whose name was Mr. Payne.

Brian walked back into the room and when my father introduced himself to Brian, I said, "This is Brian. And this is Mr. Payne."

I told them that although I didn't want to drink, Brian might.

My father began talking about the work he was doing. He was apparently engaged in teaching children like my brother Chris to read and write. He said he had been quite successful teaching the children.

He had also been teaching Chris to read and write.

Lying nearby were several notebooks which my father used to teach the students. Apparently, a separate pile of notebooks was stacked up for each student.

My father mentioned how he had needed to lie to one little girl about what he had been teaching her. Since the girl hadn't wanted to learn, my father had pointed to someone in terrible shape out on the street and had harangued the girl that the person on the street was the kind of person who had tried and who had failed to learn. My father seemed to feel a bit guilty because he hadn't actually known anything about the person on the street. The little girl, however, had been the

only person he had had to lie to; the rest of his students had done well without lies.

I thought about Chris – I wouldn't be in Portsmouth long. I had been there several days, and I had only seen Chris a few times. I had been neglecting him; I really wanted to spend time with him.

I was unsure what Mr. Payne did. Apparently, he had also tried to teach children before, but had failed miserably. I asked him his occupation and he told me he was a preacher. I asked him if he would be preaching soon. He said he would tomorrow. I told him I hoped he would do well. Mr. Payne said, "Steve, I can guarantee you, I'm going to fuck up."

### **Dream of: 07 October 1983 "Different Way Of Thinking"**

I went to the 29th Street House where I found my brother Chris (about 12 years old). He had muscular dystrophy and couldn't move well. He had taken a hallucinogenic drug and he told me he had begun driving a car while under the drug's influence. He had never driven a car before and had become frightened. I told him I would teach him how to drive.

We boarded a car. I sat behind the steering wheel and Chris sat on my lap. His head was so low he could barely see over the dash. I asked, "Now do you want to drive?"

He didn't seem to want to at first, so I drove out into the street. Finally he began driving and I guided him. He mentioned that things were so different while he was under the influence of the hallucinogenic drug and he didn't like driving then. I said tripping was very much like dreaming and was basically a different way of thinking. We drove on the north side of Mound Park toward Logan Street. He guided the steering wheel while I controlled the gas and brakes with my foot. I thought I could grab the steering wheel if necessary.

**Dream of: 08 October 1983 "Scummy Water"**

I had gone to Paris, France and had begun working in a law office. I was learning French quite well and I anticipated living well here.

On my day off I wanted to look at the Eiffel Tower. I knew the Eiffel Tower was out in the bay. It reminded me of the Statue of Liberty in New York. I looked on a map trying to find my way there.

I headed toward the bay and arrived in an area of town near the bay. I was surrounded by splendid and magnificent buildings. I admired how gorgeously the buildings rose into the sky.

As I walked, I encountered Randle (a former fellow law student) on a pier near the water and we began talking. He said he lived in Paris and had plenty of girlfriends. I wondered if he could fix me up with

one. I asked if a girl were with him at present. He said yes, and an attractive girl walked up. The three of us talked.

We walked along the edge of the water looking at things. Piles of rock led from the water to where we stood. We came to a large round object. I finally realized it was an old cannon. The girl talked about how people had attacked the place in the olden days and how the place had been defended with the cannons.

I looked more closely at the water and saw it was filthy and resembled sewage. It was quite scummy-looking. We walked closer to the water and suddenly I realized we were too close. The drop to the water was about ten meters.

Suddenly I tumbled backward toward the water. The other two grabbed me and all three of us fell toward the water. Fortunately, we landed on the edge of the bank on a little platform. I was very happy we had landed safely. I stood up.

Suddenly the platform began sinking. We sank up to our necks in the scum. We all grabbed onto the bank. I tried to lift myself out but was unsuccessful. I slipped completely under the water.

I reached out, felt someone's head under the water and realized a body was there. I pushed it away from me toward Randle and the girl.



When I resurfaced, Randle and the girl called out that the body had touched them. I didn't know whether the girl could swim, and I feared she would grab me and drag me under.

**Dream of: 10 October 1983 "Knife Attack"**

Louise and I were sitting in a car parked inside a garage. I was sitting on the driver's side in the front seat and Louise sat on my right. A couple fellows outside seemed to be doing something to the tires of the car. One of them seemed to be jacking up the front of the car and seemed to be trying to steal the tires.

I told Louise we should jump out of the car and run out of the garage. Then she should run to the right and go down the street. I thought a police station was in that direction.

We opened the car door and jumped out. Louise ran out of the garage and down the street, while I remained inside a moment; then I also ran outside. One fellow, who had a knife, followed us and said, "You shouldn't have done that."

I was frightened because I knew he was going to try to catch Louise and stab her with the knife. I could probably stop him from catching Louise, but I was afraid. He ran toward Louise and I thought, "I've got to stop him right now or he's going to catch her."

I knew he would probably stab me, but I had decided I would do everything in my power to prevent his catching her.

As he ran toward her, I made a quick move and tackled him. He fell to the ground flat in front of me. I saw Louise continue running and knew she would be safe.

### **Dream of: 20 October 1983 "Water Falls"**

As Louise and I were driving east on Route 23 near South Shore, Kentucky, I saw a boat rental company on the right side of the road with several boats and cars parked in the lot. A sign said boats rented for around \$169. I pulled onto the lot and parked. Louise and I stepped out of the car and entered a building which looked like a country store.

I found a man standing behind a counter and began negotiating with him for a boat. One boat in the lot resembling a Mustang car had snared my eye. I told the man I wanted that one and he wrote up the bill. I also asked for several other items from the store and he put them on the bill. The total was over \$300. I paid him, but then reflected that the bill shouldn't have been so high.

I asked the man about the bill. He began explaining it to me and handed me back my money. Louise went outside.

I asked him to write down how much each item had cost. He wrote down a list and I looked it over. I saw an extra charge for \$100 for his fee.

I walked outside and began to board our car, but then remembered I had left my glasses inside. I went back in, found them on the counter, took them and left.

Louise and I boarded our car and pulled out. We were on our way to a water falls; I told Louise we would rent a boat when we reached the falls. I told her many Niagara Falls-type boats would be there.

As we drove, we passed Schultz Hollow on our right. I told Louise my father had grown up there. She expressed an interest and said she would like to drive down it. I told her we would some other time.

### **Dream of: 20 October 1983 (2) "Footsteps In The Attic"**

I was in a movie theater watching some Spanish movies with English subtitles. I was wearing a pair of blue shorts and a tee shirt. A woman sitting beside me began talking and said my parents would expect more of me now that I was a lawyer and other people would expect more from me in terms of monetary responsibility.

I noticed Birdie had walked in and was sitting in the back of the theater.

Louise walked in, but she didn't notice Birdie because Birdie was sitting so the door blocked the view of her to anyone entering the theater. Louise walked down and sat beside me. She was carrying something which appeared to be food. I was happy to see her and hoped she wouldn't misconstrue Birdie's presence here.

I told Louise the movie was in Spanish.

I looked back and when I saw Birdie was gone, I rose and walked back to the front entrance. I looked out the door and saw a large house on the other side of the street. I walked out onto the street and realized I was somewhere on Gallia Street in New Boston, Ohio.

I stopped and thought I heard footsteps coming from the attic of the house across the street. I heard Birdie's voice but couldn't distinguish what she had said. I walked across the street and saw Birdie standing on the porch of the house. She was wearing a long brown dress. I immediately touched her, and I wanted to feel her around her waist. I said, "It's been a long time since we've touched each other."

I told Birdie I had heard footsteps in the attic of the house and asked, "Do you live alone here?"

She seemed almost demented and the entire scene seemed surrealistic. The air seemed permeated with dark shadows. I looked back across the street at the building out of which I had just come – it

looked like a large house instead of a theater. It had a window in the attic through which I could see a red light. I realized I had actually been living in the house; how strange it was that Birdie was actually living across the street from me.

Birdie began talking about the relationship between the two houses and said, "Oh Steve, we've broken the dynamic reservoir."

I wanted to escape from her. I didn't want to try to understand why she was here in the first place.

### **Dream of: 21 October 1983 "Jealous"**

I was at the Baylor Law School, reading a copy of the Baylor newspaper, the Lariat. About 10 men had put some special ads in the paper about women whom they loved. The ads covered from a quarter to a half of a page. Hernandez (a law student) and another law student I knew whose name was Robert had put ads in the paper for a woman named Mrs. Louise Reed. In my mind I could see both Robert and Hernandez dressed in black suits.

Both my girlfriend Louise's and Hernandez's names were written in longhand in Hernandez's ad, which also contained a picture. The names were difficult to read.

I knew that Louise had once been married to a fellow named Reed and that Reed had been her married name. In a way I was flattered that

Hernandez and Robert were in love with Louise. They had both obviously gone to much expense to put ads in the paper. I tried to restrain myself from becoming angry.

I was supposed to meet Louise in front of the law school and when I walked out front, I found her standing there. We talked for a minute. I hadn't intended to mention the ads, but suddenly I exploded and asked if she had seen the newspaper and the ads in it. She answered, "Yes."

I asked, "Did you see how many times your name appeared?"

She answered, "Yes."

I could tell she was flattered, but I still didn't think she cared for either of the two men. However, the whole idea of her having been married and leading them on perturbed me.

I began to become angry and she seemed to try to downplay it. I said she should be really happy she had been able to lead those guys on, so she now knew they were really in love with her.

We were preparing to go to my grandmother's house and began walking down the street. I knew if I became too angry, Louise would try to back out and not go with me.

She said she hadn't known she had been leading them on. I said, "Well, you certainly didn't act that way when you were dancing with

them at that party. You were just going wild with them at that party dancing."

She said I wouldn't dance with her. She protested further that she hadn't had anything to do with them and that I was just very jealous.

### **Dream of: 22 October 1983 "Killing The Fish"**

I was at the House in Patriot, Ohio (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child). I intended to begin classes at Southwestern High School about eight kilometers from Patriot. I had never received a high school diploma and felt I needed a diploma to continue in the world. The idea was a bit ridiculous because it didn't really make any difference whether a person had a high school diploma. What was important was what the person knew. Having a diploma wouldn't really help me, but I wanted to obtain it, nevertheless.

I thought I would like to take a class in calculus and I wondered if Southwestern had calculus classes.

I debated what to wear. I had on some dress slacks and a nice shirt, but I decided I wanted to wear blue jeans and my red-checkered, cowboy-type shirt.

I went upstairs to change. While I was there, I thought perhaps my maternal grandmother Leacy had some catalogs. I wanted to find

them and look in the women's lingerie section. I saw three books stacked on a book shelf. They had some kind of covering on them, so I couldn't tell at first if they were catalogs, but when I opened them, I saw they were.

I began leafing through all three but couldn't find a clothing section in any. Most pictures were of tools. Finally I pulled the cover off one and saw they were Montgomery Ward's catalogs dealing solely with tools and hardware. I began wondering whether Montgomery Ward had stopped making clothes.

I put the catalogs down and went back downstairs. I walked outside still thinking about going to the school. I wondered what the people with whom I had gone to the fourth and fifth grade when I had lived in Gallia County would think when they saw me returning. Perhaps the people with whom I had gone to school wouldn't even be there anymore and I would be older than the children who were there now. I then realized I was 30 years old and would definitely be much older than most of the other children. I began thinking of the young high school girls and how they would be much too young for me.

Nevertheless I wanted to return to school. I walked outside of the village and on till I could see Patriot behind me in the distance. I headed for the college at Rio Grande, Ohio.



On the way, I came to a small creek in a wooded area, sat down and looked at it. I saw a long-haired fellow walking nearby who seemed to be in a daze. Two other fellows were also walking nearby. One was carrying a large ironing board. The three met about three meters from me. The first fellow had a smoking pipe in his hand with marijuana in it. He passed it to the other two fellows and they passed it around. He looked over at me and asked if I wanted any. I said, "No, I don't mind if I take a toke."

After he walked over and handed me the pipe, I took a hit. As the smoke came out of my mouth, I saw some smoke curling up from the bowl and thought I would sniff it also. I finally passed the pipe to the fellow next to me and said, "I think it's out."

They passed it around again. The first fellow handed it past me to the fellow on my right instead of to me, even though I wanted it. Then the fellow on my right handed it back to me and I took another hit, but I didn't feel anything. I held the pipe in my hand a little while as some ashes fell out. About five other fellows gathered around. They all had long wet hair. My hair was also wet because I had taken a shower before I had left the house.

I saw that Rio Grande College was just on the other side of the creek. I asked the fellows if they went to school there. They said they hadn't,

and that they had gone to Baylor. I didn't say anything about where I had gone to school or that I had gone to Baylor. I began thinking I had actually gone to Baylor Law School, and not Baylor University.

The fellow with the ironing board and his friend said they were only visiting there for a while to explore the area. I pointed to Patriot and said I lived over there. I told them the name of the street I lived on and said that my grandparents' name was "Halley."

The fellow with the ironing board pulled out a pencil and began writing in large letters all the information on the ironing board. They thanked me, and everyone left.

As I stood beside the creek, a dog walked up. Apparently, the dog belonged to me. It began wading around in the creek, which was about 10 meters wide and shallow. I began wondering if any fish were in the creek. I saw something making a wave under the water and I kept looking to discern if any fish were in the water. At one point I thought I did see a fish. I began thinking I was mentally creating the wave myself.

I heard a radio playing in the background. On the radio someone said that someone had put into the creek some stuff which was killing the fish. I remembered then the first fellow I had met had had a little can of something. I wondered if he had put the stuff in the creek upstream

somewhere. He had been a rather disgusting fellow. How terrible it would have been to have killed the fish that way.

I walked along the creek and saw how the university apparently abutted the other side. I could see part of the university through the trees. Someone had put some old chairs on the other side of the creek by some trees. It looked as if a couple trees had been burned. It looked as if people sometimes had parties by the creek. It was wet and looked as if it had been raining.

### **Dream of: 25 October 1983 "Dead Fish"**

After moving to Dallas and beginning working as a lawyer, I began thinking about borrowing some money to start a small construction project to build a six to twenty-unit apartment complex.

I went to some kind of convention center in the middle of the day, sat down on some steps and began thinking about the project. Lynn (a Waco lawyer) walked past. I realized I was just sitting here thinking when I should be working; I didn't want him to see me. After he passed, I walked up the stairs to the second floor where I didn't think he would see me.

Upstairs many people were standing around in a wide-open space. I sat down and images of the apartments I wanted to build formed in my mind. In one image I saw the balconies of the apartments. In

another I envisioned circular steps leading up to the apartments. The apartments had three stories and each apartment had a gate around the balcony, but I couldn't make up my mind about the configuration.

I thought if I had six apartments, I might live in one rent-free while the others paid themselves off.

After I had thought about it for a while, Louise showed up. She and I boarded a car and headed for Waco. I took what I thought was a short-cut and ended up out in the country. It was quite nice and beautiful where we were. As we drove along, I asked Louise if she could see Waco in the distance.

Suddenly the road came to an end in front of a large cemetery. There I saw some ornate statues about four meters tall and I told Louise we should stop and look at them. Many small buildings in the cemetery also made it unique.

We pulled up, stepped from the car and walked into the cemetery. Immediately to our right stood what appeared to be a miniature castle used as some type of mausoleum. A tiny door about 15 centimeters square was on the side of the castle. Its hinges were on the top and it pulled up from the bottom. Louise pulled it open, looked inside and saw some dead fish lying in some water. She immediately shut the door and we walked on.

As we began looking around, it seemed as if we had entered a room with buildings on all sides. We stood back and looked at the building to which Louise had opened the door and realized it was actually a large castle.

A fellow and a girl were standing talking next to me. The girl asked the fellow when he thought the building had been built, but he didn't seem sure. I joined in and said, "Well, it looks like it's from the English Royal Court."

The fellow disagreed and said he thought it was from the district court.

A bust, which was a part of the castle, was sitting on a table behind us. Louise looked at the front of the bust and I looked on the back, where I saw the word "Graf" written. I knew the word meant "duke" in German and since a duke wasn't a king, I concluded the other fellow must be right: the castle wasn't from the royal court, but from a lower, district court.

A stairway nearby led up to a balcony where a man was standing. He began talking about how after World War II many people who wanted to improve their museums had looked for him to acquire things to put in them.

A gigantic crowd of people was waiting on the stairs and the man was going to lead the people through one of the upstairs rooms. I walked up the stairs, reached the door to the room and saw a table with a bunch of old flutes lying on it. I picked up one which looked as if it were over 100 years old and I began playing it. Although I was a bit rusty, I played quite well. Some other people also picked up flutes and began playing them. We played along for a while as we waited in line; I thoroughly enjoyed it. No one seemed to be objecting to my playing.

Finally the crowd moved along, and the guide showed the people through the upstairs.

Louise disappeared, and I was joined by Jon and Cathy. The three of us wanted to go through the upstairs room, but it was so crowded we couldn't go through before the guide came back out. He came out of the door as I was trying to go in, brushed me aside and went on.

Jon wanted to wait for the next tour and go through, but Cathy didn't.

So she and I walked back down the stairs and Jon said he would be inside on the tour for about 15 minutes.

I thought about telling Cathy I was now going to take her out behind one of the building and have intercourse with her. I was unsure, but I thought she would be willing. I thought about picking her up and carrying her out back.

We stood there a minute, but before we could do anything, Jon walked back down, and we all decided to leave and go home. The three of us walked away and headed down a road until we came to an intersection where we encountered a red wagon which appeared to be a fire wagon. It was about three by seven meters and had a lot of stuff on it. I didn't know what it was doing here.

Some people were standing nearby trying to decide what to do with it. A couple of them were talking about simply taking the stuff from the wagon for themselves; one person took something off the wagon. Another person picked up a little, pink overnight bag with some stuff in it and said he was going to take it for himself. The people talked about what they were going to do until I finally said, "Well, you're all just thieves if you take that stuff. Nothing but common thieves."

A woman standing nearby agreed with what I had said.

I walked away and Cathy, Jon and I continued down the street until we finally reached Jon's and Cathy's house and went inside.

My feet were rather muddy, and I noticed I had been tracking mud around.

I went out to the back porch and saw that someone had washed it. A wheelchair was sitting here. Cathy walked up beside me and referring

to her and the wheel chair, I said, "Well, we'll put this little old woman in this wheelchair and take her for a ride."

**Dream of: 26 October 1983 "Seeking Employment"**

I went to a mailbox with Louise and pulled out some letters from law firms to which she had sent resumes. Eleven letters were there.

We went to her apartment. I threw five or six letters on the table for her to look at, kept the rest and began going through them. I picked up a knife and used it to open the letters. I first read two rejection letters and then found a letter from Texas Instruments which requested Louise to resubmit her letter to them. They said Louise had improperly quoted some legal cases in the body of her letter. It appeared Louise hadn't carefully reread the cases. But the letter said Texas Instruments was very, very interested in talking with Louise. Another letter was from Western Savings Association, a Texas savings and loan. It explained a little about the company. It said Louise had written to Western Services rather than Western Savings Association. She therefore needed to write back to the correct people. They were also interested in talking with her.

Two other letters indicated interest in talking with Louise and had enclosed forms for her to fill out. One of them was from Southern



Methodist University in Dallas and concerned working on the university's legal staff as a professor.

When I finished, I looked at Louise and asked her what the others said. She said they had all been rejections. She looked despondent. I said, "Well, some of these aren't rejections. You ought to look at them."

I handed them to her and she began looking at them. I showed her one letter first and said, "This one wants you to come and interview." She brightened up and seemed happy.

### **Dream of: 27 October 1983 "The Avengers"**

I walked into a library; Louise was sitting in a chair by the side of the room. She was reading a book and she hadn't seen me enter. I wanted to look at some comic books which I knew were on a shelf in the library, but I didn't want Louise to see me reading them. I walked over to where the comics were and began going through them. They were Marvel comics.

I became absorbed in looking at their bright colorful covers and thought I would pick out several to read. I hadn't read comics in such a long time and wanted to see what they were like at present. I picked up a couple copies of "The Avengers" and a copy of "Thor," sat down in a lounge-type chair and began leafing through them.

I could still see Louise, but I held the comic books in front of my face so she couldn't see me. I wanted to keep an eye on her and would occasionally peek at her over top of the comic book.

I was a bit perturbed because she hadn't noticed me. Finally she rose and began to leave. She walked past me but apparently didn't see me. I said something to her and she saw me. She walked around a little counter and sat down next to me.

I was quite angry by now because she hadn't been paying any attention to me. When she sat down, I turned to her and said, "You fucking bitch."

She immediately became upset, rose and began to leave. I said, "Oh, by the way, I'm going to be leaving here soon."

I meant I was simply going to leave her. She was visibly hurt by that. She walked away, and I regretted what I had said, but I couldn't take it back. She walked out, and I thought, "Well, maybe we'll just be angry tonight and make up tomorrow. Who knows."

A man had walked in and sat down in my chair with me even though other chairs were nearby. I sat with him for a while, but then reached over, pulled up another chair and sat in it.

Meanwhile someone had erected a movie screen in the room and a movie had begun on it.

I began wondering where I would go now. We were on the border of Mexico; perhaps I would go to Nuevo Laredo in Mexico. I could spend the evening across the border. I might go to a bar, but I didn't want to drink anything alcoholic. I didn't want to drink Coke either. Perhaps I could drink a diet Coke. I wondered what the people would think if I began ordering diet Coke in a Mexican bar.

It would be interesting to leave Texas for a while. I also thought about going to New York and practicing law there.

I rose, walked outside and boarded a car driven by Jon. We drove around, and I told Jon I was thinking of going to New York to practice law. I said nothing remained in Texas to hold me now.

Jon and I were both having trouble with a motorcycle gang. Finally we saw the gang and began chasing it out into the country. We had some friends in other cars who were also chasing the gang. We drove down a country road and I became so involved in where we were going, I pulled out a pencil and paper and began drawing a map of the area.

Jon did the same.

The countryside was quite beautiful, and we were surrounded by forest. We reached some members of the gang and Jon tried to push them off the road with his car. He managed to push one off the road, but the others escaped. However, we saw where they went.

We backed up a hill we had just come down. At the top of the hill we encountered one of our friends in a car and told him the motorcycle gang was at the bottom of the hill.

We wanted to find the rest of our friends and began driving toward the tail lights of cars I could see in the distance which I thought were our friends.

Suddenly Jon pulled out a letter he had for me. I thought it was from the State Bar of Texas and would say whether I had passed the Texas bar exam. It was a thin envelope and I thought, "Well, thin envelope means good news. Fat envelope means bad news. This is the kind of thing I would like to show Louise."

But since I wasn't going to see Louise anymore, she wouldn't even be able to celebrate my becoming a lawyer. That made me sad.

I ripped the envelope open, pulled the letter out and began reading it.

But it was dark, and the print was so tiny I couldn't see it as we moved along.

Finally we came to a little town and I began reading the letter to Jon, "Well, we regret ...."

But the letter hadn't actually said that. I had just said that to kid Jon. We pulled into a lighted area and Jon stopped the car so I could read.

The letter turned out to be an advertisement for bread. It also

contained a little cardboard card which could be bent and made into a box. It had a picture of a cow on it. The box had little slots on the sides in which the tabs could be stuck to make a diagonally-shaped box. Apparently, money could be put in the slots.

We had stopped in front of a store. I looked outside and saw another box identical to mine only much larger. It was about two thirds of a meter tall and also appeared to have a slot into which people could put things. It had some kind of pictures and design on it.

### **Dream of: 04 November 1983 "Winning The Battle"**

My father, my sister and I were in the Gallia County Farmhouse having a gun battle with some people who were gathered near the mailbox at the bottom of the hill in front of the Farmhouse. My father and I both had shotguns, his being a .512 caliber. I had earlier bought shells for both my father and myself.

Carrying my shotgun, I slipped down to the bottom of the hill and shot and killed a man by the mailbox. I then managed to capture one of our adversaries. The man whom I had captured had two sons at the bottom of the hill. They were all extremely angry.

I led my captive back to the front porch, left him there and walked into the Farmhouse for a moment. When I returned to the front porch, the man was sitting in a rocking chair and my sister was sitting on his

lap facing him. I decided I was also going to have to shoot him. I pointed the gun at his head and pulled the trigger. But nothing happened – the gun didn't discharge.

I opened the gun, looked inside and saw two chambers. Since the bullet was on the opposite chamber from the trigger I had pulled, I switched the bullet to the other chamber. I closed the gun and again pointed it at the man's head. I pulled the trigger and the gun discharged. It made no sound, but I could see a small, round hole in the man's head where the bullet had entered. I thought blood would come out, but it didn't. The man slumped over, obviously dead.

I returned inside and walked into the bedroom on the ground floor. Sensing that we were about to be ferociously attacked, I searched for more shells on the gun case.

I could hear people clamoring at the bottom of the hill. There appeared to be more of them than I had anticipated. I thought, "The only thing important now is to win this battle and live through it."

I asked my father where the .512 shells were. I couldn't find them, and I worried we didn't have enough.

When I returned to the porch to ask my sister if she knew where the shells were, I discovered that my sister had walked to the edge of the bank in front of the Farmhouse. Since the men were still standing and

talking at the bottom of the hill, I feared they would shoot her. I still thought the important thing was to win the battle, but I also thought,  
"I've got to save Linda, too."

I ran toward her, grabbed her into my arms and ran back toward the  
Farmhouse.

### **Dream of: 08 November 1983 "A Rumble"**

As I was walking with several other people along a little path near a body of water, we came to a place where the path had been washed away. We would have to jump across a little gorge to reach the other side.

I could see Duff (with whom I first came in contact in 1964 when we were both in the seventh grade) and Levy (a fellow law student) standing on a path below the one I was on. I hadn't seen Duff in a long time and was surprised to find him here. I thought Levy had probably gone to Columbus and was working there with Duff. I thought they were both intelligent people.

I reached my hand to Duff to shake his hand. He reached his hand toward me; but from our positions we were unable to touch each other. So we just waived at each other with our hands, which were still about a meter apart.

The other people with me were afraid to jump across the little ravine. I thought it looked as if snow was on the ground. I didn't intend to try jumping across the ravine because I was afraid I would slip. Finally, however, I decided to show the others how it was done. I took off running and suddenly I jumped. I thought I was going to miss and land on the bottom. I prepared myself for the impact. But I just kept floating and finally landed on the other side; I was thoroughly surprised when I landed.

I stood here and saw some other people swinging out into the lake from a vine. I thought Duff was going to swing out into the lake and I thought about doing it myself. But I recalled that a stick used to jut up from the middle of the lake and I was afraid I would hit the stick if I swung out into the lake. However, I couldn't see the stick anywhere and thought perhaps someone had removed it.

Some people were swinging far out over the lake and doing somersaults from the vine. I thought Duff was going to do it that way. Then I noticed some people I knew gathering in a nearby clearing. They were going to have a gang fight. Two sides were gathering. I saw seven or eight fellows, most of whom were black, whose side I wanted to be on.

The place reminded me of the west end of Portsmouth, Ohio.



The fellows were walking back and forth. They would go forward eight or nine steps and then back up eight or nine steps. They did it in rhythm as if they were practicing karate. Their feet were all in time. I likewise began walking back and forth trying to make my steps match theirs. We walked back and forth about a dozen times. I noticed Duff hadn't joined in.

As we moved, we began swinging our fists in karate punches. All of the fellows except one were larger than I.

As I swung my fists, I observed how weak my arms felt. I didn't think I would have much impact when I actually hit someone. I thought how good it would have been if I had been taking karate for a long time.

We continued for about five minutes.

Most of the fellows with whom I was practicing were black. A couple of them looked like black fellows I had known in high school. I was impressed by how big and muscular they were.

Suddenly someone about my size walked up and acted as if he were hitting me in the stomach. I realized all the people with whom I had been practicing had sat down. Now the other side was practicing. The other side looked rather vicious.

Suddenly my side jumped up and began fighting the other side. A rumble ensued, and it became violent. I tried to find someone my own

size to fight, and as I walked through the mass, I hit three or four people.

Chairs had been set up around the field. When the fighting became too rough, some of the people would go over and sit down in the chairs.

The whole arena cleared out except for one fellow who was the largest fellow on our side. He was being severely beaten by a large fellow from the other side. Our fellow had long black hair and a leather jacket. He was rather handsome. He was lying on his back and the other fellow was pounding his face. I thought about trying to help him, but realized the other fellow was so much larger than I, it would be futile. I would be smashed to pieces.

I sat and watched the fellow's face being pounded and pounded. I was afraid he was going to be severely injured; but I did nothing to stop it.

### **Dream of: 09 November 1983 "Hope To Die"**

I had transported a couch and television set into a field which seemed to be on the Gallia County Farm. Nearby was a dump where sundry items of junk had been discarded. As I cast my eye over the trash, I had the feeling that I wasn't supposed to be here, that something was forbidden about this place; but I stayed anyway.

I was able to hook up the television and turn it on. But after watching it for a while, I finally turned it off. However, to my surprise, after I had turned off the television, I thought I could still hear voices. I even unplugged the television; but the voices continued. Something about the voices unmanned me and prompted me to want to depart. But reluctant to leave the television behind, I picked it up and began running with it up a small embankment. Still, I could hear the little voices following me.

Once I reached the top of the embankment, I noticed a metal globe of the world – about 30 centimeters in diameter – sitting on the ground. I turned around and kicked the globe back down the embankment, toward whatever was following me, hoping the globe would strike its target. But suddenly I heard one of the little voices clearly say, "Cross your heart and hope to die and ask the Lord to put you to rest."

I became terrified. I knew if I didn't hurry, something was going to catch me. Bounding to my car, which I had parked nearby, I jumped in, started the car, and began pulling away. But to my deep chagrin, part of the car slipped over an embankment. I was trapped. The car wouldn't move. I didn't know if I would ever be able to leave.

I wondered to myself, if I could escape, would I ever return to this place? I thought if I did return, the next time I might bring Louise with me. Perhaps we could investigate the place together.

**Dream of: 10 November 1983 "Transparent People"**

Louise was living in her own house on the Gallia County Farm. It was about eight o'clock at night, and Louise was having a big party at her house. I and many other people were present, and I had been drinking a little alcohol. I began looking for Louise but couldn't find her anywhere; I concluded she might be down in the barn in the hay loft with another man.

I went to the barn and began looking for her but couldn't find her anywhere. I returned to the house where time drug on and on. When I finally realized she had left, I became worried.

Another person and I then went to a nearby lake and began walking along a path on the bank. I knew Louise had a small blue Volkswagen and I was afraid she had tried to drive it along the path and had wrecked in the lake. As I walked along, I looked for the car in the water.

When the path finally gave way, my companion and I both slipped into the water. As I waded through the water, I thought about how the water was getting in my tennis shoes.

Suddenly, in front of me, I saw a large fish, which looked like a swordfish, lying against the bank. I said something to my companion, who was standing behind me, about the fish, which slowly swam past us. I had a stick in my hand and thought about knocking the fish in the head with the stick and capturing it; but I really didn't want to do that, and the fish swam on by.

As we continued wading along the bank, I noticed five, large, very pretty bugs on the surface of the water; the bugs were about sixty or seventy centimeters in diameter and they swam around us. We continued on until I was satisfied, I couldn't find Louise's car here.

We returned to the house and I continued looking for Louise. My companion and I walked into the toilet and began searching through the cabinets to see if Louise had taken any of her perfume with her when she had left. It appeared that some of her perfume was missing and that she might have packed some things before leaving. I noticed a small television which had only about a 10-centimeter-wide screen sitting on a shelf in the bathroom. I thought, "Well, she would have probably taken that if she'd been leaving."

Louise also had two children which she had left behind here. I commented that it didn't seem as if a mother would leave her two children like that.

The party cleared out, a couple days passed, and I was still trying to figure out what had happened to Louise. I realized if I were to look for her car and find it, I would also find her. I felt certain something terrible had happened to her and I would never see her again.

When I heard a car pull up outside, I looked up and saw Louise, wearing a coat, walk in the door. I was overjoyed and angry at the same time. I ran to her, grabbed her and pulled her coat off. She could tell I was very angry and said, "This is the angriest you've ever been at me, isn't it?"

I said, "Yes."

Even though I was angry, I was unspeakably overjoyed to see her. I wanted to know exactly where she had been and said, "Where have you been?"

She seemed rather abstracted and said, "Oh, you mean last Friday when I left?"

I said, "Yea, in the middle of the party you left."

She began trying to explain. She said she had been walking around at the party and had begun doing yoga in front of some people. She mentioned someone's name who should have seen her and told me about it. I said, "No, they never told me."

She said she had seen me drinking alcohol. She had hoped I had changed but realized I had never really changed and was afraid I was never going to change.

I disagreed. I thought I had changed, and I was continuing to change, but I could see her point to a certain extent and that bothered me. She said she had merely wanted to get away for a little while and had driven away.

She lay on her back and as I held on to her, she began recounting where she had been. Suddenly a memory returned to her which she had forgotten. As the memory returned to her, it returned to me at the same time.

We remembered that while she had been away, she had gone to the lake and while she had been standing in front of the lake, a doctor whom she knew and trusted had come up and kissed her on the cheek.

As that memory returned to me, I could vividly see what had transpired; I seemed to be remembering something I had seen myself, but instead of Louise, a boy (16-17 years old) was standing by the lake. The memory returned to me like a jolt; it also jolted Louise. After the doctor had kissed her, Louise had been thrown into a state of shock because she realized the doctor was a homosexual.

In my memory, boy had fallen in shock into the lake. Louise likewise had gone into shock and was just now remembering what she had completely forgotten.

I recovered slightly from the memory and looked around me in the room; Louise was no longer here. In her place the boy was now standing in the room. The boy's mother was also in the room.

In one hand the boy had a long, curved sword and in the other he held a knife. He laid the sword down and positioned the knife in front of himself like someone who was going to commit hara-kiri. He told his mother it was something he had learned from the Samurai. He was very forceful and vibrant and said he was going to show her how it was done. I thought, "Well, surely he's not going to commit hara-kiri.

It's probably a collapsible knife. He's just acting like he's doing it."

The boy was wearing a green, army trench coat. Suddenly, with a deft motion, he stabbed the knife between his legs and as he pulled it back out, blood splattered the knife. At first, I couldn't believe what had happened.

The boy fell over onto his back. I ran to him and ripped open his pants. At first, I thought I saw some hamburger inside his pants and I thought he was just pulling a practical joke, but then I saw I was mistaken; he had no penis, and a hole had been slashed right between



his legs. I picked him up and screamed to his mother, "We've got to call a doctor! Call a doctor!"

The mother answered that she had already called one. I looked and saw standing outside the very doctor who had kissed the boy beside the lake. I screamed, "No! Not him! We can't let him touch him!"

She answered, "Well, there's no other doctor around. It's a long way to the doctor. We have to."

I put the boy down, reached out and picked up the long, curved sword which was still lying there. When the doctor walked in, I threatened him with the sword; but the doctor didn't move. I pulled the sword back, took a big swing and slashed the doctor with it. To my astonishment, the sword passed right through the doctor; he was transparent. I slashed him again several times, but the sword just passed right through him every time. I couldn't believe it; I was thoroughly frightened.

I turned to the mother to see if the sword would also pass through her. I pointed the sword between her breasts and touched her with it; I could immediately tell she was solid. Then I tried it again and saw she wasn't solid; she was also transparent. I passed the sword through her.

I went to the boy and tried the sword on him. His leg was sticking up in the air and I touched the leg with the sword; the sword went right through the leg. He also was transparent; they were all transparent. Something was very amiss there. I became extremely frightened and began hollering, "Mom! Mom!"

I hoped my mother was in the next room. I was terrified. Suddenly I realized I must be dreaming and tried to discern where I was. I tried to remember if I were in a home where my mother would be in the next room where I could holler to her; but I couldn't remember where I was.

I knew I could continue dreaming and perhaps manipulate the dream somewhat, but I was so frightened, I simply didn't want to continue, and I forced myself to awaken.

### **Dream of: 10 November 1983 (2) "India Account"**

My girlfriend Louise and I hadn't seen each other in over a week and I was very upset. We had had an argument and she had stopped coming around. I was beginning to think we weren't going to see each other anymore and I was trying to decide what I was going to do to stop thinking of her. Perhaps I should begin dating other girls to take her off my mind.

Although I already had a checking account, I had recently opened a second checking account at a local bank and had deposited about 41,000 into my new account. But then I lost my passbook and I thought I wouldn't be able to get my money back from the bank.

I continued to think about it; perhaps I could simply go and explain to the bank that I had lost my passbook. The money would still be there, and I would be able to get it. I remembered Louise's father worked at the bank and I thought, "Well, if I go in there, he knows who I am. He can identify me for them. And they'll be able to give me my money."

The account I had opened was called an "India account." I was planning to go to India and with that account I would be able to withdraw the money in India if I wanted.

I was in a house where I was living with my mother. I heard a knock at the door, went to open it and found a law student standing there.

He asked me if he could come in and I invited him in.

He said he had been going around looking for work and he wanted to know if we had any work there which he could do. I asked him what he was talking about. He said he was just going to houses trying to find work. I asked my mother if she had any work.

The walls in the room didn't have any plaster board on them and the ceilings also needed plaster board. I could see the brown, wood

rafters which were only about 10 centimeters deep. The house was quite small. I asked my mother if she would like the law student to put on some plaster board for her. She didn't seem as if she wanted to pay anyone to do it. She wanted me to do it. But I simply didn't want to do it.

I asked the fellow how long it would take him to do the ceiling and he replied, "Oh, about nine hours."

I turned to my mother and said, "Look, you could just pay him twenty-five or thirty dollars. He would probably only charge us \$3.15 an hour. Get it done that way. I just don't have time to fool around with all this stuff."

She said no, and the fellow began to leave. But I began talking to her again and finally she said yes. I said to him, "If you do a good job, maybe she'll let you do some more."

I was trying to make sure he would do a good job. He asked us if he could drink some beer while he was doing that. It offended me that he had waited till now to ask if he could drink beer while he was working.

But then he backed off and said he might just bring in a little friend to help him. But it was crowded enough in the room the way it was, and I

didn't want him to bring any little friends in. I was angry he hadn't said anything about any of this before we had negotiated the deal.

**Dream of: 17 November 1983 "Connection With Poor People"**

I found myself sitting in the living room of a house watching a television show about the funeral of Martin Luther King. People had filled a large church and were mourning King's death. Both black and whites wept and lamented his passing.

I was deeply moved and found tears forming in my eyes. Since I didn't want other people in the room to see me crying, I hid my face. I recovered, walked around in the house and realized the funeral was actually taking place in this humble house.

I walked outside and saw the house was located in an impoverished section of the city. I thought Dr. King had chosen the house for his funeral to show his connection with poor people.

I decided to leave and began to cross the street to reach a pick-up truck I had parked on the opposite side. Three black girls came out of the house and one approached me. She seemed as if she wanted to fight me, but I simply boarded my truck.

The three girls boarded a car directly behind me and before I could start the truck, they began pushing my truck with their car. They

pushed me through a stop sign and into the intersection of a street.

Then they turned right and drove off.

I was angry and decided to follow them for an explanation. I chased them for several blocks, but finally lost sight of them.

### **Dream of: 20 November 1983 "Graduation Speech"**

I had returned to Portsmouth where I was planning to go to a high school graduation with my father and my mother. The three of us boarded a car. I had never graduated from high school and even though I hadn't been to a high school in a long time, I was going to participate in the graduation.

As we drove along, my father and my mother began talking about six different topics – each graduating student would be asked to comment on one of the six topics.

One of the topics dealt with the right of the Palestinians to remain in Palestine. When my father began giving his opinion of the topic, I wondered what I would say about the topic.

I told my father I had no guarantee I would be asked about the Palestinians. I might be asked about any of the six topics. He told me not to worry, that he had seen many people fake what they had to say at graduations when they didn't know what they were talking about. I thought my old high school classmate and friend, Weinstein, would

probably be at the graduation. I didn't want to foul up what I said in front of him.

My father and my mother continued talking about the Palestinian situation. Since the Palestinians had been born in Palestine, I thought they should be allowed to remain there, but I was unsure whether they should be fighting there.

When we arrived at the school, I stepped from the car and I donned a large brown coat lying in the front seat which I thought belonged to me. My father asked me how I felt and whether everything was all right. I answered, "Fine, except this coat doesn't seem to fit."

I looked at the coat and realized my father had a coat similar to mine. I had put on his coat by mistake. I took it off and put it back in the front seat. I then put my coat on.

We headed inside, and I resumed considering what I was going to say.

### **Dream of: 20 November 1983 (2) "At The Bar"**

Louise, who was wearing something pink, and I had gone to a bar in Portsmouth. We sat down at a table and Louise began drinking something alcoholic. I wasn't drinking anything, and Louise's drinking alcohol bothered me. I stood up and when I looked at her, she seemed almost like a little baby.

A fellow wearing black pants, a black shirt and a black cowboy hat walked up, sat next to Louise and leaned over into her face.

Although the fellow was rather large, I immediately jumped up and jerked him away from Louise. I held onto him and pushed him away.

He obviously wanted to fight, and I said, "I just want you to stop bothering my wife."

Finally he angrily walked away.

Louise stood up, walked toward the door and went outside. I thought the man was going to follow her, but instead he walked over to the side of the room. I followed Louise outside into the street. She was so intoxicated she could barely walk; she was stumbling excessively. I walked to her, held her and said, "We need to look for the car and leave here."

I began looking for the yellow car Louise used to own, but I couldn't find it. Finally we saw my green 1973 Mercury Comet and headed toward it. But she didn't want to leave. She wanted to return to the bar. I acted nonchalant and said, "Well, you can go back in there, can't you?"

"Yes," she answered.

"And you can sit down and drink some?"

"Yes."



"You can sit down and talk to the men in the bar, can't you?"

"Yes."

"And they can buy drinks for you, can't they?"

"Yes."

"And then you can suck their dicks, can't you, you whore!"

She became very angry.

### **Dream of: 26 November 1983 "Strip Joint"**

I had moved my office into the office which Jim Terrell (a Waco attorney) had previously been occupying in the Law Office in Waco, and I was sitting at my desk in the Office.

A lady who was waiting in the reception room had talked with me once before and I had sent her away to gather more information. She wanted to talk with Vaughn (another Waco attorney) and she was becoming increasingly impatient with waiting.

I walked out to the reception room and began talking with her. She was a thin lady (around 45 years old). She wore glasses and was unattractive. She told me she was going to leave and find another lawyer because she needed to talk with someone immediately. Both Vaughn and Terrell were busy at the moment. I started to recommend her to someone and tell her to go ahead, but then I thought, "Well I'll just invite her into my office."

I said, "Well, Mr. Vaughn is busy right now, but I can probably help you if you just want to come right in here."

I was rather satisfied with my actions and I thought, "Well, this is just a client that we wouldn't even be getting if I hadn't thought to invite her into my office."

She walked into my office, sat down and began explaining her problem to me. It had to do with a contract. As she talked, I didn't quite grasp all the facts, but then she showed me some papers and told me the contract had been signed in January of a certain year. I began writing some of the dates. It appeared the entire time involved was about four months.

The affair had something to do with a strip joint for male dancers. She began going into details and said a fellow named "Bob" who had been wearing a G-string had given her some information.

I continued listening, trying to piece together the story. I pondered how I would possibly handle the suit. I figured I would need to do some things which would require some expense money. I wondered if she had already given Vaughn or Terrell a retainer fee. I thought I would probably have to ask her for a retainer fee and I wondered if I should ask only for expenses or for more. I thought, "Well, maybe I'll ask for \$100."

Then I thought, "Well, no. I'll ask for \$250."

I felt hesitant about asking her for a retainer. I didn't know exactly how to pose the question.

I stood up and was preparing to tell her I could handle her case for her. I was going to tell her I could probably handle the case as well as Vaughn and my services would probably cost her less money. Just because one lawyer was paid more didn't necessarily mean he was doing a better job.

### **Dream of: 28 November 1983 "Bolivia"**

While I was talking with Vaughn and his wife in the Law Office in Waco, Vaughn mentioned he had once had a house in Rio. I said, "Rio? You mean Rio de Janeiro?"

He said that was right. He said he had lived there for a while but had had a problem spending too much time vacationing while he was there. He used to pack up his things, go to the lake and spend the day there. But since he didn't really enjoy doing that, he had finally sold the house, which apparently had been quite nice.

I began thinking about what a cultured lady Mrs. Vaughn was. She had traveled around the world and could speak different languages. Perhaps I should become better acquainted with her. I wanted to talk with her and learn more about her.

Vaughn indicated he would like to deal more with Latin America and I mentioned that if he had some money, he might be able to become involved in one of the Latin American governments. He said he would like to do that. I began considering which country would be best to become involved with and thought about Bolivia but was uncertain. Vaughn indicated he didn't want to work there as a lawyer but would prefer to somehow buy his way into the government. However he said if he were 25 years old, he would go to Latin America and begin working as a lawyer. I said, "I know exactly what you mean." In my mind I saw the words "twenty five" handwritten on a page. Even though I was older than twenty-five, I understood what Vaughn meant.

I began considering how my girlfriend Louise and I would look for work if we were to go together to Latin America. If we would go to Rio de Janeiro, for example, it would be difficult to explain to the people there what kind of work we did. But I might be able to make up a series of charts and show the people through the charts.

I thought I would have a chart explaining about Baylor Law School and how Baylor was renowned for its trial lawyers. I imagined myself standing in front of the people in my suit explaining the charts. Then they would be able to see how well I could speak in front of people.

My old friend Steve Buckner walked into the room. Vaughn saw him coming and left. He apparently didn't want to talk with Buckner.

Buckner was now also working for Vaughn. I had been with Buckner in a class at law school and had mentioned to him that Vaughn had a clerking position open. Buckner had come to the office and been hired for the position.

Buckner sat down, and I sat beside him. He had acne on his face. I asked him how he was doing, and he said things weren't going well for him. They were about as bad as they could be.

I could tell by looking at Buckner he had probably been drinking a lot of alcohol and smoking a lot of marijuana. He had apparently let himself go and he didn't seem to have any self-discipline or restraint. I felt quite the opposite. I felt I had exercised much self-discipline in my life and I wasn't in Buckner's position. How awful it must be to let oneself completely go as Buckner apparently had done.

### **Dream of: 28 November 1983 (2) "Fleas"**

My mother and I had gone to the country to look at a house which was for sale. We looked at several houses and finally came to a rather small one.

We walked to the front door. A woman answered the door and invited us into the small living room. The people living there reminded me of

a poor family which used to live across the street from the West Side House (a house in West Portsmouth, Ohio where I lived in 1971). The house looked quite poor and dismal inside. The paint on the wall was cracked. I asked if I could walk through the rest of the house. They said I could, but I shouldn't look at the dishes piled up in the sink.

A boy (about 10 years old) began showing me through the rest of the house. We walked through a door which had been shut and entered a large room which I thought would have made a better living room than the small front room which was used as a living room.

I was then led into the kitchen. I saw no dirty dishes in the sink, but I did notice a few pots and pans on the table. A small pantry was in the kitchen. My mother hadn't gone into the kitchen and I began thinking she should have come to see what it was like. It was rather large, and I was beginning to think it wasn't such a bad house after all.

I stomped my foot on the floor a few times to see how sturdy it was. I noticed I had picked up some fleas. I wasn't wearing a shirt and saw a number of fleas on me. I began picking them off my chest and arms. I pinched them and threw them onto the floor. It was disgusting how many of them were on me. I saw about a dozen on me at once.

I returned to the living room. The woman who owned the house was talking about having a party in the house. I thought maybe the place would look better if they cleaned it up for a party.

She began talking about the price of the house. Apparently, she had been offered \$16,400 for it. She said she wanted more than that. My mother acted as if she weren't interested.

They discussed the figure \$17,000. My mother didn't want to offer that much, but finally she said she would offer them \$17,000. She said she wasn't going to waste time about it. They could either take it or leave it. I was unsure how much the house was worth, but I thought if it were cleaned up, it would be worth \$17,000. I thought it would also have to be fumigated to exterminate the fleas. But I feared the fleas couldn't be exterminated.

I could tell by looking at the woman she was probably going to accept the offer. Suddenly I said, "Boy this place sure does have the fleas, doesn't it."

I picked off a couple more fleas and threw them down. I thought about the poor little 10-year-old child who must have to constantly have to contend with the fleas. I felt sorry for him.

**Dream of: 29 November 1983 "Flawed Ring"**

When I had gone to pick up an engagement ring I had ordered for Louise, I discovered the ring had a nick on one side. I talked with the man who had given me the ring and learned he had tried to hammer out a flaw on the ring. The side of the ring opposite the flawed side was also damaged and appeared to have gold paint peeling off it. Birdie walked in; I showed her the ring and we stood scrutinizing it several minutes. I was quite upset about the flaw and told Birdie we should refuse to take it; we should order a smaller, more perfect diamond which we had earlier seen.

We walked into another room where many people were sitting around different tables. Birdie walked over to one table and sat down while I sat at another one. I lost sight of her for a while. When I saw her again, she was sitting alone at a table; she braided her hair in a number of strands in a becoming way. She looked young and beautiful.

### **Dream of: 30 November 1983 "Recorded Dream"**

I was thinking about how my old friend Steve Weinstein had visited me once when Louise had been with me. Louise and I had been lying down together and I had pulled Louise's blouse up so her breasts had been visible. Weinstein had come over to her and had had begun



biting her breasts; but I hadn't wanted him to do it, because I had feared he would scratch Louise with his whiskers.

As I lay thinking about the episode, Weinstein actually walked into the room. I was surprised and happy to see him. I hadn't talked to him in a long time; he looked older. He sat down, we began talking and I told him I was now a lawyer. He nodded his head as if he figured as much. He didn't seem impressed and I wondered if that meant anything. He asked, "Have you been well introduced?"

I knew what he meant by that. I wanted to tell him I had met five or six important people who were financially well-off. I thought specifically of Mr. Woods (a legal client). I said, "But I haven't met any artists lately."

I regretted that.

Louise walked into the room; I was happy to see her. She sat down next to us with her back to Weinstein. I felt very close to her and felt I really loved her.

When she sat down it looked as if her skirt pulled up some; I thought Weinstein was able to look up her skirt from the back, but I was unsure. In a way I wanted Weinstein to look up Louise's skirt so he could see what a nice body she had.

Weinstein picked up Louise's cassette player, which was lying near him, and turned it on. I heard my voice and thought the cassette was of a dream I had recorded. I heard my voice say the word "Steve," and was unsure whether I had been referring to Steve Weinstein or Steve

Buckner. I looked at Steve and said, "I dream about you a lot."

He reversed the tape to the beginning, began going through it again and I heard screaming and arguing in the background coming from the tape. I didn't know what it was at first, but then I realized what it was and said, "That's Louise and I arguing."

I didn't think that was a very good thing for him to be listening to, but it was right there on the tape.

The tape continued and suddenly someone began singing. The music was quite nice and I realized it was music I had recorded and forgotten was on the tape. Apparently, I had recorded it before I had recorded the dream. I lay down on the floor, Weinstein lay on the bed and we continued listening to the music.

### **Dream of: 30 November 1983 (2) "Deteriorated Songs"**

I was sitting in a room which was my bedroom. When a fellow walked in and sat down on the bed, I looked at him for a minute. When I finally realized that he was Bob Dylan, I asked, "Are you Bob Dylan?"

He said he was. After we began talking, he told me that he had bought some land in a farm-area in Kentucky and that he was going to move into a cabin there. Although he told me the name of a city near the land, I did not recognize it, and I asked him where the land was in relation to Lexington, Kentucky.

After I told him I had a Cabin in Ohio, I looked for my photo album which contained a picture of my Cabin (on my paternal grandparents' Gallia County Farm), but I could not find the album anywhere. When I told Dylan that I had built my log Cabin myself, he seemed quite impressed.

Thinking that I would not mind living with Dylan in the wilds of Kentucky, I asked, "Puedes hablar español?"

He answered, "What?"

He had seemed to understand me. I continued, "Puedo enseñarte español."

I explained to him that I had told him in Spanish that I could teach him Spanish. He seemed pleased with the idea.

I was unpacking my cassette tapes and other things from a large chest. I told Dylan that I had been living there for several months and that I had only now begun unpacking my things.

I wanted to ask him why his songs had deteriorated after he had become a Christian, but I did not know exactly how to pose the question. I also wanted to know if he intended to continue writing songs.

**Dream of: 03 December 1983 "Sitting Buddha"**

I was living in an upstairs room of a small garage apartment where Brian had previously lived. When I had moved in, I had given Brian over \$200 with which to pay my rent. I later learned Brian hadn't used the money to pay my rent and I became quite upset. Brian stopped in to visit me and I confronted him with the fact. He said he had had to use the money elsewhere. I was quite perturbed and told him I had to have the money because the rent had to be paid.

We walked outside to the bottom of the outside stairs talking about the matter. Brian was trying to figure out some way to obtain the money. Suddenly a poor black fellow who was apparently a friend of Brian's walked by. Brian called him over and asked if he could borrow twenty dollars from him. The fellow pulled out his billfold and gave Brian the money.

Some other people walked up and Brian did the same thing with them. One of them, who reminded me of Martin, said he would like to loan Brian some money because he thought Brian was a good risk and

asked me what I thought. I didn't say anything. Brian soon gathered a substantial amount of money; I remarked how well Brian borrowed money. Perhaps I should be helping him since I had been considering becoming a loan broker.

I asked Brian if he had enough money to pay me; he said he thought he did. We went into the house and he gave me the money. I spread it out on the table and began counting it. I had thought he had some \$100 bills, but after spreading it out I didn't see any hundreds.

I did however see the top half centimeter of a \$100 bill which had been cut off from the rest of the bill. I held it up, showed it to Brian and said, "Nobody's going to accept this, you know."

He said, "Oh yea, they'll accept it. I'd bet \$100 on it."

I said, "Oh, you want to bet \$100 on it? I'll bet you \$100."

But then I backed off and thought, "Na, I'm not going to bet \$100 because they might accept it."

But then I thought, "I need to become more decisive in my actions. If I say I'm going to do something then do it and not hesitate."

I said, "Yea, I'll bet you \$100 that this little piece of a \$100 bill is not acceptable."

Then Brian backed off and he didn't want to bet.

I continued looking at the money and saw other bits and pieces of money mixed in with it. One piece looked like a ten dollar bill. Brian said it was some kind of bank draft. He seemed to know what he was talking about; I remembered he was presently studying bills and notes at law school.

I found one tiny piece of paper money about the size of a penny except it was irregularly cut. I looked at it closely and saw a picture of a sitting Buddha on it.

A friend of Brian's entered. I had quite a few of my possessions lying around; my flute was lying on the table. Another fellow was standing outside the door. I realized both the fellow who had entered and the other fellow outside were playing flutes. The flutes were quite small, only about twelve centimeters long.

They sounded quite good. I thought, "Well, Brian has some friends who come around just to play music with him. These must be a couple of them. I need to have some friends to play music with like that." Brian left before we were fully able to resolve the matter of how much money he still owed me.

I walked into the next room. I heard someone enter the house, went back into the room where I had been and found a young fellow and a young girl there. They were the son and daughter of the landlord. I

didn't appreciate their walking in like that; I asked them if they thought they should knock before entering. Before they answered, their father walked in.

I began explaining to him I had just moved in and was telling his children they should knock before they entered. He ignored me. He acted as if he hadn't even known I had been living there. I was unsure Brian had even told him I had moved in. They stayed for a few minutes and left.

I walked outside and down the stairs. I saw an apartment was below mine and someone had been remodeling it with brick. It looked as if it were going to be a nice apartment when it was finished. Some people inside seemed to be laying brick for a chimney.

### **Dream of: 07 December 1983 "Kidnapping"**

My girlfriend Louise and I were in the bedroom of an apartment. While Louise was sitting on the bed in her blue robe, a man abruptly ran into the room and locked the door behind him. I thought I recognized him as Billy Boren's (a legal client) grandson and I thought his name was Keith Sherrill. He said someone was chasing him, and he thought it was Borens's son, but he was unsure. He put the chain on the door.

I thought I understood what was wrong. I thought it was all a big mistake because I hadn't told Boren's son I had had Keith Sherrill do something for me.

A knock came at the door and someone said, "Open up the door."

I said, "Who is it? Is this the Borens?"

The person said, "Hell no."

But it sounded like them and I still thought it was the Borens outside. I said, "Well, this is Steve Collier. If you want to tell me what it is, I'll take care of it. If not we'll call the police."

They said, "All right, let's go."

Suddenly they began pounding on the door and broke it open, but the chain still held. They pushed again, broke the chain and two burly men rushed in.

I realized it wasn't the Borens and immediately became frightened. One of them grabbed Louise and picked her up. The other came after me. Louise began screaming, "Help! Help! Help!"

I began screaming at the top of my lungs, "Help! Help!"

I could see through the door to the door of a neighboring apartment. I hoped someone there would realize we were in trouble and call the police. I screamed, "Help! Kidnapping! Help!"

Louise screamed the same thing. I didn't see Keith Sherrill anywhere.



### **Dream of: 08 December 1983 "Line Of Nuns"**

I was at the Gay Street House. Vaughn, for whom I was working, had an office upstairs in the House. I had stayed overtime to work tonight for him. He had seven or eight other men about my age also working for him. They likewise had stayed over tonight to work.

As I sat there, I began thinking about how much I admired Vaughn. I felt as if I loved him. He had so many young men working under him and was able to teach them so much while they worked. We all had much respect for him.

I thought about our age difference and how Vaughn was 10 years older than I and the other men working here. Nevertheless, he was still able to relate so well to us. I thought not many men could feel comfortable with younger men like that and teach them as he did.

Finally the others finished their work and prepared to leave. They went downstairs. But it took me about 15 minutes more to finish up. I thought they were all going to leave without me.

I found some photographs of me lying nearby and began looking at them. I looked quite young in most pictures. One picture was of me, but I looked very much like my grandfather Liston. I was old in the picture and my eyes were sunken back into my head. Nevertheless I had a youthful appearance. I was wearing a white shirt in the picture.

I had turned on a light. I wondered if the others had seen the light on, realized I was up there and were waiting for me. Finally I finished and turned the light off.

I headed downstairs. Before I went down, I turned on the stair light. But when I reached the bottom of the stairs, I couldn't find a switch to turn off the light. I thought, "Well, I'll just go ahead and leave it on anyway. I don't want to go back and turn it off. It's not going to waste that much electricity, even if it does stay on all night."

I walked into the front office of the downstairs and found a young man sitting there. He seemed like Weinstein, but he also reminded me of Buckner and Anderson.

I was glad to see him, but he didn't seem happy to see me. He began talking and was very critical of me. It seemed as if he didn't even want to talk to me, so I walked into the neighboring secretary's office and sat down. We were silent for a while, but finally began talking again, even though we couldn't see each other.

He seemed critical of just about everything I was doing. Apparently one time we had been riding around in a car and had had a pact that we weren't going to talk to each other. But I had begun talking to him and he criticized me because I had been unable to maintain silence.

He said he had wanted to remain silent.

I wondered if he knew I was now a lawyer. He said something about evidence and that I should know a lot about that now. He seemed to be criticizing the fact I had even become a lawyer. But he didn't directly mention my being a lawyer.

It was late at night. The window was open in the room in which I was sitting. I looked out it and saw a line of women walking toward the window. Right before they reached the window, they made a sharp turn.

I realized they were all nuns and I was amazed to see them out there. I walked over to the window, sat down in a chair directly in front of the window and looked directly at the line of nuns. As the line continued toward the window, the nuns became progressively younger. At the end of the line were some little boys accompanied by some older nuns. One of the little boys had been misbehaving. One of the older nuns grabbed him and began slapping him in the face. A couple men stood nearby watching. The nuns continued walking away.

I walked back into the room where Weinstein was, sat down and began talking with him. I was thinking about showing him my dreams, especially the ones I had corrected with the word processor. I thought he might like to read them. I asked him and he indicated he might

want to read them, but he didn't want to read them if I had thoroughly analyzed and explained them.

I told him they were just the dreams themselves. I criticized him for suggesting I would have analyzed them.

I suddenly realized I was dreaming. I awoke, sat down and began writing the dream. I was in a cramped position and was having difficulty writing.

### **Dream of: 12 December 1983 "Frozen Spiders"**

I was walking along Valley Mills Drive in Waco admiring the construction of the new Westview National Bank building. Large granite blocks had been erected about ten stories high on one side of the building. Windows were to the right and the left of the granite blocks.

Another side consisted of blue and glass panes. I could see small, white specks on that side of the bank. They were about the size of the face of my watch. I wondered if someone would have to climb a ladder to reach them to scrape them off.

I tried to remember what had been on the land before the bank had been built. I thought several buildings had been bulldozed down to make way for the more important bank.

Mounds of dirt had been piled up for a curb along the side of a driveway to the bank. The concrete hadn't yet been poured for the driveway. I walked along the curb. It seemed like sand and I feared I would damage it. Finally I sat down along the curb.

I looked down at the ground and saw some holes with black spider in them. Some of the spiders ran into a hole. A couple spiders looked as if they had been smashed. Some looked as if they were frozen and were so cold, they could hardly move. Some more ran into the holes. I was unsure the spiders had made the holes; perhaps crabs had built them.

As I sat here, I saw a sailboat in the distance. I thought about how beautiful sailboats were. I would like to be on one. I rose and walked in the direction of the boat. I reached a body of water and saw several boats on the water.

I boarded a motor boat and began sailing over the water. Several other motor boats were nearby.

Suddenly I fell out of the boat and the boat began cartwheeling over the water. Finally it ran on to the shore. I swam toward it. I noticed another fellow likewise swimming toward the boat. He reached the shore first, walked to the boat and retrieved it. It was so small he

picked it up in one hand. It was only about 30 centimeters long. I waded up almost to the shore and he handed the boat to me. I realized then the fellow was Dave Wisener (a former high school schoolmate). I hadn't seen him since high school. I said to him, "Thanks, Dave."

He answered, "Nothing to it."

He jumped back into the water and swam off.

The boat had a cord attached to the motor. I began pulling the cord trying to start the motor. I was unsuccessful at first. The cord kept getting tangled up. But finally it started. I noticed it appeared to look more like a small fan than a motor boat. It had a wire frame. It was now so small I could hold it in the palm of my hand. The cord became wrapped around the blades and I tried to disentangle it even as the blades spun around. Finally I set it down on the shore.

### **Dream of: 13 December 1983 "Possibly Pregnant"**

While walking around a fair with Birdie, I had realized I might be pregnant. I didn't think I was but thought there was a possibility. I was worried and talked with Birdie about it.

I wanted to escape from Birdie and leave her permanently. But she followed me everywhere I went. Finally we both climbed to the top of a large slide at the fair. I decided I was going to escape from her no

matter what. I jumped onto the slide and slid down as fast as I could. I noticed how contorted the slide was as I sped toward the ground. Birdie also jumped onto the slide, came after me and reached the ground before I did. She was waiting for me at the bottom when I arrived.

We settled down at the fair that night and went to sleep. I awoke in the middle of the night and thought, "Now's my chance. I'll sneak away from her."

I arose and began slipping away. I saw some police nearby who knew of my problem. I felt like talking to them and explaining it more fully. But I hadn't gone three meters when Birdie jumped up and raced over to me. Apparently, she had been lying there awake. It seemed impossible to escape her.

I was still concerned I might be pregnant. I told Birdie I needed to go to a doctor to determine if I were pregnant. I was terrified by the thought. Perhaps I should have an abortion.

### **Dream of: 13 December 1983 (2) "Empire State Building"**

I was in the back seat of a car being driven by my old friend Weinstein. Anderson (another friend from my high school and college years) was also sitting in the front seat. We were headed for New York City. We finally reached the city and drove around in it. I saw the

magnificent Empire State Building and I commented about how beautiful it was.

We drove past a street with many theaters and neon lights. I was quite excited about being in New York where I planned to stay a while with Weinstein. I had \$1,500 with me and I thought that would last three months if I spent \$500 a month. I wanted to stay in New York on a permanent basis and thought about Weinstein, "He must be surprised to finally see me arriving in New York and planning on staying."

As we drove along, I said, "I'm going to have to find me a job."

I had my book of dreams with me and thought I would like for Weinstein to read my dreams. I knew I hadn't been faithfully recording the dreams lately, but I thought I would show him dreams I had previously processed on the word processor. I had quite a few of those he could read. I remembered I had recently had a dream in which Weinstein had appeared and I thought he would be more likely to read my dreams if he had been appearing in some.

We pulled into a parking lot at Weinstein's place and I said, "Will I be able to park here if I'm staying with you?"

"Sure," he answered.

I asked, "Well, is it always going to be empty?"



He answered, "Well, no. During the week it really fills up. You might have trouble finding a parking spot."

I thought at least it was free.

We stepped from the car, entered the building and ascended the stairs to Weinstein's place. I thought I needed to call Louise. I knew I wouldn't be able to call her often because it would cost too much. I would probably need to begin writing her instead.

We entered Weinstein's place. It was the same studio apartment he had been living in when I last visited him in 1979. I thought it would be difficult for him to move since he had so many books to take along. Weinstein and Anderson lay down on the bed in the room. Two chairs were pushed together next to the bed and I lay down on those. They were quite comfortable; I thought I would sleep on them while I stayed with Weinstein.

### **Dream of: 14 December 1983 "Drinking Party"**

Vaughn and I were in his office talking. I was afraid he would be upset because I had mishandled a couple projects I had been working on for him.

We began talking about my looking for another job. I told him I had begun, but I hadn't yet found anything. He said if I found someone else to work for, he would go to them and give me a good

recommendation. I told him I wasn't expecting him to actually go and talk with anyone. But he said that was what would be expected.

He said if he received a letter from the east saying that the person who was seeking employment looked good, what the letter really meant was that he should get his ass up there immediately.

I didn't expect him, however, to actually go somewhere to give a recommendation for me. But he began talking about what he would say. He said he would begin by telling how Steve used to throw little drinking parties. I thought he was going to continue by saying, "... but then he stopped." I knew he would have to say he had never seen me take a drink of alcohol in his life. I thought that would put me in a good light.

Instead he stood up and began telling a little story about himself and his days in law school. He appeared to have been drinking alcohol and he slurred some of his words as he spoke.

He talked about his first wife. I was surprised to hear he had even had a first wife since I hadn't known he had been married before. He said his first wife had been unfaithful to him with a man named "Paul." The story was rather sordid. Apparently, he had caught his first wife and Paul together at a drinking party.

**Dream of: 14 December 1983 (2) "Trial In The Bedroom"**

While I was sleeping nude in the upstairs back bedroom of the House in Patriot, Mrs. Whitworth (an elderly legal client), who was living in the House, walked in. I knew Mrs. Whitworth's husband was downstairs and I didn't want him to see me nude, but I rose from the bed and stood nude in front of her. We began talking about a case I was handling for her against Shrum (a Waco architect) and she said she had something important to tell me. She had received an offer from Shrum to settle the case for 60% of what Shrum had originally been asking. I thought about it and said, "That's great."

Before the trial had begun, we had offered to settle for 70% of what Shrum had been asking. Now he was apparently willing to settle for only 60%. I thought that would be excellent.

Mrs. Whitworth left the room and went downstairs. I lay back down, thought about the matter a while longer and suddenly realized I had urinated in the bed. The urine had soaked all the way to my feet.

I heard Mrs. Whitworth return to the next room and thought, "Well, since she's seen me naked once, it doesn't matter now."

I stood from the bed; I had a partial erection. I walked into the next room in front of her and felt rather aroused. She looked at me and asked what I was doing there. I held my hands over my penis, began

talking to her about the settlement and told her I thought it would be excellent to settle for that amount.

She left. I returned to the bedroom, began dressing and put on a suit.

People began walking into the bedroom and I realized they were assembling for the trial between Whitworth and Shrum, which was going to take place right here in the bedroom. A bench was set up for the judge and tables were arranged for the parties. The judge, whom I had never seen before, sat down. Mrs. Whitworth entered and she and I sat to the left of a long table in front of the bench.

A lady lawyer showed up to represent Shrum and sat on the table at the right. Louise walked in and sat down on the other side of the lady lawyer. I knew Louise was on my side. Both Louise and the other lady lawyer were wearing suits.

The trial commenced. Whitworth took the stand, which was on my right, and testified. Louise questioned Whitworth while I listened. The case was about a car wreck which had occurred at Whitworth's house. Whitworth lived in the second story of a house which had a garage under it. Apparently as she had been leaving her garage, she had hit Shrum's car.

After Louise finished questioning Whitworth, our side rested. I thought Whitworth had done an excellent job of presenting her case.

The opposing side didn't cross examine Whitworth.

The other side brought in a witness and the lady lawyer began her examination of the witness. She asked a question which I thought was irrelevant and I objected, "Objection, your honor. The question is a stranger to the instance."

The lady lawyer asked another question and I made the same objection.

I was the one who was going to cross examine the witness. The question I wanted answered was why Shrum's car had been at Whitworth's house in the first place. Shrum hadn't been driving it. I thought it was possible someone had parked the car there negligently.

That was the point I wanted to bring out with my questions.

I began thinking perhaps we had erred by only having had one witness.

### **Dream of: 14 December 1983 (3) "Hippopotamus Race"**

I was standing on a beach where a group of people had lined up along the shore about 20 meters from the water. In the water in front of the people was lined a row of hippopotami. It was soon apparent the hippopotami were going to race from the water to their owners.

Suddenly the race began. The bank was rather steep where I was standing but leveled off to become almost flat farther down the line.

All the people began calling their hippos and the hippos began heading toward their owners. The man nearest me was frantically coaxing his hippo. The hippo was having a difficult time because the bank was so steep there. Finally the hippo reached him and the man screamed out he had won. He ran down the line of the other contenders. He was suddenly disappointed to see two hippos at the end of the line where the bank was almost level had beaten him. The prize was already being given to the owner of the two hippos. The winner was talking to his wife and showed great affection for his hippos. He had erected a sign indicating one of the hippos had made it to him in 84 seconds. He said he had also won the contest the previous two years.

His two hippos meanwhile had returned to the water and had lain down. I looked more closely at one of them and thought it looked hairy and had horns. It looked more like a bull than a hippo.

People began preparing to leave. I was disappointed the race was over. I thought more races should be held since people had gone to so much trouble to come.

**Dream of: 15 December 1983 "Giants"**

Lynn (a Waco attorney) and I were together in a car which I was driving through the country. We had been traveling on the interstate highway for a long time. I had been thinking about something for so long I had practically forgotten I was driving. Finally I snapped out of my reverie and concentrated again on driving. I thought how the time had just disappeared while I had been thinking. I couldn't even recall what I had been thinking about for so long.

Finally we came to a dirt road and I pulled onto it. We continued along and I noticed we were no longer in a car but were actually walking along the road. I looked down the road and saw how it made a right turn ahead. A field was to our right and I decided to take a short cut across the field. Lynn followed me.

As we started across the field, I noticed a blue car and a couple other cars parked in the field. The tail lights of the blue car were on – so I concluded someone must be in it.

The dirt was a very soft in the field where we were walking. Finally we bent over on our hands and knees and began crawling along.

By the time we reached the middle of the field I noticed people walking toward us from several directions. They were extremely tall people – perhaps 20 meters. We were so small in comparison to the giants.

I had a knife in my back pocket. One of the tall men was also wearing a large knife. I hoped they weren't going to attack us. One also had a gun. As they walked past, I asked them where something was. The man with the gun pulled it out and pointed to the road with it.

Then he began talking about guns. He said something about a Magnum. #9; The gun he had was a bright silver color. He said it was only a .50 Magnum.

We continued crawling along and the tall man continued talking. We were all the way down on our stomachs. After we had crawled quite a distance from him, he shouted to Lynn and said, "From where I am, I might be able to blow your head off. But I would probably just hit you."

He aimed the gun at Lynn and fired. I heard the bullet hit near Lynn.

We crawled on and the man shot again at Lynn. I pulled out a gun which I had and asked Lynn, "Do you think I ought to shoot back?"

Lynn was absolutely terrified and shaking. He said, "No. No. Let's just go on."

### **Dream of: 16 December 1983 "Coffin On A Marble Floor"**

Louise and I were walking along Gallia Street in Portsmouth; we planned to go on a long journey together. It was becoming cold and I



realized Louise only had a short-sleeved shirt on. I told her I wished she had put on a long-sleeved shirt before we had left.

I was wearing a long-sleeved shirt and decided to give it to her to wear. But then I noticed a Clark's department store nearby and told Louise we could go in there and buy her something to wear. I didn't have much money, but thought she needed something on her arms.

We headed for the store.

Louise was planning to marry someone the next day; but she really didn't love the man she was going to marry and I was still going to continue to see her after she married. I thought it would work out just fine. But the more I thought about it, the more the thought of her marrying the other man bothered me. I wasn't really sure I wanted her to marry him. But I thought her mind was made up. I suddenly became choked up and spurted out, "I don't want you to marry him." I thought she wouldn't listen to me and would marry him anyway, but she said, "OK."

I said, "I want you to marry me."

She said, "OK."

As we approached Clark's, a car pulled up and Louise said her mother, Vivian, was in the car. I looked at the woman in the car and

saw she wasn't Vivian, but Birdie's mother, Mary Alice, whom I hadn't seen in a long time.

Louise ran to the car and boarded it.

Another car containing the man Louise was going to marry and his father pulled up. When the fellow stepped from the car and walked over to the car where Louise was, I boarded the car with the man's father and began talking with him. I learned he was a doctor and asked him some questions about that.

Since I thought Louise was pregnant, I asked him how it could be determined whether a person was pregnant. He said they used to tell by sticking their thumbs into a woman's vagina and feeling around. But now they had a new method whereby a long needle could be stuck into someone's stomach to tell. I said, "Well, that sounds awful painful. It doesn't sound like a very good way to tell."

Louise walked over to the car where I was. She was carrying a picture of Mary Alice and Bishop (Birdie's father) which Mary Alice had given to her. I hadn't seen Bishop in years. In the picture he looked exactly the same as he used to look, rather mean.

She also had a picture of a coffin sitting on a marble floor inside a house. I told her it looked like a mausoleum. In the picture I noticed a

painted door in the room. I had never been in the house. Apparently, it was where her parents lived.

**Dream of: 17 December 1983 "Carry A Heavy Load"**

I was among a large group of people at a convention center. I had committed a crime and knew a sheriff was here looking for me. A lawyer was also here to whom I had given about a thousand dollars several months before to handle my case and protect me. So far, he hadn't done anything for me.

Feeling defiant, I went to the sheriff, planted myself in front of him and said something to him. He tried to grab me, but I ran. He began chasing me around the convention center.

I ran past my lawyer and screamed out to him to do something to help me. He did nothing and I continued running. I looked back and saw the lawyer had delayed the sheriff. I was able to run out a door and lose the sheriff. I ran along outside the building and then back into the building.

The sheriff didn't see me. I ran across a corridor and out another door to the back of the building. There I saw about ten Greyhound buses. The destinations of the buses were posted on signs in the windows, but I didn't recognize any of them. I wanted to go south. Finally I

jumped onto a bus and asked the driver if he were going south. He said he was and I said, "Great."

As I sat down in a seat, I had an image in my mind of a blonde girl boarding a bus like the one I was on. In my mind I saw the blonde ask the driver of the bus where it was going and he told her it was going south. After she sat down, a man walked up and sat across the aisle from her.

The image seemed almost as if it were on a movie screen. The image only showed the man from the chest down, so I was unable to see his face. The image gradually rose until I could see the man's face. He was large and black – a rather frightening figure.

In my mind I saw a picture of the whole bus – everyone on it was black. The large black man sitting across the aisle from the blonde seemed like a pimp; I feared he would take advantage of the blonde. She didn't know where the bus was going and finally asked someone. The person said the bus was going to Cleveland. The girl, looking sad and forlorn, said, "I'd like to go to Switzerland."

Someone said, "Oh, yea Switzerland. Its two and a half miles east of Cleveland."

Apparently, the person was talking of a small town named Switzerland which was east of Cleveland.

The image disappeared and I realized I was sitting in the back seat where the image of the girl had been sitting. I looked back through the bus and saw that it was indeed filled with black people and I thought, "Well, I've ridden on buses before filled with black people."

I looked to my side; Louise was sitting beside me. I felt sad about having been chased by the sheriff and escaping on the bus. I laid my head on Louise's lap so I was looking straight up at her face; she began caressing my hair. I felt extremely sad and tears welled up in my eyes.

Suddenly the black people on the bus broke into a religious song. I recognized the song and heard the words, "... carry a heavy load ..." I was uncertain I wanted Louise to see me with the tears in my eyes.

She wasn't looking down at me. I was moved by the song. I felt her begin to look down at me, but it no longer bothered me that she might see my tears.

### **Dream of: 18 December 1983 "Sil"**

I was living with an aunt of mine in a very beautiful house. While living here I built a cabin behind the house. After I finished building it, I decided I was going to live in the cabin. But then my aunt decided to go on vacation for a while. She left and I was put in charge of her

house. I decided to stay in her house and put an ad in the paper to rent my cabin.

That night I was in my aunt's house when I heard some people out back near my little house. Before I had a chance to go out back and investigate, a girl walked into the house from the back. I began talking with her and she said the people were using some drugs out back. I asked her if they were using psilocybin mushrooms. She said, "Yea, they were calling it 'sil'."

I wanted to eat some psilocybin mushrooms myself. I thought I should go out back and talk to the people. Before I could go out, however, seven or eight of them came into the big house.

They seemed to just be moving in and taking over. They apparently thought I had been advertising the big house rather than the little house for rent and they were intending to stay in the big house. They were tracking on the carpeting and appeared to be a rough bunch of people. They were smoking and I feared they would burn the carpeting or something else. I was also afraid they would steal some of the valuable things in the house during the night.

I was afraid of them and I wanted them to leave, but I didn't know how to tell them. I thought if I said anything, they would somehow hurt me. The first chance I had, I sneaked down into the basement

where a phone was. I found a phone book and searched for the police number. I looked and looked but couldn't find it. Finally I saw on the back of the front cover where it said police. I wrote down the address of the house I was in, 1020 21st Street.

I picked up the receiver, but I could tell someone had picked the phone up upstairs. I waited until the person got off the phone upstairs. I didn't dare talk while someone was on the phone. I wondered if I should tell the police when I called them that the people had been using drugs. I dialed the number. A female answered and said, "Hello."

I whispered as low as I could, "Can you please help me. Some people have come into my house and just taken it over. I don't even know who they are. My address is 1020 21st Street. Please come as soon as possible."

### **Dream of: 18 December 1983 (2) "Partying"**

Louise and I had gone to a party at the Ressinger House, where many people were dancing in the middle room. I wasn't enjoying the party and I didn't even want to stay. Louise walked around and I began reading some books I had. Louise returned to me, walked off again, returned again and walked off again.

Finally I dozed off and when I awoke, I saw Louise dancing with some man. Many other people were also dancing and Louise seemed to be enjoying herself; but it made me angry to see her dancing with someone else. I thought, "Well, she'll stop pretty soon."

She continued to dance; I sat almost an hour watching her. Finally I rose and walked into another room where I was still able to see her. Finally she disappeared and I didn't know where she had gone. Then she reappeared in the midst of the crowd. She basically seemed to have forgotten I was even here.

At one point I saw her point to her cheek as if she wanted someone to kiss her. I thought she wanted some man there to kiss her, but then saw she was talking to Cindy Barnett (a law student) and wanted Cindy to kiss her on the cheek.

I began gathering together some things I had brought with me when I had come; I thought, "Well, I'll just start taking all this stuff out to the car."

I began carrying it out. I couldn't remember in whose car Louise and I had come at first, but then remembered we had come in my car.

It was almost midnight and I had to work the next day. By now I was absolutely furious at Louise for having left me sitting alone for so long. I thought, "Well on the way home I'll just stop and go into a bar



and get a beer and she'll just have to wait while I go in there. Or I'll stop somewhere and get my hair cut and she'll just have to wait."

I was almost to the point of asking her to give back the engagement ring, but I thought, "No, I'll just let her keep that."

I did want to break up with her. I was so furious, I just wanted to get away from her.

I thought she saw me carrying my things outside, but I really didn't even want her to see me going out. I thought I would just get out of the house and let her try to find me. After I had been outside for a while, however, I walked back in; she was still in the midst of all the people partying.

Most people were leaving. One woman who was leaving had a large pick-up truck parked in the middle of the street. She was a foreigner who had come to the United States; she said she was going to be moving up north somewhere.

I was still furious. I just wanted Louise to come over to me so I could tell her what I thought of her. I thought, however, that it was true, that I hadn't been much fun to be with since I had dozed off. But I just didn't want to have anything to do with the people at the party.

Louise, on the other hand, was in her element. Apparently, she had forgotten I even existed.

### **Dream of: 19 December 1983 "Horses In The Clouds"**

Haim Habib and a woman were with me in the front bedroom of the House in Bellmead (where I had been living). Haim and the woman were planning to act in a play tonight. They had already memorized their lines, but they had never rehearsed. I told them it was a shame they hadn't been able to rehearse because that would have helped them.

As we talked, more people walked into the room to talk about the play. My old friend Steve Buckner was among those who entered. I soon learned the play wasn't going to actually take place until the following night. In the meantime a reception was to take place here for the members of the play.

I had three large collages sitting on a bookshelf in the room. Buckner said something to me and then walked over to look at the collages. Both the older collage I had made while I had lived in Puerto Rico and my two newest collages were there. I looked at the pictures from afar;

I had changed some of the pictures on the two newer ones. I had placed a large square picture in the middle of my most recent collage and had taken off the picture of the large, golden, Grecian mask which I had originally placed on the picture. The other collage which showed the picture of the sitting Buddha below the nine justices of the United

States Supreme Court standing on the back of an eagle flying in the clouds was sitting on the floor underneath the other collages.

I thought about the collage I had made on which I had placed black and white pictures on the perimeter of the collage and colored pictures in the middle. And I thought about the collage I had made which had a picture of the United States Supreme Court building on it with the words "Equal Justice Under Law" inscribed upon it. I wondered what Buckner would think of that one when he saw it.

Another man walked in who I at first thought was professor Newton. I hoped he would see my collages because I knew he was fairly well-versed in art. I wondered what he would think about them. He walked up to Haim and me and shook our hands. He said, "Hello Jim."

I thought he had mistaken my name and I said, "Steve."

"Oh, yea," he replied.

I looked at him more closely after he called me Jim and I realized that he wasn't Newton after all and that I likewise had made a mistake identifying him. He was just another law student from the law school.

I looked around the room; another collage (which I had completely redone) was hanging right behind me on the wall. The upper part of the collage was covered with pictures of clouds. Out of the clouds were rising some black horses which were partly covered by the

clouds. Toward the middle of the collage the horizon could be seen all the way across the picture. The line of the horizon consisted of several pictures. Originally the line of the horizon hadn't been complete, but I had pasted a picture right in the middle of the collage which completed the horizon all the way across. I hadn't even realized what I had done at the time I had done it. As I looked at it, I realized how nice it looked the way the pictures fitted together so the horizon went straight across.

Another picture was in the clouds which looked like a house. On the bottom of the collage appeared a scene which seemed to be of some animals being herded off to slaughter. Horses and cattle were being led up a slaughter ramp. I had also pasted pictures of men onto the scene at the bottom. The entire slaughter scene was particularly disgusting.

One picture in the slaughter scene looked like a horse except it had two heads – one in front and one on its tail. When I looked more closely at the picture, I realized the head in back actually appeared to be a costume worn by a man. I thought that being bound to an animal like that was a fitting punishment for a man who had slaughtered animals.

**Dream of: 19 December 1983 (2) "Line From Confucius"**

I was riding a bicycle in South Shore, Kentucky. The area was Spanish-speaking and reminded me of Mexico. I was headed for the US Grant bridge which crosses the Ohio River into Portsmouth. I had seen some advertisements that the communists were having a convention today to elect new representatives and I decided I wanted to go to the convention. I thought the convention was going to be near the bridge on the Kentucky side.

I rode on and found a tent near the bridge. I looked inside and saw some tables and chairs. I had expected hundreds of people, but only about twenty people were present. When I saw how few people were here, I was unsure whether I wanted to enter. I felt apprehensive about going in because I feared I would be thrown out. I knew I was an American and not part of the convention.

I circled the tent twice on my bicycle. I thought about a line from Confucius I had recently read which said approximately, "If you meet somebody that you don't want to talk to and you talk with them, you've missed your chance; if you meet a man who you want to talk to and you don't talk to, then you've missed your man."

I thought, "Well, I'm not sure I want to talk to anybody in there, but I'm at least going to go in and try it."

I finally pulled into the tent, found a spot and parked the bike. I noticed one of the tables had a card on it which said "Leon." Leon was apparently a province of Kentucky. I walked to a table on the left side in front and sat down. I immediately saw a man and thought, "Do I want to talk to him?"

He didn't appear to be a person with whom I wanted to talk, so I sat quietly. In front of the room was a woman talking behind a podium.

But directly in front of me was a small television with a Spanish program on. I thought if I didn't care to hear what the speaker was saying I could listen to the television.

But the speaker said something about the television and I inferred she wanted me to turn it off. It had many knobs and buttons on the front of it. I pressed the buttons and turned the knobs, but nothing happened. Then I noticed some knobs and buttons on the side.

A woman from the audience walked up intending to help me. I noticed one button with a small picture of what appeared to be a lightening bolt on it. I thought that meant power and pressed it. The television went off and I sat back down.

But suddenly it came back on. I thought, "Well, there's got to be some way to control this television. But I just really don't know what it is."

**Dream of: 21 December 1983 "Hindu Marriage"**

I was with Terrell (a Waco lawyer) in the Law Office in Waco (where I worked during my last year of law school). He was preparing to go somewhere to research a case and I asked if I could accompany him. He said I could and we left.

He told me he was going to the train station to pick up a parcel (which had something to do with his case) from UPS. He needed to find out what was written on a particular document.

As we arrived at the train station, the train carrying his parcel pulled up, but it continued to move along the track and didn't seem to be stopping. The train was going so slow, I thought perhaps we should simply hop aboard.

When the train finally stopped, we saw a freight car with "UPS" written on the side, boarded the train and walked into the UPS car which was filled with mail. As we walked around amidst the bundles and packages of mail, Terrell pointed to one bundle and said, "Well we need to start going through this bundle. Throw the packages over here in this bin and go through them and look for the address of Vail." I began picking up packages and throwing them into the bin. Terrell did the same. The train began moving and was soon going full speed as we continued looking through the bundles of mail. I thought our activity was an interesting aspect of legal research. Quite impressed

by Terrell's conduct of the investigation, I said, "Well, you certainly do know some tricks of the trade, don't you."

When I finally spotted a package which said "Vail" on it, I pointed it out to Terrell. He came over and opened it. It contained many sheets of paper which were all the same. On the front of each sheet was a picture of an elephant.

Terrell began reading some writing which was also on each sheet. The writing was about a girl named Pam Brown. It occurred to me that I didn't know the name of Terrell's client.

The sheet said Pam Brown was going to marry in a few days. The marriage was to be a Hindu type marriage and the papers were invitations to the wedding.

The papers described some of the events to occur at the wedding. It interested me. The papers said, "You are all invited."

Apparently, the sheet was going to be printed in a magazine and the public was going to be invited. I thought perhaps I would go and take Louise (my girlfriend, a law student at Baylor Law School).

### **Dream of: 21 December 1983 (2) "Thinking Of God"**

After deciding not to see each other anymore, my girlfriend Louise and I had separated. Somewhat depressed and disheartened, I had gone alone to the Red Lobster restaurant in Waco to have a meal. As I



sat at my table and ate, I wondered what I would do tonight, since I wasn't going to be with Louise anymore.

As I wrote something on a napkin lying on the table, I contemplated visiting a night club and drinking some beer, but I didn't want to go to a night club and I didn't want to drink any beer. Thinking of drinking beer made me think about God, and thinking about God made me realize drinking beer wouldn't be the right thing for me to do.

Perhaps I could think of a woman whom I could ask out. I thought about one of my friends at Baylor Law School, Brian, a handsome fellow who had no trouble finding women. But I was unsure of who I could ask out. Several women passed through my mind, including Burns and Burton, two attractive girls who had been my classmates in high school. And I thought of Petty (a female law student), with her long blonde hair.

As I thought about the women, I was surprised when all three of them walked into the restaurant and took seats at a table across the room. Once they had sat down, my view of them was blocked by the people in the crowded room, but through some mirrors on the wall I could see the reflections of the women from an angle. I could also see myself in one mirror. I was dressed in a short-sleeved blue shirt.

What would we do if I asked out one of the women? Maybe we would go out and eat somewhere. Afterwards, perhaps we could go to a movie. But I was unsure where I wanted to go with them. If they saw me, they would probably tell Louise about me, say, "How typical," and describe how they had seen me sitting all alone at Red Lobster, without anybody.

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At Baylor Law School, I ran into Petty. Still thinking of asking her out, I talked with her a long time about many different subjects. I was surprised when she informed me she was only 14 years old.

A busy person, she said she was working on another law review article. When I asked her how many law review articles she had already written, she said she had written two, both of which had already been published.

I asked her how long she had been in law school, and she replied this was her sixth quarter. Just then, Mitchell (another fellow who was a law school classmate) walked up. I blurted out to Mitchell, "Can you believe that? She's in the sixth quarter and has already had two law review articles published."

As Mitchell joined in the conversation, Petty continued to be quite friendly toward me. I thought she probably knew Louise and I had

separated. Although I thought she might be interested in going out with me, I wasn't completely sure.

As we talked, Petty mentioned she had had many "evening" dreams lately. I interjected, "You know what, I had a dream about you last night." As soon as I had spoken, I realized I had intruded on what Petty had been saying. As Mitchell turned to walk away, I thought about how silly I had sounded. Mitchell hadn't spoken about how many law review articles he had written when Petty had mentioned she had written two articles, but as soon as she had said she had had a dream, I had to blurt out I had had a dream about her. Nevertheless, despite my blunder, I began recounting my dream to Petty. I said, "I was sitting out at a restaurant."

"Where?" she asked.

I replied, "The Red Lobster. And eating in this dream. And I saw three girls walk in and you were one of them."

I continued recounting the episode at the restaurant to Petty.

### **Dream of: 26 December 1983 "Fenal"**

I was taking a class in international finance at Baylor Law School. I had been reading a textbook on the subject and had thoroughly covered a section dealing with Latin American countries. I found it all quite interesting.

I went to the locker room. I had heard a search was going to be conducted for drugs. Since I was carrying a trifling amount of marijuana around with me in a baggie, I looked for a place to hide it and finally put it over top the lockers. When I then went to my locker, I found a man standing in front of it. He was the school detective and was looking for drugs. He pulled a boot from my locker and extracted a large baggie of what looked like marijuana from the boot. I had forgotten the stuff had been in my boot and I was thoroughly surprised when he pulled it out. He immediately arrested me and took me away to a cell in the school.

I was told I could move about the building but couldn't leave. I could also no longer attend classes.

I walked around the halls and noticed posters had been put up showing that my name had been taken off the list of practice court members. Somebody even gave me a list to put up on which I saw my name had been scratched out.

I knew the authorities were going to ask me the names of anyone else whom I knew who used drugs. I thought about my old friend Steve Buckner and I wondered where he had his marijuana and his drugs. I knew I could tell the authorities about him, but I had already decided not to do that.

I was taken to a little room and given a part of the stuff they had found. I realized the stuff wasn't really marijuana although it had some seeds which were similar to marijuana seeds. My major concern was to find an expert who could test the stuff to prove it wasn't really marijuana. But when I noticed a commode in the room, I flushed everything down the commode. When the authorities returned, I told them I had destroyed the evidence. They said that was only part of it and they still had some.

They took me back to my cell. On the way back, I saw professor Dawson (the practice court professor) standing in front of the elevator. I thought he would speak to me when I walked by, but he just snubbed me.

The authorities gave me a computer print-out of court dates. My name and the names of many other people were on the list. Apparently, another fellow had been arrested at the same time I had been arrested, and his name was also on the list. Apparently, he had hired a lawyer to help him, and he had been freed. I considered whether I should hire a lawyer and I asked the authorities if they could tell me who a good lawyer would be.

I thought I might just defend myself. But that might not be the best solution. I would probably contact Jim Terrell (a lawyer I had met at

the Waco Law Office). Perhaps he could defend me and, if not, perhaps he would know someone who could.

I wanted a copy of the Penal Code to determine exactly what the penalty was for possession of marijuana. I knew the law said something about "fenal" in regard to marijuana. What did "fenal" mean? I thought it was some sort of measurement.

Would I later be able to take the classes over since I had been kicked out of school for the quarter? If so, I thought, I would do quite well especially in the finance class since I liked it so well.

### **Dream of: 27 December 1983 "The Suburbs"**

Louise and I were living in a small home in the suburbs. While we were sleeping together late at night, Louise rose and began walking around. She woke me and I lay there for a while. Finally I rose and walked into the next room to see what she was doing. She was simply rambling around the house. It made me angry that she had awakened me in the middle of the night just to walk around the house.

She then became angry and suddenly began trying to hit me. She slung her fist at me and finally hit me in the face. That really made me angry and I doubled up my fist. I didn't hit her, but I pushed my fist against her face and pushed her back with it. She said, "All right. That's it."

She ran into the bedroom, began packing her things and said, "This is it. I'm leaving."

Finally I calmed her down, picked her up in my arms and carried her into the living room. As we were leaving the bedroom, she tried to turn off the light on the wall with her toe, but the light wouldn't go off.

We left the light on, went into the living room and I put her down. I then noticed someone standing on the outside of the screen door of the living room. A fellow and a girl who looked like teenagers were standing there, even though it was late at night. At first, I thought they were the people next door who had come over to see what was going on between Louise and me. But I looked at them and I didn't recognize them. I asked Louise if she knew who they were and she said, "No."

The two people said they wanted to come in, that they had run out of gas and needed to use the phone. Then they demanded to be let in. I felt rather sorry for them, but said, "Well, no. I'm not going to let you in."

They began twisting the door handle on the screen door as if they were going to come in regardless of what I said. They pushed the screen back some, as if they were going to push the screen door

down. I shut the main door, began trying to lock it and screamed to Louise, "Get the gun! Get the gun!"

Even though we didn't have a gun I wanted them to think we did. I kept trying but couldn't lock the big door. I began feeling the handle turning on the door from the other side. Louise finally said, "I've got it! I've got the gun!"

But she really didn't have a gun. She began rattling some things which she hoped would sound like bullets.

I opened the door slightly to see if they were still outside. Instead of the fellow and the girl, three men were now standing there; one of them had a shotgun in his hand. He pointed it at me and said, "Open that door or I'm going to blow you both away."

He pointed the gun in Louise's direction and said, "And I'll blow her away."

I quickly slammed the door shut, fell down on my back and held the door closed with my feet. I thought if he shot through the door, the bullet would go over me. I told Louise to run out the back door and try to escape.

**Dream of: 28 December 1983 "Charging Admission"**



I was on my way to class at the Baylor Law School when I encountered my girlfriend Louise on the Baylor campus. It was about 7:40 a.m. and we had started to school earlier than usual.

I had a blanket with me. We thought we could lie down, pull the blanket over us and quickly have sex before we went to class. We took off all our clothes, lay down under the blanket and began having sex.

We continued for a while and then finished. I looked out from under the blanket, saw that about eight girls had formed a circle around our blanket and thought, "Uh oh. Now we're in trouble."

Suddenly two of the girls grabbed the blanket and began pulling on it, trying to pull it off us. Louise and I were both completely nude and we tried to hold the blanket over us. One girl grabbed the blanket and ferociously began pulling. Finally I had to stand up nude in front of all of them and try to pull the blanket away from them.

The girls were giggling, laughing and having a good time. Finally I was able to pull the blanket away from them and put it back over Louise and me. But the girls had already seen both of us nude. Some other people on their way to school had also seen us. Louise and I were both a bit angry, but not really that upset about the whole matter. We began dressing.

Louise, the girls and I walked into a small, nearby house where Louise and I finished dressing. I looked at all eight girls and said, "Well, you all have an advantage over me. You'll recognize me the next time you see me on campus because there's just one of me. But I probably won't be able to recognize you because there are eight of you."

I scrutinized their faces trying to engrave them in my mind. I thought it would be rather embarrassing to run into them again on campus.

Louise and I quickly left the house. Once outside, I looked back at the girls looking out the window and asked them if they had enjoyed what they had seen. I said, "Well, next time we're going to charge admission. We're going to charge you fifty cents apiece."

They said, "OK."

I jokingly said, "Well, we'll be back tomorrow morning. Bring your money."

Louise and I continued to the law school. When we reached the classroom, Louise went in first, walked to the back of the class and sat down next to Haim Habib. I was surprised to see Haim here. No one else was sitting in the area. Haim stood up and I walked over intending to hug him, although I didn't know if I should. But I did. Haim looked strong, happy and robust. I said, "Well, Haim, what are you doing here? You're supposed to be in Europe."

We walked out into the hall, went up some stairs and began talking. Apparently, he had temporarily returned to the school to work on a project. I was happy to see him and felt bad because I had never written him. I had told him before he went to Europe I would write.

### **Dream of: 29 December 1983 "Soot"**

Vaughn had bought two large old neighboring houses which were quite run-down. I was in the smaller of the two with Lynn (a Waco attorney) and Joann (Vaughn's secretary). We were cleaning up the house and Joann and I were doing most of the work.

I asked Lynn how much Vaughn had paid for the houses and Lynn said Vaughn had paid \$4,000 for both houses. I could hardly believe it. It seemed like an incredible buy. I thought I might be able to buy one of the houses from Vaughn. Lynn suggested I offer Vaughn \$4,000 for the one we were in.

I began looking more closely at the house and I saw water stains on the ceiling where a leak had been. Stains were also down the walls. I thought the wallpaper would need to be removed and replaced.

I began examining a fireplace in the room and poked around in its chimney. Soot began falling out and I poked farther causing more soot to fall down. The chimney appeared to be full of soot and I thought it would need to be cleaned out.

Finally Vaughn walked into the room. I suggested my buying the house from him for \$4,000. But he seemed reluctant and said, "Well, what about all your plans to take off to a country down south? Don't you think that would be better to do something like that?"

I thought, "Well, it might be better to stay around here for a while and forego leaving temporarily in order to get some money together."

It seemed so strange for me to be involved in buying and repairing a house. Nevertheless it was difficult to say no to such a good deal.

### **Dream of: 30 December 1983 "Losing All Hope"**

I walked into the auditorium of what appeared to be Portsmouth High School; I was here to see a stage production. I headed toward an empty seat near the front; but before I could reach the seat, a girl sat down in it. So I sat in an empty seat a couple rows behind the girl. The seat to my left was empty, but someone was sitting in the seat on the other side of it.

Louise walked in and sat down in the seat on my left. I was surprised to see her here. I noticed how much she resembled Birdie.

She looked distracted and upset. I asked her what she was doing here and then asked her if she had the gun. She answered, "Yes."

I was worried about her; she might do something crazy to herself. I saw the gun was in her left pocket; I reached around and took it from her. It was small and looked like a luger.

The fellow sitting on the other side of Louise heard Louise mention the gun and said, "What are you doing with a gun? Why do you have a gun?"

Louise answered, "Because it killed my mother."

Someone several seats farther down handed Louise a paper. I inferred someone had interviewed Louise for a job and the paper contained a report thereof. Apparently, Louise had come here specifically to obtain the paper.

I looked at the paper and saw it was a rejection slip. Louise also looked at it. She was obviously extremely sad about it. She looked as if she were losing all hope of ever finding a job. It seemed she was only receiving rejection slips. I felt badly for her. She seemed to be at an all-time low. If she could only find a job her spirits would certainly revive.

### **Dream of: 31 December 1983 "Chain Saw Massacre"**

My mother and I were together and we were planning to go to Kay's (my father's ex-wife's) house to investigate something. Apparently Kay

had been living with my father and we were going to try to find out exactly what was going on between Kay and my father.

My mother was afraid to go at first. We knew Kay had a chain saw and my mother was afraid Kay might attack us with it. I told my mother that Kay surely wouldn't do anything like that. I said that it wouldn't be dangerous and that we should go.

We left and soon arrived at Kay's house. We walked inside, made our way to Kay's bedroom and snooped around the bed. Suddenly Kay walked out of the bathroom. I was standing on the other side of the bed, but my mother was next to Kay.

Kay suddenly grabbed a chain saw sitting there and before I could act, she crammed the saw into my mother's back. The blade of the saw came through my mother's chest. My mother screamed. Kay moved the chain saw upward slicing my mother.

When I ran around the bed and knocked Kay down, my mother fell onto the bed with the chain saw still in her. I grabbed the chain saw and pulled it out, but it was too late: my mother was obviously already dead.

As I held the chain saw, I wondered whether I should chop off Kay's head with it. I couldn't bring myself to do it, even though I felt like it.

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